

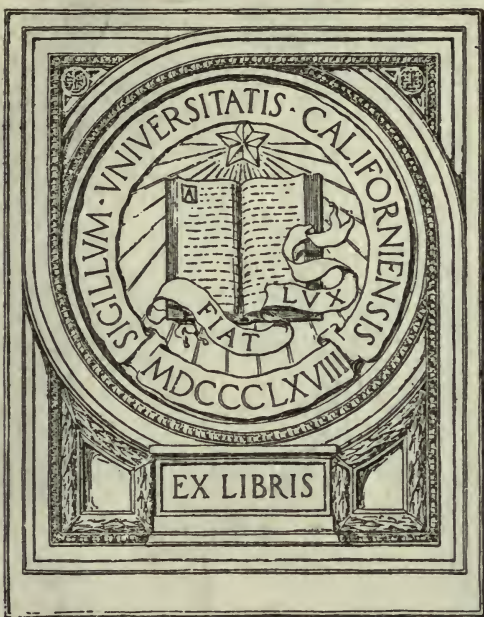


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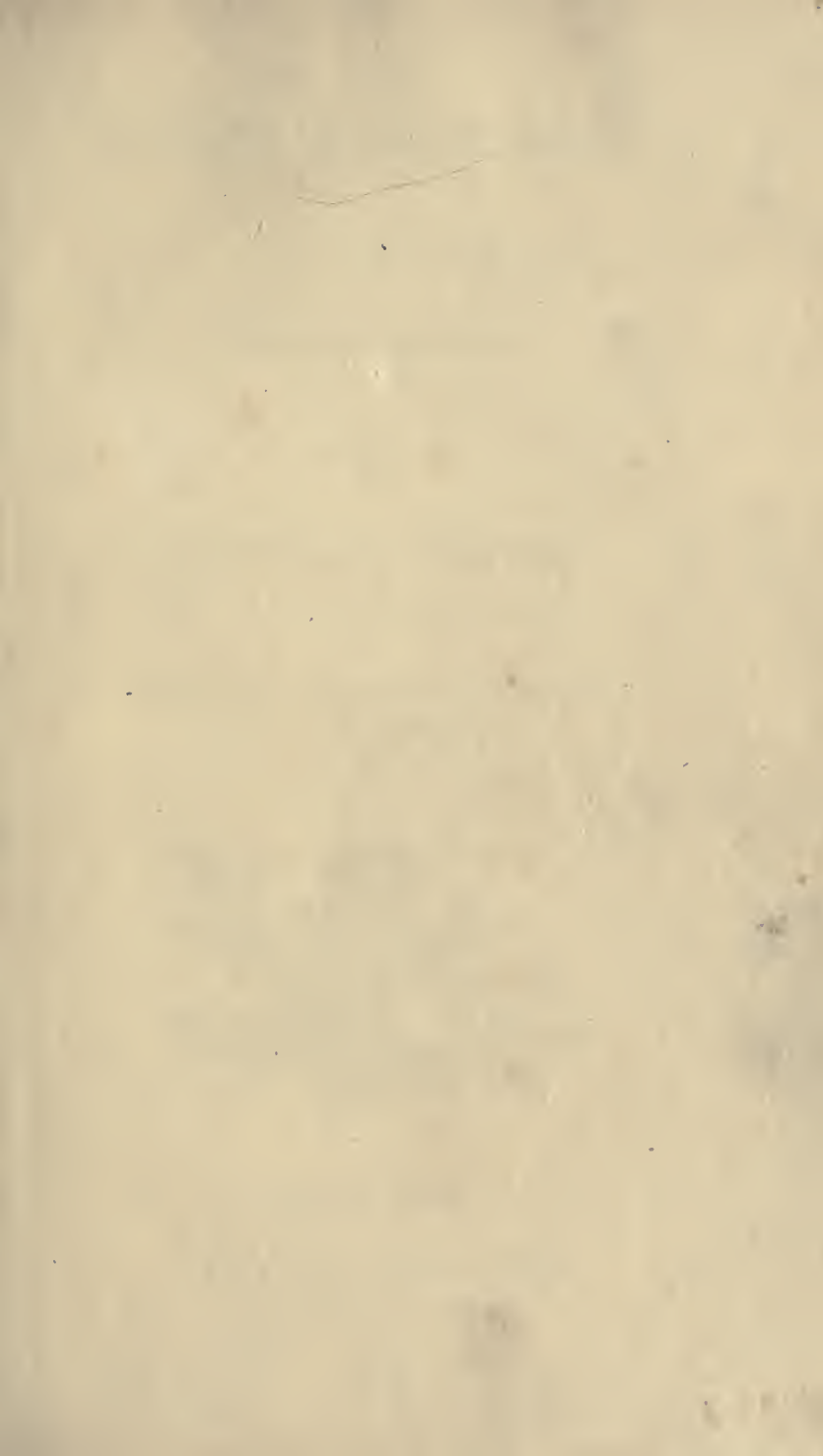
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POEMS AND SONGS,

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS:

BY

GEORGE BRUCE.

SINE ME, LIBER ! IBIS IN URBEM.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY OLIVER & BOYD.

1811.

POEMS AND SONGS

BY
GEORGE WATSON

GEORGE WATSON

LONDON: J. B. LEECH, 15, N. MARK LANE.



ADAMANT

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

AT CLIVE'S COURT.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES HOPE,

LORD JUSTICE CLERK,

THE FOLLOWING

TRIFLES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF ESTEEM,

BY

His LORDSHIP's most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

GEORGE BRUCE.

RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES ROPE

Col. ROPE

LORD JEWELL CLERK

THE CHURCH

TRIFLES

ARE NOT REVERENTLY DEPICTED

AS A MARK OF ESTEEM

It is the most obedient

And very humble servant

GEORGE BRUCE

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN appearing thus before the World, I possess feelings beyond what I can express.

The Pieces, now submitted to the Public, are the Effusions of Fancy, while nothing more interesting demanded my attention, and would probably never have met the eye of the Public, had it not been by desire of some Friends, to whose perusal they were occasionally submitted.

Should they meet with a favourable reception, it will gratify me much ; but, as there is a possibility they may not, I shall ever, at least, have this consolation, that my pen has not been industrious in disturbing the Peace, or corrupting the Morals, of Society.

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POEMS

IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN*.

HAIL, Scotia's Genius ! now inspire
The Bard wi' thy ethereal fire,
To strike the lyre in Bruce's praise,
Wha Scotia's fame sae high did raise ;
Made Nations see that Scots, when true,
Nae Tyrant ever can subdue ;
Made England's Fair long time to mourn
The bluidy deeds o' Bannockburn,
An' her proud sons long timid fly,
When Scottish banners met their eye ;

* The historical facts of this piece are taken from Abercrombie's History of Scotland.

Reveng'd the death o' Wallace brave ;
 An' Liberty his Country gave.

The Scottish Host near Stirling lay,
 When langest is the Simmer's day ;
 When birds sang sweet, an' flow'rets bloom'd,
 An' hawthorn white the breeze perfum'd,
 By Bannockburn's sweet wimpling streams,
 The Hero bauld refulgent beams ;
 Array'd in coat o' burnish'd steel,
 Marsh'ling his troops, o' heart as leal
 As ever grac'd a Scottish field,
 Rather resolv'd to die than yield ;
 The Highland Chieftain here was seen,
 In bonnet blue, an' tartan sheen ;
 Wi' targe an' sword, baith braid an' straight,
 Active an' bauld in bluidy fight ;
 He led a hardy race, an' leal
 As ever drew the pointed steel.
 The Bord'rer brave was also here,
 Wi' lengthen'd bow, an' pond'rous spear ;
 In warfare bred, an' deeds o' strife,
 O' plunder fonder than o' life ;
 An ell the arrow which he drew,
 His deadly shafts unerring flew.

The Men o' Kyle, a sturdy race,
 Ambitious still o' Honour's place,
 Ne'er kend to flinch in Freedom's cause,
 Proud o' their Liberty an' Laws ;
 Wha mony a time, 'gainst Tyrants rude,
 Had freely for them spilt their bluid.
 The Loudon Lads, a loyal band,
 As ever drew the polish'd brand ;
 In battle brave, but gen'rous, soon
 As faes o'ercome sought Mercy's boon.
 Here, too, the Northern Chief was seen,
 O' manly form, an' fearless mien,
 Leading a bauld undaunted race,
 In war ilk danger bred to face ;
 An' frae the Isles came Heroes brave
 Their bluid to shed, their King to save.

Near to the center proudly shone
 The royal banner, fix't in stone ;
 'Neath which the large pavilion spread,
 Whar sat the Bruce an' Royal Ned ;
 A braver pair ne'er drew the brand,
 Nor better e'er deserv'd command.
 Their loyal Chiefs were plac'd around,
 An' plenty here the banquet crown'd :

But temperance was the Bruce's rule,
 Lang bred in adverse Fortune's school,
 Here converse sweet the time beguiles,
 An' sooths the pain o' warfare's toils.

Stirling to yield was Moubray laith,
 But to the Bruce had pledg'd his faith,
 That, if relief did not appear,
 His now desponding troops to cheer,
 Before Midsimmer's langest day
 The fortress gallant Bruce shou'd hae
 Deliver'd up to his command,
 The strongest now in Scottish land.

This news in England Edward hears,
 Then summon'd fast his warlike Peers
 At York to meet, by Whitsuntide,
 Syne north to Scotland bauldly ride,
 An' ilk rebellious traitor slay,
 Wha wadna own his royal sway ;
 To bind her hardy sons in chains,
 Then gie his troops their fertile plains.
 Brabant an' Flanders forth did pour
 Their desp'rate bands, in evil hour,

The Irish Kerns were summon'd too,
 The Welch, an' Dutch, a motley crew ;
 An' naething cou'd auld Scotia save
 But Heav'n, wha seldom leaves the Brave,
 In whom her King did firmly trust,
 Knowing his cause was guid an' just.

The Scottish King, to mak' secure,
 An' ward against the evil hour,
 O' Edward's cavalry aware,
 Had pitch'd his camp wi' muckle care ;
 An' hearing preparation great
 Was made by England's powerfu' state,
 Wi' caution he his ground had ta'en,
 Flank'd by morass, in narrow plain.
 As stratagem's allow'd in war,
 Great Edward's plans an' schemes to mar,
 Large pits he dug in his left front,
 Whar he luikt for the battle's brunt ;
 In which he drove large stakes of oak,
 An' iron pikes ; then a' to cloak,
 Wi' brushwoode over'd each again,
 O'erspread wi' turf like neighbourin' plain,
 An' to mak' fortune sure, I ween,
 Thick scatter'd caltrops o'er the green ;

This having done, wi' wise forecast,
He waited now the coming blast.

Th' approaching day the English saw,
When Stirling's towers to Bruce must fa' ;
Nae look'd for succour does appear,
Exhausted is their goodly cheer.

Ha'f starv'd, an' pent the wa's within,
Like spectres look'd they, pale and thin,
Frae ramparts, wi' a wishfu' gaze,
To the Scots camp whar ingles blaze,
An' roast an' boil'd are plenty seen,
A waefu' sight to hunger keen.
Moubray had hop'd ilk hour wad bring
The army o' proud England's King ;
But, baulk'd these hopes, does now prepare
The castle to restore ance mair
To its ain lawfu', fearless King,
Whase martial deeds sae loud did ring.

The setting sun, wi' gowden ray,
Illum'd auld Stirling's turrets grey ;
The anxious guard, wi' watchfu' eye,
View'd opposite the azure sky ;

'Neath which, on purple land, appears
 The glancing beam o' distant spears;
 Then quick the gladd'ning news they spread;
 Their joyfu' comrades, wi' hearts glad,
 Haste to the walls, whar thick they crowd,
 An' rend the air wi' shouting loud.
 The Scottish camp the cause soon know,
 An' fearless view the coming foe.
 Squadrons an' columns onward bear,
 An' banners numberless appear;
 While countless spears now gleam afar,
 In a' the horrid pomp o' war,
 Wi'ither instruments o' death,
 To wreck on Scotia dreadfu' skaith;
 Yet, undismay'd, the Bruce appears,
 An' thus his band o' brothers cheers.

" Caledonian heroes bold,
 England's mighty Hosts behold!
 Now the Tyrant's chains ye view,
 Is there ane can be untrue?
 If that ane afraid there be,
 Die he shall not here wi' me,
 Conduct safe he quick shall have,
 Nane shall fa' here but the Brave.

For our Wives an' Children dear,
 Now we lift the pointed spear ;
 For our Liberty an' Law,
 Now the stubborn yew we draw ;
 For yer Country, an' yer King,
 Now the sword an' buckler ring
 Quick retire ilk coward knave,
 Rest he shall not wi' the Brave.

See that power, wha now retains
 Scotland's Queen in cruel chains,
 An' yer charming Princess fair ;
 Think then what my feelings are !
 Fathers ! Husbands ! well ye know,
 What has been my share o' woe ;
 But their freedom shall I have,
 Or, to-morrow, find a grave.

“ Brothers ! in ilk eye I see,
 Confidence o' Victory ;
 In ilk glowing cheek I view,
 Loyal courage, bauld an' true.
 Ere to-morrow's setting sun,
 Glorious deeds shall here be done.

Sweet, an' saft, the warrior's grave;

Wha'd no rest, then, wi' the Brave."

Thing Beford order'd on to ride,
Light hinder'd by the furze she wid;
Under brave Clifford, & his men;
An' gallantly, they held them down,
For stirring Castle, as relief,
This the Bruce saw, wi' rue smil' grief;
Saw as they held their fearful rout,
Said to the Warriors him about,
"Fair, fine Randolph's chapel, see,
Is a fair rose, which veers me."
That moment Randolph mark'd the sum,
An' quickly to return his name;
He hundred five in fury led,
An' them overtook, when mangled;
That evening in the English side,
How'd many a wound, both deep an' wide,
But fell resistance, they fire murder;
An' some brave Scotsmen low warburd;
This Douglas saw, an' tauch'd the thine,
"Relief my lige, may I an bring,
To yet braver band, by far too few?"
"No," cried the Bruce, "they are men;
The fallen rose, brave to requir!
Firm at this post let all remain."

For our Wives an' Children dear,

Now we lift the pointed spear;

The Douglas forgot his suit and name,
 To aid brave Randolph much his care;
 The King permission, then him gave—
 When Douglas basted him to save; 200
 To say the victory was his own,
 His hand he shook, as they bore down;
 That he might all the glory have,
 For glorious ever is the brave!
 The English routed were complete,
 While exclamations ever sweet,
 An' gratifying the Warriors ear,
 Rich'd's name, both far an' near!
 While he return'd, to Scotia's host,
 Upon the first boat the English lost,
 Glad were to the Scottish side—
 His hail'd their Champion brave wi' pride!
 As to his daughter King he said,
 "What have I requir'd my rose?"
 "Yes Roderick, an' thousands o'er."
 "Will to your brow add many more."
 Said the brave King, as him he press'd,
 Wi' kindness to his manly breast.

Sweet, an' saft, the warrior's grave,
Wha'd no rest, then, wi' the Brave."

The Army heard this brave Address,
Wi' hearts words never can express ;
Then loudly cheer, an' bravely cry,
" Wi' Bruce we'll conquer, or we'll die." †
The Chiefs then wi' their bands retir'd,
Ilk wi' a Hero's saul inspir'd ;
They plant the watch wi' cautious care,
Syné for the morning's strife prepare.

In prayer they now address that Power,
Wha, in the dark an' dang'rous hour,
Can turn aside the fatal blow,
An' lay the haughty 'Tyrant low ;
Wha mocks the schemes o' little man,
An' shews him life is but a span,
Which to his praise shou'd be apply'd,
An' not in plans o' foolish pride.

Now, dusky night had spread around
Her dingy curtain owre the ground ;
The pacing o' the watchfu' guard,
In Scottish camp alone is heard.

Not sae in Edward's noisie camp ;
 There blazes bright the midnight lamp.
 Some feasted on the fat surloin,
 An' some now quaff'd the sparkling wine :
 The Minstrels play'd, the Bards did sing,
 An' joy through ilka tent did ring ;
 Some tript it to the music light ;
 Secure in numbers, a' seem'd right.
 The goblet freely round did pass,
 An' pledg'd was mony a South'ron Lass.
 Some, swaggering, wi' the dice did play,
 For pris'ners they shou'd tak' neist day ;
 In rioting they spent the night,
 Till Phæbus rose wi' looks sae bright ;
 Then, as they saw the Scots asteer,
 In haste they sought their fighting gear.

As the grey morn began to peep,
 The Scots rose frae refreshing sleep ;
 Ilk, wi' a firm determin'd mind,
 To mighty Heaven's will resign'd,
 Prepar'd to meet the hostile foe,
 An' ward the dire impending blow.
 To arm himsel', now ilk ane speeds,
 Resolv'd that day on noble deeds ;

Their pious Chief, 'midst ilka care,
 Spent the short night in fervent prayer ;
 An', when the Sun adorn'd the sky,
 Sung Te Deum to the Most High.
 These gratefu' sounds, to him arise,
 Wha wisely rules the earth an' skies,
 An' can the victory bestow
 On those, who to his precepts bow.
 Then, unto ilka Warrior brave,
 The Holy Sacrament he gave ;
 Thus, having peace wi' Heaven made,
 His gallant army he array'd.

The right his brother Ned he gave,
 The left to Randolph, young and brave ;
 While the main body on he led,
 Weel skill'd was he in fighting trade ;
 Knew how t' arrange the extended line,
 To form the square, or phalanx join.
 The army o' reserve gae he,
 To gallant Stuart o' high degree ;
 Wi' the bauld Douglas to assist,
 Whar e'er he saw the fae resist,
 Wi' his brave men o' Tiviot clear,
 Weel skill'd in either bow or spear.

Thus, having weel arrang'd his force,
 Inchaff'rey's Priest, wi' Holy Cross,
 March'd in the front, wi' looks devout ;
 O' Vict'ry now nane had a doubt.
 His dauntless, an' determin'd mien
 Inspir'd ilk breast wi' courage keen ;
 When, having mov'd some little space,
 An' come to a convenient place,
 They knelt, wi' looks devout an' brave,
 The Bishop's blessing to receive,

The English army, now array'd
 In sim'lar form, wi' great parade,
 Mov'd on, wi' their Cuirassiers grand,
 Resolv'd to crush the gallant band.
 Seeing the Scots kneel down, did think,
 They frae the battle back did shrink ;
 An', as they were but ane to four,
 For mercy they did now implore ;
 But soon they were convinc'd too weel,
 That Scots to Heav'n alone cou'd kneel ;
 An', when they heard brave Bruce now cry,
 " Caledonians, forward, do or die !"
 An' saw the men they had to fight,
 They felt themsels in doolfu' plight.

The South'rons' right began the charge,
 In grandest stile, on coursers large :
 Weel were they armed, cap-a-pee,
 An' made a charge most furiously,
 Thinking the Scots to crush outright :
 But sadly chang'd soon was the sight ;
 Down in the pits, wi' horrid crash,
 Men, horse, an' harness, quick did dash.
 Wi' sae much fury did they drive,
 That mony buried were alive.
 What shouts, what groans, what dismal cries,
 On either side, now rend the skies !
 Some buried ha'f, did struggle sore ;
 Some headlong fell, to rise no more.
 Their comrades thick upon them rush'd,
 An' their ain fellow soldiers crush'd.
 Some at the wile did storm an' rage,
 An' try'd themsels to disengage
 Frae heavy armour, they thought ance,
 Wad them defend frae Scottish lance ;
 But now, encumber'd wi' its weight,
 Unable were to flee or fight.
 The gallant Randolph saw their state,
 An' on them charg'd wi' fury great.

Confusion, fear, an' fell dismay,
 Fill'd ilka English heart that day.
 They fled, an' dreadfu' was the rout,
 O' the right wing, sae bauld an' stout,
 Wha took the field o' Bannockburn,
 Expecting to gar Scotia mourn.
 The Scots wi' might an' main pursue,
 An' mony took, an' mony slew.

The Royal Bruce, on fiery steed,
 Did bauldly forth the center lead,
 Against King Edward's army large,
 Wha now prepar'd the Scots to charge.
 Bohun, wha weel the Bruce did ken,
 Saw him advance before his men,
 Charg'd furiously, wi' pointed lance,
 Thinking this was a noble chance
 To kill the Bruce, an' end the strife,
 Tho' at the hazard o' his life;
 But little wist he Bruce's might,
 Weel skill'd in mony a bluidy fight;
 His gallant steed, he sprung aside,
 As up Bohun did fiercely ride,
 Wi's battle-axe, a stroke then drew,
 An' cleft Bohun's rash head in two.

Baith armies saw the dreadfu' blow ;
 The English thought it boded woe :
 But charm'd the Scots were wi' their Prince,
 Wha cou'd mak' sic a brave defence.
 This action fir'd ilk Scotsman's breast,
 Wi' courage keen, they forward prest,
 Spreading sic death, an' carnage round,
 As did the English quite confound.
 Laith were the South'rons to gie way,
 Or lose the glory o' that day :
 Around their King they bravely fought,
 Whar mony gallant deeds were wrought ;
 Their claith-yard arrows flew like hail,
 An' sairly did the Scots assail ;
 But Edward Bruce, wi's Spearmen brave,
 Fell on their flank, an' aff them drave.

Just at this time a band appears,
 Which much encreas'd the South'rons' fears ;
 Upon a hill there came in view,
 In the Scots rear, an' army new ;
 This was compos'd o' wives an' boys,
 Waving lang poles wi' dreadfu' noise.
 This stratagem had the effect ;
 The South'rons to their heels betake :

A panic seiz'd ilk English breast,
 They turn'd, an' fled, by fear possess'd.
 King Edward, flying 'mang the lave;
 Pursu'd was lang by Douglas brave;
 Wha, wi' four hundred chosen horse,
 Chac'd England's King, an' a' the force
 Which now remain'd o' that great Host,
 Which late sic mighty things did boast;
 An' terror spread through a' the land,
 Wi' raging fire, an' bluidy brand.
 Ta'en wad he been, gin March had not
 Prov'd a disloyal, servile Scot,
 Wha, the brave Bruce's schemes to mar,
 Let him in's Castle at Dunbar;
 Frae whence in fishing boat he fled,
 To get to Berwick, unco glad. 400
 For, in his flight, he vow'd he shou'd,
 If Heav'n to help wad be sae guid,
 A Convent build, for Friars grey,
 Wha ever after Mass shou'd say,
 For his escape frae that fiend Bruce,
 Wha wi' his troops had play'd the deuce.

Brave Gloucester lang kept the field,
 An' bravely fought, nor wad he yield;

But, wi' his Tenants, chuse to die,
 Before he wad for mercy cry.
 Bauld Edward Bruce, an' Spearmen brave,
 Sent mony a South'ron to his grave ;
 The wing he led, great slaughter made,
 An' mony Welchmen low were laid.
 The Dutch, an' Kerns, whene'er they saw
 Such havock made, soon fled awa' :
 They came to plunder, not to fight,
 An' scamper'd aff in dreadfu' fright.
 The Spearmen came in lucky time,
 To rout the Bowmen, England's prime ;
 Wha, wi' their arrows, low did lay
 Most o' the Scotsmen slain that day.
 Few men o' note that day were lost ;
 Few battles gain'd at sma'er cost.
 Nae Vict'ry mair to Scots did bring,
 An' Scotland loud wi' joy did ring.
 The bands they brought the Scots to chain,
 Lay scatter'd now alang the plain ;
 Riches, an' arms, now strew'd the green,
 Whar fear an' terror late war seen.
 The plunder o' this hostile band,
 Did lang enrich auld Scotia's land.

King Robert, mercyfu' as brave,
 Gied quarter now to mony a knave,
 Wha in the morning vengeance swore,
 Against the sceptre which he bore.
 His ancient friends, o' high degree,
 He, without ransom, soon set free ;
 An' courtesy ilk prisoner shew'd,
 Which eas'd the captive's heavy load.
 The gallant Bruce's lovely Queen,
 An' Daughter fair, lang time had been
 Confin'd by cruel Edward's power ;
 But now arriv'd the happy hour,
 When rescued they shou'd be frae harm,
 By fearless Robert's manly arm ;
 Wi' mony a brave an' loyal Scot,
 Wha, by this battle, Freedom got.
 The English Lords great ransom paid,
 An' mony a Scotsman wealthy made.
 King Robert's fame was sounded far,
 In peace as wise, as brave in war ;
 This battle too secure did place,
 The Crown upon the Royal Race ;
 An' lang may they its right defend,
 'Gainst Tyrants proud, who may pretend.

To alter ilka Moral Law,
An' strike the weak wi' fear an' awe.

O, heavy news to England's ga'en !
The flower o' Chivalry is slain ;
The sound o' mirth no more is heard,
Cauld lies her sons in Scottish yeard ;
Which causes mony a dame to mourn
Them, wha lie low by Bannockburn.

Our days o' splendour now are o'er,
The Hero brave returns no more ;
Our Children weep their Father slain,
The Mother joins the mournfu' strain ;
An' cries, " Sweet Babes, he'll ne'er return,
Wha sleeps in death, by Bannockburn."

Her Maidens weep, an' sadly cry,
" Our Lemans cauld in Scotia lie :
Waefu' the day they cross'd the Tweed,
To gratify ambitious greed ;
Our gallant Youth no more return,
Cauld, cauld they sleep by Bannockburn."

The aged Father mourns his son,
 His only stay in life is gone ;
 Forlorn, he now looks sore aghast,
 An' shivers at the Northern blast ;
 Then sinks into the silent urn,
 For him wha sleeps by Bannockburn.

Hail, happy days ! nae mair is heard,
 The hostile sound o' watch an' ward ;
 In Albion's fertile, peacefu' land,
 Her sons hae sheath'd the bluidy brand ;
 The Rose an' Thistle, now combin'd
 Wi' Shamrock, an' wi' Laurel twin'd,
 Can bid defiance to the world,
 As round the ither powers are whirl'd ;
 Seeking, whilst wild convulsions tore,
 What lang has grac'd fair Albion's shore,
 Here Liberty alone is found,
 Spreading her countless blessings round :
 The Plowman now, wi' joy can toil,
 Sure o' the produce o' his soil ;
 The Herd here, now, wi' pleasure rears
 His sheep, his kye, an s turdy steers ;
 Nae fierce invader dare appear,
 His property far hence to bear ;

The lovely Maid is blythly seen,
 Tripping secure owre gow'nie green ;
 An' carols, as she trips alang,
 'Thout fear, or dread some rural sang.
 In towns, the shuttle now is heard,
 An' labour meets a sure reward ;
 Upon our happy sea girt Isle,
 The peacefu' arts hae deign'd to smile ;
 Music pours forth her Heav'nly strains,
 An' taste rewards ilk Artist's pains ;
 Bright Science long has op'd her page,
 Rich wi' experience o' the Sage ;
 Fair Commerce, too, here plenty draws,
 In spite o' Tyrants' foolish Laws.

Britannia's sons, still fond o' war,
 An' wild Ambition's schemes to mar,
 Brave, struggling nations, to assist,
 By owregrown power aft sair opprest,
 Do shew proud Gallia's restless race,
 They war, an' danger still can face ;
 An' that, wi' bauld undaunted breast,
 The Brave can succour the distrest,

No walls around our towns now rise,
 In Wooden Walls our glory lies ;
 Britannia's hardy Sons now reign,
 Triumphant, owre the stormy main ;
 An' let the timid nations see,
 That Britons are, an' will be free ;
 Their King, an' Laws, will aye defend,
 And die, ere they to Tyrants bend.



ON GUID ALE.

..... Of old,
 Cato's virtue, we are told,
 Often with a bumper glow'd,
 And with social raptures flow'd.—FRANCIS.

WHILE Kings for Crowns are teughly quarlin',
 An' Priests, like curs, for Mitres snarlin',
 An' Trading Folks, gear fast are haurlin',
 Wi' oar an' sail ;
 I'll sing the praise o' Britain's Darlin',
 Guid nappy Ale.

O Ale ! wad ye inspire my sang,
 As aft, I ken, ye've made me strang ;
 An' fearless dash the gait along,
 Whar bogles drearsome,
 At midnight dance the graves amang,
 In shapes sae fearsome.

Nae doubt, I've thought at times the Deil,
 Wi's cloven cloots, was at my heel ;

But then, wi' courage roun' I'd wheel,
 Auld Nick to fell ;
 When it turn'd out anither chiel',
 As fu's mysel'.

Auld Reekie's lang been fam'd for Ale,
 An' canty callans, straught, an' hale,
 Wha on their faes ne'er turn their tail,
 In hour o' danger ;
 Nor on their frien's, whan ills prevail,
 E'er look a stranger.

O Ale ! thou art a gen'rous liquor,
 To see thee ream in glass, or bicker,
 Gars Embro' bluid gang hantle quicker ;
 Thou bev'rage pure !
 An' throw aside a' maxims sicker,
 Sae great thy power.

Now, see a band like Brithers met,
 On Winter e'en, sae snugly set,
 Roun' canty ingle, bleezing het,
 I'se rest me bail,

Ilk care, an' ill, ye'll soon forget,

Owre Whigham's* Ale.

Our South'ron Brithers' hearts sae warm,
Proclaim o' Ale the powerfu' charm;

At ilka village, town, or farm,

Ye canna fail

To meet o' honest hearts a swarm,

Owre gen'rous Ale.

See a' the towns whar Genius blinks,
Or Weaver's shuttle cheerly jinks,

Or Vulcan's canty hammer clinks,

Ye'll find it sae;

It's nappy Ale ilk birkie drinks,

To weet his clay.

O Gin! what havoc aft ye make,
In Lunnon on your vot'ries weak,

Poor squalid deils! see how they shake

Wi' ilka blast;

Or pale, an' wan, like worn-out rake,

They look aghast.

* A house, near the head of New Street, Canongate, famous for good ale.

But see, the sturdy Sons o' Ale
 Can mount aloft, 'mang snaw an' hail,
 An' in the dour an' boist'rous gale,
 Wi' nervous grip,
 Grasp at the helm, or hand the sail,
 To save the ship.

Sic are the hardy Sons o' Tyne,
 Wha bear the produce o' the mine ;
 But, when the Sons o' Discord join,
 Our peace to mar,
 Lead on the British thund'ring line,
 Through hottest war.

They, whan a Howe, or Nelson led,
 For Britain's right hae aften bled ;
 Right gloriously, in Honour's bed,
 Resign'd their life ;
 While the cow'd Frenchmen struck, or fled,
 To shun the strife.

Our gallant Sons are fam'd afar,
 For arts o' Peace as weel as War ;
 Inspir'd by Ale, they great things daur,
 In Arts, or Arms ;

As our sweet maids hae scarce a par,
 For Beauty's charms.

But, nappy Ale ! war I to dwell
 On a' your qualities, an' tell,
 How far ye ither drink excel,
 My humble sang
 Might, in your praise, sae muckle swell,
 As be owre lang.

Sae now, guid Ale ! I'll cease my clatt'ring,
 In case ye think I'm gien to flatt'ring,
 But, o' your virtues a short smatt'ring,
 I've try'd to gie,
 An' some time hence, o' you a chatt'ring
 I'll ablins be.

But, till that happen, fare ye weel !
 May Britons ne'er want maut, nor meal,
 Nor haun's fu' stout, nor hearts fu' leal,
 In war to aid her,
 Whane'er a hostile Gallic keel
 Daur's to invade her.

DEATH OF EDWARD.

THE French Flag douc'd, while Britain's high,
 Stream'd proudly in the gale ;
 As gallant tars aloft did fly,
 To mend each rope and sail.

While some did by the wounded stand,
 Their kindly aid to lend,
 Brave Edward shook each Messmate's hand,
 And thus address'd a Friend :

“ Ned's duty done, he must retire
 “ From Life's uncertain stage ;
 “ His death has help'd to quench the fire
 “ Of Gallia's brutal rage.

“ His Captain has proclaim'd his worth ;
 “ Sweet to his passing soul—
 “ O ! Henry, bear his kind words forth,
 “ To cheer poor drooping Poll.

“ And when I’m in my hammock laid;
 “ Beneath the swelling wave ;
 “ Ah! kindly, soothe the weeping Maid,
 “ And tell her this I gave.

“ This pledge of love, worn round my neck,
 “ Has ever been my care ;
 “ ’Midst scenes of blood, and gen’ral wreck,
 “ I still preserv’d my Fair.

“ Tell her”——but here a parting sigh
 He breath’d to Albion’s shore ;

Rais’d towards Heav’n his languid eye,
 And sunk, *to rise no more.*



THE STRANGER.

How cruel my lot! forc'd 'mong strangers to wander,
 And leave my sweet Nancy, and children so dear;
 Here, friendless I roam, by the stream's wild meander,
 And think on the days that are past, with a tear.

In secret I sigh, and to winds tell my sorrow;
 The once smiling Henry no longer looks gay;

Each day clos'd to usher a happy to-morrow;
 But, ah! these were blessings too fleeting to stay.

Success once beam'd fair on my honest endeavour,
 To shield me from want in my sweet smiling home;
 But now she is fled; ah! I fear me, for ever;
 While in a far country deserted I roam.

O, bleak looking Poortith! why haunt'st thou my dwelling,
 Where Love, and Contentment, bloom'd once in each face?
 Now, gaunt looking Famine, their dear cheeks assailing;
 While scanty, and thin robes, their soft limbs embrace.

Had Fortune ne'er smil'd, had she never been kinder,
 My fate would not now have been half so severe;

But, quitting my home, she leaves anguish behind her,
And adds a keen pang to each unfeeling jeer.
O, hard 'tis to fall !—still high swells the proud bosom,
Exalted by Hope, and now dash'd down with Care ;
The bleak winds of Heav'n blast my life's early blossom,
And leave my poor darlings in wreck and despair.



THE WISH.

GIE me not riches over much,
 Nor pinching poverty ;
 But let Heaven's blessings still be such,
 As keep in mid degree.
 Tho' low my cot, an' plain my fare,
 Yet will I ne'er complain ;
 No, tho' my darg shou'd be fu' sair,
 Frae rising sun till e'en.

For how can man be better plac'd,
 Than at his daily toil ;
 Or what can be a sweeter feast,
 Than produce o' his soil.
 If season'd weel wi' exercise,
 Health mak's a sweet desert ;
 Then, spleenish vapour banish'd flies,
 Far frae his manly heart.

Another blessing I'd implore,
 To hae a lovely Fair,
 At gloamin', whan my task is o'er,
 My happiness to share.

Owre brecken brae, or thro' the grove,
 Or owre the gow'nie green,
 We'd careless stray, an' tell our love
 Ilk Simmer morn an' e'en.

A friend, too, wad kind Heaven indulge
 Me wi' a boon sae great,
 To whom my heart I cou'd divulge,
 In ilka little strait :
 Ane, wha, amid the ills o' life,
 His kind advice cou'd gie,
 To ward awa ilk care an' strife,
 How happy shou'd I be !



QUEEN MARY'S

*Escape from Lochleven Castle, in Imitation of an
Old Ballad.*

AN' is there no ae Scottish e'e,

For Mary yet to weep ?

AN' is there no ae Scottish heart

To feel her sorrow deep ?

AN', is there no ae Scottish hand

To set poor Mary free ?

Yes ! here is one, bold Douglas cry'd,

Tears dim'd his dark brown e'e.

An', wilt thou yet, my comely boy,

For Mary risk thy head ?

An', wilt thou raise thy manly arm

To help her in her need ?

An', does thy young and noble heart,

Sae loyal beat for me ?

Yes, lovely Queen ! your humble slave

Shall die, or set you free.

O ! blessings on that manly heart,
 May it ne'er sorrow feel !
 Which tender is to Mary Stuart,
 An' wishes yet her weal !
 Still bear'st thou, like thy loyal race,
 To Scottish Kings aft true ?
 Ah ! may thy gallant, gen'rous heart,
 This day, nor deed, e'er rue.

An', how doth gallant Douglas mean
 His captive Queen to serve ?
 For, weel I ken, my noble Boy
 Will strain ilk youthfu' nerve :
 But aft our best abilities
 Fall far our hopes behind ;
 Yet, tho' they fail, my gratefu' heart
 Will aye your guidness mind.

Then, thus your loyal Douglas plans,
 To serve his lovely Queen,
 At dead o' night I'll softly tread,
 By ilka e'e unseen ;
 An' frae my friend, wha then keeps watch,
 I will procure the key ;

Like lightning, then, ilk bolt unlock,
 An' set my Sovereign free.

Now, saftly see him tread the Ha',
 At the dead hour o' night ;

Now, see him list ilk little breath
 That might his projects blight :

Now see him get the massy keys
 Frae his leal friend, wi' speed ;

To free sweet Mary frae her faes,
 O ! generous, noble deed !

Now lightly she descends the stairs,
 An' to the shore she trips ;

While gallant Douglas bears her arm,
 An' fast his claymore grips.

Resolv'd to yield his Queen to nane,
 But wi' his parting breath,

His trusty friends attend their steps,
 On Freedom bent, or Death.

He's ta'en the keys o' Leven Towers,
 An' thrown them in the Lake ;

There lie, - ye faes o' Liberty,
 For lovely Mary's sake.

An' he's ta'en his plaid his shoulders aff,
 An' row'd it round his Queen ;
 On her sweet cheeks the gratefu' tears,
 Like pearls o' dew war seen.

Now quickly she's plac'd in the boat,
 An' fast the oars they ply ;
 The gloomie night lends friendly aid,
 Till they Fyfe's shores descry.
 There twa fleet steeds, attending wait
 To bear her far frae thence,
 To the noblest Chief in a' Scotland,
 Now up in her defence.

Now, fleet, fleet, speed their trusty steeds,
 An' may they ne'er step wrang,
 Wha bear our Queen, an' Douglas brave,
 Sae speedily along.
 An' foul befa' that wicked tongue,
 That wad her en'mies tell,
 Where the loveliest Queen in Christendom
 Has gane sometime to dwell.

An' sair they rade, an' lang they rade,
 Past mony a stately tower ;

Owre mony a hill, thro' mony a glen,
 Till they cam' to that bower ;
 The bonniest bower in a' the west,
 Whar dwalt the bravest Chief,
 Wha on his King ne'er turn'd his back,
 Nor e'er refus'd relief.

Now twenty belted Knights sae brave,
 Cam' round their lovely Queen ;
 To see sic beauty in distress,
 Tears trinkled frae their een.
 Some held the reins, and some did help
 Her to dismount her steed ;
 While twenty noble Maidens fair
 Her bed prepar'd wi' speed.

Their Chief he led her to the Ha',
 An' kiss'd her lovely hand ;
 “ My Royal Sov'reign ! a' I hae
 “ Is now at thy command.”

As for the gallant, daring youth,
 Wha bravely brought you here,
 Niest to your Royal Self, my heart
 Shall ever hold him dear.

Now, ilka Knight, an' Lady fair,
Caress'd the gallant youth ;
Wha, to his Royal, Sovereign Queen,
Had shawn sic matchless truth.
An' a', by some kind favour, shaw'd
To him their kind regard ;
But what he'd done, his gen'rous heart
Found was a sweet reward.



EPISTLE

To a SON, on his GOING to SEA, 22d Aug. 1810.

Go, Dear Boy, may God befrien' thee,
 An' thy footsteps ever guide ;
 Oceans soon will row between thee
 An' thy Father's kin' fire-side.

Put thy trust in the Almighty,
 Wharsae'er thy lot may fa' :
 Ever will he guard an' right thee,
 When frae frien's thou'rt far awa.

In the heat o' battle dreadfu',
 He thy guardian still thou'lt find ;
 If his precepts thou art heedfu'
 To engrave upon thy mind.

Love thy Country niest to Heaven ;
 Aye promote what's for its guid :
 'Gainst it's faes, a' danger braving,
 For it freely spill thy bluid.

Bauldly meet the fae, 'thout shrinking,
 Never flinch frae gun, or sword ;
 Fearless dash, without e'er slinking,
 When command is gi'en to board.

But, when faes, owrecome, surrender,
 An' for mercy on ye cry ;
 Then, let Pity, wi' heart tender,
 Dight the tear frae Valour's eye.

To thy King be ever loyal,
 Ne'er the discontented mind ;
 Wha their means an' time employ ill,
 Fau't wi' things will ever find.

When seas dash, an' roar aroun' thee,
 Then thy duty fearless do ;
 Perils mony may surroun' thee ;
 But kin' Heav'n can bring thee through.

To thy Captain aye be faithfu',
 An' obedient at his ca' :
 To his int'rest ought that's skaithfu',
 Ne'er see't done, tho' e'er sae sma'.

He wha learns to be OBEDIENT,
 When he comes to gi'e command,
 In ilk deed that is expedient,
 A' will cheerfu' bear a hand.

To thy comrades aye be ready,
 Thy assistance quick to gie ;
 An', in Frien'ship, ay be steady,
 As lang's they deserving be.

To the truth aye stand 'thout fearing,
 Lieing is baith low an' mean ;
 Upright conduct is endearing,
 An' maks ilk leal heart thy frien'.

Never do a deed o' meanness,
 Tho' temptation may be great :
 Keep thy hand o' spotless cleanness,
 Tho' grim Poortith be thy fate.

Whene'er Honour whispers, " dinna !"
 Mind the admonition, straight :
 A guid conscience leave thee winna ;
 But will sooth in ilka state.

Shun the wicked vice o' swearin',

Hatefu' baith to God, an' Man :

Fools will bluster, domineerin',

But few wise men ever ban.

A secret, if to you confided,

Keep it silent as the grave ;

Deep into your bosom hide it,

Else ye'll shaw yersel a knave.

Owre thy wrath keep ay a bridle,

These aye help wha modest be ;

But avoid the vain, an' idle,

For disgust they're sure to gie.

Let an independent spirit

In ilk action be thy aim :

Strive, by your superior merit,

Still to earn an honest fame.

Whatsae'er may be thy station ;

Be it low, or be it high ;

If you'd gain Heav'n's approbation,

Do as ye wou'd be done by.

These few maxims, gin ye mind them,
May preserve frae muckle scaith :
Wi' a blessing, now I sign them,
Thy kind Father, while I've breath.



DEATH OF ALBERT,

Written after the Battle of Corunna.

THRICE the bugle shrilly sounded,
 After many a gallant feat ;
 Out-number'd far, nearly surrounded,
 Forc'd were Britons to retreat.

A spik'd gun was poor Albert's pillow,
 Sore fatigu'd, and wounded deep ;
 Near him many a noble fellow,
 Lay in Death's long lasting sleep.

Ghastly pale his cheek, once florid ;
 Hollow now his dark full eye ;
 Dreadful wounds mark'd his high forehead,
 From whence flow'd the purple dye.

Gallia's standard lay beside him,
 Gain'd by his all-powerful arm ;
 Oft the boldest did avoid him,
 Fearful of its deadly harm.

His faithful steed lay bleeding near him,
 Pierc'd with many a dreadful wound ;
 Fearless aft he us'd to bear him,
 Spreading death and havock round.

His pond'rous hoofs were o'er crusted,
 With the Sons of Gallia's blood ;
 To his prowess oft he'd trusted,
 In the shock of battle rude.

Albert turn'd his eyes above, now,
 As the stars were twinkling clear ;
 Nought the Hero's soul cou'd move, now,
 But the thoughts of Emma dear.

Who shall guard my Emma tender ?
 Who'll protect my infant Child ?
 Here now sinks their once defender,
 Far unseen on barren wild.

Who my Orphan dear will learn,
 In bright Honour's paths to go ?
 For his Country great things daring,
 Yes ! each comrade will, I know.

Where will gentle Emma find, now,
 Aid against each coming ill ?
 Something whispers to my mind, now,
 Yes ! my grateful Country will.

Who will speak of Albert's worth, now ?
 How he fought, until laid low ;
 Who'll his fleeting fame spread forth, now ?
 My brave General will, I know.

Done, now, is the Warrior's duty,
 In Heaven's goodness, firm his faith ;
 Farewell, then, each worldly beauty,
 Welcome, now, grim Tyrant, Death !



THE MANIAC.

WHAT haggard Form is that I see,
Whose look bespeaks such misery?
On straw his shrivell'd limbs he lays,
Wildly each object round surveys:
And, hark! he raves in furious heat,
And, now, persuades in accents sweet:
Ah! 'tis a Maniac that I see,
Whose look bespeaks such Misery.

The tear drops, as he tells his tale;
O'er's furrow'd cheeks, now ghastly pale;
And, wild he rolls his now dim eye,
Opprest by mental agony;
And, oft he tells of vile fiends, gaunt,
That round his bed, in wild forms, haunt;
Ah! gentle Pity! come, and see
That sight, which speaks such misery.

He cries for help, with fearful yell,
To save him from these fiends of hell;

And, now he speaks in milder mood :
 He tells, that God is great and good,
 And him has with commission sent,
 To call each sinner to repent ;
 From chains the captive to set free,
 And light his load of Misery.

That power alone to him is given,
 To make this earth a type of Heaven ;
 That sin and sorrow now are o'er,
 And man shall murder man no more ;
 That nations now from war shall cease,
 And cultivate the arts of peace ;
 Ah, frenzi'd thought ! that ne'er can be,
 Man is the child of Misery.

See ! Frenzy now has got the reign,
 O'er his disorder'd mind again !
 See his wild eye-balls, how they stare !
 See ! see him beat his bosom bare !
 See, how he madly grasps his chain !
 Who can the doleful sight sustain ?
 Ah, hapless man ! 'tis well for thee,
 Thou feel'st not half thy Misery.

Who can behold such scenes of woe,
 And not the pitying tear bestow ?
 Ye proud and great, who live at ease,
 See what is man, if Heav'n so please ;
 Poor wretch ! how hopeless is thy doom
 Who can thy heav'nly lamp relume ?
 Yes ! Heav'n may yet have grace for thee
 In store, thou man of Misery !

Ah ! while good Heav'n a kindly ray
 Sheds on my soul, to guide my way,
 Each proud emotion let me smother,
 And feel this Maniac is a Brother.
 Hope, tho' kind Heav'n the boon adjourn,
 His reason lost, may yet return ;
 And happy days he yet may see,
 Succeed his nights of Misery.

AN ACROSTIC

On Miss MADELINE BLAIR of Blair.

MAY that heart still be blest, that can aid the distrest,
 In the feelings of sorrow, can feel as a friend :
 Soft, soft be her slumbers, and sweet be her rest ;
 Smooth, smooth be her pillow, and happy her end.

Mild as Morn's softest breath o'er the vi'let that blows,
 And brushes each bloom that the Morn brings to view
 Dear to Misery's heart, as the dawn to the rose,
 E're the beam of the Morning has drank up the dew.

Love looks in the glance of thy soft-speaking eye ;
 In thy form, sweetest Maid ! all the graces combine ;
 No charm, that e'er taught a fond lover to sigh,
 E'er play'd in a smile so bewitching as thine.

Be the blessings thou giv'st to thy heart still repaid ;
 Long, long may kind Heav'n those blessings maintain

And long may those features in smiles be array'd,
 In distress that can smooth the hard pillow of pain,
 Relume dark Despair, and bid Hope smile again.

O ne'er may a pang that kind heart e'er receive,
 For pain, or distress, which it cannot relieve.

Born to beauty, and riches, may thy charming form
 Long be blest by the blessings of Merit distress ;
 And, e'er as the bark of Mishap feels the storm,
 In the cloud let thy voice hush the tempest to rest,
 Relieve all his pain, and, in blessing, be blest.



ON MISFORTUNE.

Endure the hardships of your present state :
Live, and reserve yourself for better fate.—**DRYDEN.**

MISFORTUNE's the lot of all mankind below,
Some period, or other, we all have our woe ;
Why should I expect, then, exception to find
From what is, and will be, the fate of Mankind ?
All ages, all nations, have found it is so ;
Then, under the rod, let me patiently bow.
What numbers of persons in every degree,
Appear to my fancy more happy than me !
But then, if again I look round, soon I find
Far more to whom Fortune has not been so kind.
How many appear as if happy they were,
That inward are pining with sorrow and care !
How often we meet with a sweet smiling face,
Whose bosom is rending with pain or disgrace !
And many, who dash, now, in Fashion's gay round,
Will soon in oblivion feel Folly's keen wound.

That Youth, who now lolls in his curricie gay,
 And shines as the finest, at ball, or at play;
 Yet, soon in a prison his life he may end,
 And curse the proud imp, whom he once call'd a friend.
 Ah! see that frail fair one, with splendid attire,
 The favourite, now, whom all love and admire;
 But her changeable lover will soon her disown;
 Then, poor helpless creature! she's left on the town;
 Forc'd all humours to please, then, tho' ever so base,
 Disease in a garret at last ends her days.
 The effect, too, of war—oh! most horrible trade!
 To see such brave fellows soon low by it laid;
 The pride of their country, who could it defend,
 Sent to foreign campaigning, to die for no end.
 Yes! thousands I see here, around me each hour,
 Forc'd much harder fortune then me to endure;
 But no satisfaction this gives to my heart,
 Tho' others, beset by Misfortune, may smart.
 No! so many unhappy around me to see,
 Serves only to double my own misery.

But, as we all know this a world of pain,
 The more we endure here, the more is our gain;

Then patient, let's wait, till life's curtain shall fall,
Then, death ! we will cheerfully follow thy call.
Still in the sweet hope of that world above,
Where reigns the great Father of Mercy and Love.



THE SHOWMAN.

TRUDGING slow for many a mile,
I lug my little box along ;
The tedious hours all to beguile,
I chaunt some fav'rite country song.

But when arriv'd, at wake or fair,
I place myself in some snug birth ;
And cry, " Come view my show so rare ;
" Come see the wonders of the earth."

First, here you see great London town,
The three fine bridges o'er the Thames ;
The ships and boats pass up and down ;
Streets fill'd with beaux, and lovely dames.

You see Saint Paul's majestic stand ;
Westminster to the left you spy ;
Where Authors poor, and Monarchs grand,
On level now, in silence lie.

The sea-beach, next, you have in view :

See the brave soldiers on the Strand :

To sweethearts kind a last adieu

They wave, and, sighing, leave the land.

Great Amsterdam you next behold :

Merchants, and Sailors, crowd each place ;

All in pursuit of powerful gold ;

Bustle, and Trade, in every face.

Forward a mile, see ancient Rome :

Here Priests and Prostitutes abound ;

Processions, shows, steeples, and tombs,

Appear in all the country round.

Now, turn your eyes where Negroes throng,

Where Western India's oceans dash,

Dragging their chains, they crawl along,

Flogg'd on by cruel Driver's lash.

A battle next, see smoke and fire ;

The dead and wounded mingled lie :

See brave Sir Ralph his troops inspire ;

From rank to rank behold him fly.

The Scots repel the charge of France ;
 Groans, shrieks, and shouting ! horrid sound !
 The trumpets blow, our horse advance ;
 Our Chief receives the fatal wound.

From Tagus see proud Lisbon tower ;
 Ign'rance and Cruelty we view :
 See Superstition's horrid power
 To glut, the people roasts a Jew.

See next Madrid, the boast of Spain,
 Abound with convents, churches, friars ;
 The Spaniard struts, with proud disdain ;
 His foe to stab th' assassin hires.

Our fleet, now under way, appears ;
 Friends, wives, and sweethearts, crowd the beach ;
 The manly Tars return their cheers,
 As long as sound and sight can reach.

Our Tars, off Trafalgar's proud land,
 Engage the fleets of France and Spain,
 Obey brave Nelson's last command,
 And ride triumphant o'er the main.

See Paris, wonder of the world ;

See Bonaparte, with Mam'luke guard,
Parade his troops, by frenzy hurl'd ;
“ Soldiers ! take England as reward.”

Now, see the folly of his wrath ;

His soldiers sail to seize the prize ;
But meet our fleet, and find their death,
Cursing the Tyrant for his lies.

Now, my young folks ! you've seen the show,
And many fine things sure there be ;
But, from an old man, e'er you go,
Take this advice for your penny.

Tho' gaudy show, and glitt'ring war,
The youthful fancy may allure ;
Yet Virtue is superior far
To pompous Vice, or Despot's power.

TO SLEEP.

..... Gentle Sleep,
In sweet Oblivion's blissful balm
The busy cares of Life becalm.—FRANCIS.

O GENTLE Sleep ! the wretch's friend,
Who dost thy soothing powers employ,
Mak'st swol'n eyelids to descend,
And bring'st in dreams some future joy.

The humble Swain, who all the day
Has toil'd full hard for children dear,
Soft in thy arms his head can lay,
After his coarse, but wholesome cheer.

The Sailor, rock'd 'tween seas and skies,
'Midst winds, and rains, and thousand harms,
When in his hammock down he lies,
How sweetly he enjoys thy arms !

The Pris'ner, oft by power oppress,
 Now wastes his days in misery ;
 But in thy arms he ranges, blest,
 O'er verdant lawns, at liberty.

Thou oft forsak'st the Monarch's bed,
 And, tho' all day he looks serene,
 At gloomy midnight hear him tread,
 Oppress'd with agonising pain.

Hear, how he vents his piteous moan !
 Hear how he prays for kind relief !
 Ah ! 'midst the grandeur of a throne
 Lurks Care, and deep corroding Grief.

The war-worn Vet'ran, now low laid,
 Hears not the dreadful cannons roar ;
 Sweet Somnus hovers round his head,
 And wafts him to his native shore.

There, with his friend, or smiling wife,
 Or children, clinging round his neck,
 He tastes, in dreams, his former life,
 Till some rude hand these raptures check.

See yon poor beggar, Poortith's child,
 By Age and Misery bent down,
 Oft thy embrace his cares beguil'd,
 Sooth'd his sore pain, and Fortune's frown.

Behold the wretch, low stretch'd on straw!
 The light descends on his pale face;
 Confin'd by stern tyrannic law,
 His days to pass in this sad place.

Yet happy he some hours can rest,
 Fast lock'd in thy embrace, sweet Sleep!
 Thou pour'st thy balm into his breast,
 To close the eye, now doom'd to weep.



IMITATION OF AN OLD BALLAD.

O, AGED Sire ! as here I stray,
 What means yon cairn o' stanes sae grey ;
 Beside yon spreading hawthorn tree,
 Whase milk-white blooms sic fragrance gie.

List ! said the Sire ; a mournfu' tale,
 O' bluidie deeds on yonder dale ;
 The bravest Knight, an' fairest Maid,
 Beneath yon hawthorn tree are laid.

I've wander'd far, an' muckle seen,
 But sic a pair ne'er met my een ;
 As that fair Dame, an' gallant Knight,
 O ! ne'er shall I forget the sight.

Clad was the Knight, in mantle green,
 Wi' coat, an' trewse, o' silken sheen ;
 A bugle horn, wi' siller string,
 Gowd-hilted sword, at's side did hing.

His portly form, an' manly face,
 Tauld ye he was o' noble race ;
 An', as he spak, an' sweetly smil'd,
 It wad hae charm'd a savage wild.

His stately steed o' dapple grey,
 Wi' gowden bit did champ an' play ;
 The saddle cloath was red, an' gold,
 An hand emboss'd, an' heart did hold.

Close by his side a lovely Fair,
 On milk-white steed, o' sprightly air ;
 Her face was like a Cherub's, bright,
 Her shape a' bosoms gied delight.

Her auburn locks play'd sweetly down
 Her snaw-white neck, an' bosom roun' ;
 Her een war like twa diamonds clear ;
 Roses her cheeks cou'd hardly peer.

A Knight rode past, in armour bright,
 Wi' beaver up, prepar'd for fight,
 An' baldly seizing on her rein,
 Cry'd, now I hae you a' my ain.

Unhand the Fair, uncourteous Knight,
 Or ye may rue, in doolfu' plight ;
 An' tho' unarm'd, I'm on the field,
 Think nae this Lady's hand I'll yield.

The steel clad Knight, a word ne'er spak' ;
 But fiercely did the youth attack ;
 Wha instant turn'd aside his steed,
 An' sav'd a thrust wad been his dead.

His trusty sword he then did draw,
 An' drave the massy spear in twa ;
 An' e'er recover'd was the Knight,
 His helmet cleft was through outright.

The Knight cam' reeling to the ground,
 The bluid stream'd frae the deadly wound :
 Wi' curses, horrible to name,
 His saul forth frae his body came.

Scarce had this past, when's clan appear'd,
 Which the youth saw, an' Anna cheer'd :
 " Fear nae their numbers, for my men
 Are at my call, in yonder glen."

Then, on his bugle he gae blasts three,
 Up cam' his Troopers speedily;
 Then spears were hurl'd, an' arrows flew,
 An' mony bade the world adieu.

But, ah ! alas ! ae fatal dart,
 In this sad strife, reach'd Anna's heart :
 She on her Lover's bosom fell,
 An' sigh'd, " Dear Edmund ! ah ! Farewell ! "

When Edmund saw the purple tide,
 Flow frae the heart o' his sweet bride ;
 Dear Maid ! he cries, I'll follow thee ;
 But first reveng'd thy death shall be.

Love's pledge, a scarf stain'd wi' her gore,
 'Midst thickest faes he fearless bore ;
 An' ilka blow, sae dread his wrath,
 Was mark'd by some proud Hero's death.

Fierce Allan's brother now he saw,
 A sideward stroke he then did draw :
 The head far frae the body fell,
 Twa spear lengths, nearly, truth I tell.

A coward loon, wha saw the deed,
 Drew a lang arrow to the head,
 An' aim'd too weel the fatal dart ;
 Drench'd was it's wings in Edmund's heart.

Down fell the Hero ; Anna's name,
 The last word frae his lips that came :
 On shields they bore him to his bride,
 Now rests he by fair Anna's side.

That blooming thorn doth mark the place,
 Whar those fond lovers rest in peace ;
 An' 'neath yon cairn o' stanes sae grey,
 Lies Allan's Clan, slain on that day.



TO MR * * * * *, CORN-FACTOR.

You wish me to tell you the news of the town,
If our eating be up, and our drinking be down ;
If rich rogues as you knew once the case, are respected,
Fools fondled by fashion, and Merit neglected ;
Who glories in vice, and if Folly commends it,
Who thrives by his Business, who never attends it.
 No—that is all stuff, for so often we view it,
 That, in fact, the whole city is just as you knew it ;
 Unless in one case, and you'll swear it's a *fib*,
 Friend ANDREW, O Heavens! has just brought home a *rib*;
 Not of *beef*, nor of *lamb*, nor of *veal*, nor of *mutton*,
 For these he had always, tho' never a glutton ;
 But a *rib* more important, tho' not more uncommon,
 The *rib* of all *ribs*, 'tis a *rib* of a woman.
 Ay! marry! don't stare, if the thing you think well of,
 Your Dad had a *rib* before you were heard tell of.
 And, tho' strange be the truth, that you're ready to doubt it,
 It's as true's the Gazette, and so no more about it.

What courage in Fifty! I hear you exclaim,
 Tis like storming a fort—Faith! 'tis nearly the same ;

What danger he runs, such adventures may teach,
For, 'tis fifty to one but he falls on the *breach*.

Then, by *Horn works* and *Crown works*, to which we are
strangers,

Covert ways, *Facings*, *Flankings*, and twenty such dangers ;

That, tho' he survive, he may meet with such scars,

As may lead him to rue he e'er went to the Wars.



WINTER STORM.

.....The thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth :
 In many a vain attempt, how sinks his soul :
 What black despair, what horror fills the heart !—THOMPSON.

YOUTHFU' stranger ! dinna leave us,
 Hard an' snell the north winds blaw :
 Shou'd ought happen, it wad grieve us
 Sair to let ye gang awa'.

Weel I ken, a storm is coming,
 For my auld bairns ake fu' sair :
 Wi' wild sugh, the winds are humming
 Through the leafless branches bare.

The water sp'rit I've heard it screaming,
 In the ang'ry flood now thrice :
 Tho' it be an auld wife speaking,
 O, sweet Youth ! tak' her advice.

Hamely, yet fu' couth our biggin,
 Routh o' what will cheer hae we ;
 Think nae I'm for int'rest priggin'
 Thee to stay this night wi' me.

Thank ye, Hostess ! for your guidness ;
 But this night I canna bide ;
 Trust, ye winna think it rudeness :
 Hame I maun, whate'er betide.

What, tho' now the clouds be low'ring,
 An' the burns rin red, an' deep ?
 I maun on, a' storms enduring,
 Else my Jean wad tine her sleep.

A' that's guid, sweet Youth ! gang wi' thee,
 An' protect thee frae a' skaith ;
 But, I fear, I ne'er will see thee,
 An' to let thee gang, am laith.

Wi' a smile at her forbodin',
 Fearless now he tak's the heath ;
 Juba bounds before, the road in,
 An' returns the weel kend path.

Sandy thinks nae upon danger ;
 A' his thoughts rin on his Jean ;
 To his mind ilk per'l's a stranger,
 That lies him an' her between.

While on Jean he's fondly thinking,
 On he bounds by burn, an' brae :
 Nae moon that night was sweetly blinking ;
 Darkness now obscur'd ilk ray.

Loud now howls the wind sae eerie :
 Fast now fa's the fleecy snaw :
 A' around is dark an' dreary :
 In his een the drift does blaw.

Fierce the river roars beside him ;
 Wild its dash o'er fearfu' lins :
 Ills, on ilka hand, betide him ;
 Whar he's now nae mair he kens.

Ilka step he deeper led is
 In the lab'rinth o' despair :
 Ilka earthly hope now fled is :
 Unto Heav'n he pours his pray'r.

For his Jean, an' bairns, aft sighs he,
 As the chilling snaw thick fa's :
 For some tree, or cairn, aft tries he,
 That might airt him whar he was.

Down he fa's, by sleep o'ertaken ;
 Wi' fatigue, an' grief opprest :
 Juba pous, an' aft does waken ;
 But again he sinks to rest.

Juba howls for some to render
 Help to him, wha could now lies ;
 But alack ! the Parent tender,
 An' the loving Husband dies.

He, wha late wi' vigour bounded
 Owre the heath, like fleetest roe,
 Now, by snaw clad hills surrounded,
 Lies a lifeless victim low.

Sae the stately aik, at morning,
 Tower'd high its majestic head ;
 But a blast, its grandeur scorning,
 Now the monarch low has laid.

Man's a weak, an' helpless creature,
 Tho' his mind aft soars fu' high :
 In a moment, sic his nature,
 A' his projects wither'd lie.

See sweet Jean, his helpmate loving,
 Wi' his young anes at her knee,
 Prattling sweet, in strains sae moving,
 Whilst love's tear steals in her ee.

Sair she fears the rattling storm, now ;
 Sair she dreads the drifting snaw :
 Ilka blast her heart alarms, now,
 For her Sandy, far awa.

Wond'rous tales auld Grannie's telling,
 Wee anes tent the aged dame ;
 While sweet Jean's leal heart is swelling
 For her Sandy, no come hame.

See the big tear drapping fast is
 Owre poor Jean's now pallid cheek :
 While the dreadfu' howling blast, is
 Like her tender heart to break.

Now the harmless babes are sleeping ;
 Grannie Heav'n's kind aid implores ;
 While poor Jean, sair, sair is weeping,
 As the rude wind louder roars.

Sometimes hop'd he had nae ventur'd
 Hame, thro' sic a snaw, an' wind ;
 But despair her bosom enter'd,
 When she thought on's fearless mind.

Her fond wishes, aft bewild'rin',
 Fancy Sandy's step she hears :
 Disappointed, owre her children,
 In wild strains, she tells her fears.

“ Sleep, sweet Babes ! your loving Father
 Never mair will bless your sight :
 In this fearfu', boist'rous weather,
 Perish'd has he, this sad night.

Sleep, sweet Babes ! your wretched Mother
 Happiness nae mair will see :
 Now the Husband, Parent, Brother,
 Cauld lies on some barren lee.

Sleep, sweet Babes ! you wake, to-morrow,
 Without Father you to guide ;
 While your Mother sinks in sorrow
 In the grave, by Sandy's side.

Thus she wail'd her absent deary,
 Till approach'd the morning grey :
 Thro' the snaw then fled she, dreary,
 To poor Jean, a dismal day.

Lang she sought the country over,
 Rivers, glens, an' bleak heath wide ;
 Here she found her lifeless lover,
 Faithfu' Juba by his side.

Cropp'd she saw life's choicest blossom,
 Could extended on the heath :
 Lifeless sunk she on his bosom :
 Now their love is clos'd in death.

SONG.

Banks o' the Clyde.

TUNE,—The Humours of Glen.

THE saft wes'lin breeze wafts the breath o' my Nancy,

As lanely I stray by the moonlight sae clear :

Ilk feature sae sweet I retrace in my fancy,

An' think on that voice, that us'd aften to cheer.

As saftly the win' gies the leaves gentle motion,

An' wimplin' the burnie rins smooth by my side ;

I look to the moon, wi' a kind o' devotion,

An' think it now shining on her by the Clyde.

The lovely sky-blue o' her sweet e'en remind me ;

That wee passing cloud o' kind sympathy's tear :

Ah ! sweet melting pity ! 'twas thou first inclin'd me

To think on that face, that shall ever be dear.

Thou sister to Love, O ! how much still I owe thee !

To what hours o' happiness thou didst me guide !

Love taught my young heart then that rapture to glow wi',

To her who now roams on the Banks o' the Clyde.

18th Sept. 1810.

THE STORM, A DIRGE.

ROAR, ye bellowing Thunders ! beat hard, drenching Rain !
 And o'er my poor head your rude conflict maintain :
 Tho' dreadful the jarring of Nature opprest,
 'Tis nought to the conflict that reigns in my breast.

What, tho' hard falls the rain, and dread lightnings flash,
 And strike the strong oak with a horrible crash ?
 I fear not the blast, or the lightning's shock,
 What's the last killing pang to a heart that is broke ?

See the hind, timid, shrinks from the Tempest's wild strife,
 From his poor flock he flies, see, to save his sweet life :
 Undaunted I roam, 'midst the water and fire :
 When the bolt is appointed, where can we retire ?

My hopes are all blasted, my mind wounded sore ;
 My prospects, once cheerful, appear so no more :
 My heart rent asunder, the tempest I brave,
 For what can appal him who covets a grave.

PEACE ;

Or, JAMIE and MARY.

WAR had reign'd lang owre the nation,
 Its effects had dreadfu' been ;
 When sweet Peace resum'd her station,
 Dighting tears frae mony e'en.

Hame did mony a husband wander :
 Hame came mony a lover true :
 Ance mair owre the furs to dander,
 Wi' strang arm to guide the plow.

Jamie lang had left his Mary,
 Whóm he lo'ed wi' heart sae true ;
 But at hame he cou'd nae tarry,
 When proud France her theat'nings blew.

Hameward fast, his course now bending ;
 Burning to behold his dear :
 Hope, an' Love, ilk sail extending,
 Waft him soon his true love near.

Owre hills, an' burnies, sweet meand'ring,
 Deck'd wi' hawthorn, birk, and pine ;
 Aften thought he, his lang wand'ring,
 Might the heart o' Mary tine.

Alang the banks, by Amon water'd,
 Clad wi' mony a gowan sweet ;
 Nature a' her beauties scatter'd,
 Whar he Mary us'd to meet.

By him cam' a Chariot, dashing,
 Dreadfu' mist came owre his sight :
 Mary, dress'd in grandest fashion,
 Twin'd him o' his senses quite.

Down he fell, wi' fears confounded,
 Harrow'd was his very saul :
 Aft in battles he'd been wounded,
 But this was the direst ball.

Menials, seeing Jamie fa', now,
 Straight came up to his relief :
 Fainted was he quite awa', now,
 Sae owrecome wi' fear an' grief.

Mary, sorrowfu', an' frightened,
 Type o' innocence an' truth,
 Frae the carriage quickly lighted,
 To assist the fallen youth.

Smelling bottles fast were ply'd, now,
 But how strange was ilk ane seen ;
 " 'Tis my Jamie," loud she cry'd, now,
 When she saw his op'ning e'en.

To his arms she flew like lightning,
 While wi' joy they baith did weep ;
 Now poor Jamie, prospects bright'ning,
 Silence cou'd nae langer keep.

" Say, dear Mary, whence this grandeur ?
 Sure ye cou'd nae be untrue ;
 While poor Jamie far did wander,
 To gain fame an' wealth for you."

" No, dear Jamie, it's my brother,
 Wha to India gaed lang syne,
 Now come hame to keep his mother,
 An' thy Mary, thus sae fine,

In yon house, by lovely Amon,
 Welcome will my Jamie be;
 Ilk rude wind now will be ca'm in
 Yon sweet bield wi' you an' me."

Jamie scarce reply cou'd render,
 But his e'en were glancing fain;
 "O, my Mary! ever tender,
 Shall I ca' ye a' my ain?"

After ilka storm, an' danger
 I hae born to find ye this;
 Ne'er shall Jamie be a ranger
 Frae this land o' happiness."

To the house that stood sae finely,
 On the side o' Amon clear;
 Welcom'd was the Sailor kin'ly,
 By sweet Mary's brother dear.

While her mother's e'e joy beaming,
 When brave Jamie's face she saw;
 "Ah! lo'ed youth, nae mair a dreaming,
 After glory gang awa'.

Now, dear Lad, ye're her defender,

Blessings on ye baith I pray ;

Ne'er was bairn mair leal an' tender,

By a mother gi'en away."

ON GUID SCOTS WHISKY.

A wee soup drink does unco weel,

To haud the heart aboon ;

Its guid as lang's a cannie Chiel,

Can stand stieve in his shoon.—FERGUSSON.

O, WHISKY ! muckle's on ye said,

Sair on yer back abuse is laid ;

Nae doubt ye're a mischievous jade,

Whan frien's, owre free,

Hae been wi' ye, a fell sair head

Ye often gie.

'This looks, I think, a wee ungratefu',
 A character by a' thought hatefu';
 But to blame rashly I'd be laithfu',
 Or ill names gie ye;
 For mony a time I've ta'en the gait, fu'
 Cheerfully wi' ye.

Tho', as I daunder'd hame at e'en,
 I things hae double sometimes seen;
 But ither times I've brighter been,
 An' seen things clearer;
 By ye inspir'd, my vision keen,
 Made a' things cheer'er.

Nae doubt I've seen thy vot'ries tum'le,
 Through dubs an' holes, wi' unco rum'le;
 Yet, tho' ye gar'd them stot an' stum'le,
 Wi' fearfu' motion,
 They ne'er at ye did girn or grum'le,
 Ye soothing potion!

Ye sometimes, too, displace the Graces,
 Mak' noses blue, an' pluiky faces;
 On droothie mortals leave sic traces
 O yer sad wark,

As gars the guid, in haly places,
Sair at ye bark.

Ye aft do play the deil at hame,
An' bring grim Poortith, sullen dame,
Wi' a' her train o' ill an' shame,
On bairns sae bonny ;
Whan sic fa's out, I sair ye blame,
Wi' curses mony.

Some too ye vex wi' drunken wives,
Whar sic plagues are, hame seldom thrives ;
Folks drag uncomfortable lives,
Wi' wardless helpmate ;
Whan Whisky wi' sic jades connives,
She shou'd be skelpit.

Some ither pranks I here cou'd tell,
But brawly ken I wish ye well,
An' dinna like owre lang to dwell
On ilka fau't ;
Gin ye be ill, ye're, like mysel',
Faith ! as ill cau't.

But, as yer fauts I've tauld, 'thout sparing,

Yer properties I'll too be sharing;

An' tell the warld the virtues glaring,

O' Whisky guid,

Whilk fills our Sons wi' noble daring,

An' warms their bluid.

Our Sodgers brave, inspir'd by thee,

Do charge their faes wi' as much glee,

As they were kemping on the lee,

Whar blinks Love's charms;

Nae fear that they surpass'd shou'd be,

In deeds o' arms.

Auld Scotia's bairns, baith ane an' a',

Like weel wi' thee to weet their maw;

Through seas they'll dash, in frost an' sna',

In fishing wherry,

Or tend their flocks whan keen win's blaw,

An' be fu' merry.

Our Sons o' Learning, an' the Arts,

By yer pure streams hae shawn their parts;

Ye clear their heads, an' warm their hearts,

Gar them see better,

As lightning swift on Genius darts,
 Wi' dazzling glitter.

Ye aft inspire the self-taught Bard,
 An' claim frae him his kind regard ;
 For aft ye are the sole reward,
 On him bestow'd ;
 Mair shame on them, whase heart's sae hard,
 Cou'd ease his load.

Our Music now's been lang admir'd ;
 Our Minstrels, sure, by you've been hir'd ;
 Yer cheering warmth, their hearts hae fir'd,
 Like Greek Apoll,
 An' gar'd them sound their pipes, inspir'd
 By Alcohol.

E'en beggar bodies are fu' happy,
 Whane'er o' ye they get a drappie,
 In horn, or stoup, or timmer cappie,
 Tho' duds be scanty ;
 Yet blest as kings, they, owre the nappie,
 Forget ilk wantie.

But, what need further botheration,
 I'm clear, a drap in moderation,
 Has a' the Wise's approbation ;

Then, guid Scots Whisky,
 Mak' a' the bairns o' this auld nation
 'S leal hearts fu' frisky.



ON FRIENDSHIP.

Drops, that, from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure.—MILTON.

FRIENDSHIP, balm to a torn heart,
Life's elixir ! great thy power ;
Oft thou'st eas'd Care's cruel smart ;
Oft thou'st cheer'd Misfortune's lower.

Oft thy smiles have cheer'd my soul,
When just sinking in despair ;
Oft repress'd the sordid scowl,
Which my heart then ill could bear.

When my breast, o'ercome by grief,
Sigh'd in silence out its woe ;
Then thy smiles have brought relief ;
Then thou'st sav'd me many a throe ;

Dearest blessing of that Power,
 Which beholds our secret mind ;
 Sweetly flies the fleeting hour,
 In the arms of Friendship kind.

O, thou precious gift of God !
 Aft deny'd where wealth abounds,
 Deign to grace my low abode,
 When assail'd by Fortune's frowns.

When distress my bosom tore,
 And with pain roll'd down the tear ;
 Then my mind each evil bore,
 By the aid of Friendship dear.

Shall my mind that heart forget,
 Which relief so sweet bestow'd ;
 When my sun had nearly set,
 By Oppression's grievous load.

Ne'er, while Mem'ry holds her seat,
 Shall I lose the accents mild,
 Pour'd into my breast, so sweet,
 As kind Friendship spoke and smil'd.

Keen, O Slander ! is thy wound,
 When Envy and Rancour meet ;
 But a blessed balm I found,
 In the vial of Friendship sweet.

Healing cordial, while I live,
 Dear shalt thou be to my heart ;
 And, when in the silent grave,
 Friendship still will take my part.



WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

*On seeing some very indifferent Lines on the
Walls of the INN at ROSLIN.*

Poor, foolish Man ! gie owre your plan

O' scribbling on the wa' :

Ne'er tak' sic pains, to shaw o' brains

You've gat a stock, but sma'.

Gin write you will, to shaw your skill,

As Bards hae done before ;

Then tak' a slate, an' dinna hae't

On ilka ale-house door.

Shou'd it nae please, you can, at ease,

Rub out ilk wrang expression ;

But on the wa', ilk scribbler sma',

Maun at you hae a threshing.

For ilka goose, can gie abuse,

An', fegs ! say things to tease ye ;

Sae, the best plan's to haud your han's,

Least scribbling madness seize ye.

ADDITIONAL VERSE

To the WOODMAN.

THE stately Oak's laid low by thee,
 To rise triumphant o'er the sea,
 To guard our Laws and Liberty
 From proud usurping foe :
 And long may Freedom's Sons maintain,
 Their empire o'er the dashing Main ;
 Make cruel Tyrants, proud and vain,
 To British valour bow.



LINES

*To the Memory of Mr ROBERT BURNS, the
Ayrshire Bard.*

See Cunning, Dulness, Ignorance, and Pride,
Exulting o'er his grave, in triumph ride.—GRANT.

SWEET Bard of Scotia ! oft thy cheerful song,
Shall by her sons be gaily carol'd o'er
To lovely Maids, among her heath-clad hills,
Or flow'ry vales, where oft, with vig'rous limbs,
Her valiant Sons do range, tending their flocks ;
Their rural music, echoing from the glens,
Resounds 'mong rocks, and hills, simple and sweet,
Melodiously enchanting, as they stray
By broom of Cowdenknowes, or Yarrow haughs,
Or by sweet winding Nith, where, musing oft,
Thy feet have measur'd o'er its lovely banks.
There shall our Shepherds chaunt thy beauteous lays,
And on thy natal day, assembl'd round,
Shall celebrate, in festive mirth and song,
The mem'ry of their much lov'd Native Bard.
Our lovely Nymphs shall cull the fairest flowers,

And garlands weave, to deck thy hallow'd urn ;
 With roses sweet, and tender myrtles, strew
 Thy honour'd grave, and o'er their Poet drop
 The sympathetic tear ; or, mournful, sit
 Rehearsing the sad story of thy life.
 How modest Merit, sore neglected, felt
 The biting blast of bleak-fac'd Poverty.
 Tell how, that nought could check the Poet's fire ;
 Tho' oft distress'd by penury and care,
 Serene he soar'd superior to these ills,
 And, pitying, sigh'd for weak illib'ral souls.
 The sordid wretch at times provok'd the lash
 Of his all-powerful pen. Offended pride
 Would oft, in strains satirical, break forth ;
 But Philanthropic thoughts reign'd chiefly in
 His open, gen'rous, noble, manly bosom.
 But rest his dust now in the peaceful grave,
 His soul sublimely chaunts new strains above ;
 His father, Ossian, owns him for his son,
 And points his seat 'mong kindred Bards in Heaven.



LINES,

On the Thunder Storm, 19th August 1806.

LOUD roars the Thunder o'er the barren heath ;
 In fear the fleecy herd scarce draw a breath ;
 The hinds, 'mong bushes sheltering, eye afar
 Water and fire wage elemental war.
 Fearful each gloomy cloud should death contain,
 Afraid to fly, still more so to remain ;
 While, in one blaze, th' extended plain now seems,
 As darting lightning, most terrific, gleams.
 The feather'd songsters shelter 'mid the wood
 Of elms and oaks, which former storms have stood ;
 There, in the branches, motionless they lower,
 While o'er the meadow, rains in torrents pour.
 The sturdy oxen, gloomy now appear,
 In mute amazement, see the storm with fear.
 The horse, who fearless view'd the battle's heat,
 Now scours the plain, opprest with terror great.
 The animal creation, all around,
 Seem lost in stupor, and dread awe profound.

LEITH RACES, 9th August 1806.

FAREWHEEL ! my melancholy Muse !

Adieu ! for a wee while, now ;

An' come, my comic Friend ! an' rouse

Me wi' yer witching smile, now ;

An' O ! put on, my bonny Quean !

Ane o' yer drollest faces,

While I relate, what, shortly syne,

Did happen at the Races,

Yon rainie day.

On that black day, I mind it yet,

Sae very like the latter day ;

Th' elements seem'd as they had met,

That thund'ring rainie Saturday :

On that day, ilka lad an' lass,

About Auld Reekie's Town, Sir,

Fu' cleanly dink'd in a' their braws,

Boot to the Race gang down, Sir,

Fu' snod that day.

Till that lang look'd for, joyfu' day,

Here mony a tryst aft stands, Sir,

To squire their bonny lasses, gay,

Fu' trigly owre Leith Sands, Sir.

An' 'tween the heats they seldom fail,

Gin they be that way bent, Sir,

To treat wi' whisky, an' guid ale,

Them, sweetly in a tent, Sir,

Fu' crouse, that day.

Now here, a' shining in their best,

The first o' rank an' fashion,

Our beaux, an' belles, sae gaily drest,

Alang the Sands are dashing,

In coaches, chaises, gigs, sae grand,

An' horses fleet an' sprightly ;

While Jockies course owre the back sands,

An' shaw their skill fu' lightly,

An' swift, that day.

The pawkie ale-house wife see, now,

Fu' slily cries you in, Sir ;

What shall I bring, my bonny dow ?

I'st whisky, ale, or gin, Sir ?

The sturdy sailor, wi' lang stick,
 At ging'bread is a smashing ;
 While blackguard gamblers, swearing, lick
 Ilk ither in a passion,
 Fu' sair, that day.

Some cry the lists o' horses' speed,
 An' some are bawling berries ;
 Some cry, " come buy my findrons guid,"
 An' some, " fine, nice, ripe cherries."
 Recruiting sergeants, fifes, an' drums,
 Fu' vap'rin, beat about, Sir,
 While showman loon the organ hums,
 An' mak's an' unco rout, Sir,
 An' noise, that day.

See here, a' met, frae distant towns,
 An' mony far wa' places,
 A motley group o' blackguard loons,
 Wi' vile, ill-looking faces :
 Here cripple sailors, beggars stout,
 An' ballad-singers jolly,
 Pick-pockets, thieves, an' sharpers cute,
 Wi' their vile Rolly Polly,
 To cheat, that day.

Tak' tent o' these low scoundrels' tricks,

Ye youthfu' an' unwary !

Or faith ! they're sure on you to fix,

An' will yer pockets herry.

Creation's scum, Society's pest,

Waur than wild beasts are they, Sir,

On men, like Cannibals, they feast,

On Innocence they prey, Sir,

Like wolves, that day.

On the alert's ilk greedy chiel,

Ye read it in their faces,

To see what they can rob, or steal,

An' pick up, at the Races.

Vociferation's brazen lungs,

Now reign throughout the rabble ;

You'd sworn, that a' the different tongues

Had broken loose frae Babel,

Or hell, that day.

Just as the Racers started are,

The clouds, fast gathering, lower, now,

Syne showers in pailfu's driving sair,

Out owre the race-course pour, now :

The bellowing thunder's fearfu' rair,
 Comes fast, peal after peal, now ;
 While lightnings flash in horrid glare,
 'Midst heavy showers o' hail, now,
 Fu' hard, that day.

A' nature the appearance has,
 As gin t'were gawn to reck, now ;
 An' fast, for shelter, lad an' lass,
 Do to their heels betak', now.
 Some to the tents, wi' haste, do bang,
 An' some to Leith's guid town, now ;
 Whar showers o' Highland whisky strang,
 An' Embro' ale gang down, now,
 Fu' sweet, this day.

Some roar for crabs, an' mussels, now,
 An' ithers cry for ham, Sir ;
 Some cry for ale, as strang as glue,
 An' some cry for a dram, Sir.
 The ale-wife, now, wi' pleasure whuds,
 An' does ilk thing to serve ye ;
 To relish weel the reaming scuds,
 She sends ye a nice bervey,
 Fu' saut, this day.

While canty jests, an' funny jokes,
 An' ither harmless stories,
 Put aff the thought o' the rude shocks,
 O' blustering, roaring Boreas.
 Now Sandy tells, how, last year, Kate,
 Wi' her nain sweetheart Willie,
 Gawn up Leith Walk, to Embro', late,
 After a hearty gillie,
 O' gin, that day,

Began to feel, that night, for Will,
 Some unco strange emotion,
 Which Will, to humour her intill,
 Had ta'en an unco notion.
 Whate'er that was, frae smiling Kate,
 There cam', to lang-fac'd Willie,
 A bill, just nine months after date,
 Which gar'd him look fu' silly,
 An' blate, that day.

But waur, says Tam, my frien' befel,
 Ye mind poor Geordy Launder's,
 Wha, like oursel's, 'thout thought o' ill,
 Down to the race-ground danders ;

Whar, takin' a guid hearty horn
 O' that vile, filthie whisky,
 Kick'd up a dust, whilk, or the morn,
 Play'd him a bonny pliskie,
 That cursed day.

Into the guard, 'thout shoon, or hat,
 Wi' weel paid skin, he landed,
 Met wi' a sodger loon, an' gat
 Himsel' by him trepanded ;
 Sent aff to Flanders, whar he soon,
 Poor chiel ! in hard fought battle,
 Fightin' fu' bravely, gat a woun',
 That in the end prov'd fatal,
 For him, that day.

Quo' Haly Jock, wi' canting crune,
 Frien's ! ye may tak' my word for't,
 If that ye dinna trust aboon,
 An' praise, an' thank the Lord for't ;
 Ye'll aye be fa'ing in some snare,
 Or some sair, sad mishap, Sirs---
 Hout ! haud yer tongue, an' stap yer pray'r,
 Says Bob, an' tak' yer drap, Sirs,
 Wi' glee, this day.

I canna bide, in sic a place,
 Owre sic guid cheering liquor;
 A blethering goose, wi' a lang face,
 To preach out owre a bicker.
 Gie me a blyth strathspey, or reel,
 Then to my shanks I bang, Sirs;
 Or a guid honest hearted chiel,
 Wha roars a canty sang, Sirs,
 Fu' loud, that day.

Then foul befa' the silly elf,
 Or gloomie, sour curmudgeon,
 As lang as lasts the stoup, or pelf,
 That ever thinks o' budging.
 Wi' an' honest chiel mair blyth I've been,
 Out owre a hearty glass, Sirs,
 Than fools wi' a' their titles sheen,
 Or misers, wi' their trash, Sirs,
 O gowd, this day.

Now lightning flash'd, an' thunder roar'd,
 In loud an' awefu' peals, Sir;
 But drink made ilk ane big's a lord:
 They fear'd nae cares nor ills, Sir.

They ne'er did mind, but bent the stoup,
 'Bout either wind, or weather :
 The fient a saul in a' the group
 Now minded it a feather,
 Or strae, that night.

The lasses sweet, an' bonny, now,
 Upon their lads were blinking :
 Some roar'd a merry sang, ha'f fu',
 An' some were happy drinking.
 Some in a neuk, now lay fu' snug,
 For they had gat their dose in ;
 An' some in corners sat fu' smug,
 Trysting to let their joes in,
 Fu' quait, that night.

At last, mirk night loot fa' owre them,
 Her sombre, shady curtain ;
 When some began to think it time,
 That they shou'd now be parting :
 Some roar'd out for anither gill,
 To keep them frae the weather,
 Some smok'd their pipe, wi' right guid will,
 While some did nonsense blether,
 Like fools, that night.

Some landed in a hole, that night,

E'er they had got a gun-shot :

Some gat a weel paid skin, fu' tight,

Some to their heels, an' run for't :

Some in the town-guard, a' owre glar,

In black-hole, gat a call'ring ;

An' some gat what was muckle waur,

For their vile catterwal'ring,

Wi' jades, that night.

Slee Jock, gaun up the Cowgate, met

Wi' a sweet bonny lass, Sir,

An' thought great harm he cou'd nae get,

To treat her wi' a glass, Sir :

The stoupie roun' they fast did wheel,

She blink'd on him sae bonny ;

Till drink, love, or some ither deil,

Cam' in the head o' Johnny,

Fu' slie, that night.

What then befel poor Jock, alas !

He ne'er cou'd tell it after ;

But 'mang his cronies, sure there was

Muckle guid fun an' laughter.

Neist morning, 'bout the sax hour bell,

His watch, an' siller missing,

In a stair fit he fand himsel',

His cheek the hard stane kissing,

Fu' cauld, that morn.

Now, gin advice ye'll tak', young lads,

When ye gang to the Races ;

Tak' care o' a' the pawkie jades,

Tho' they hae bonny faces :

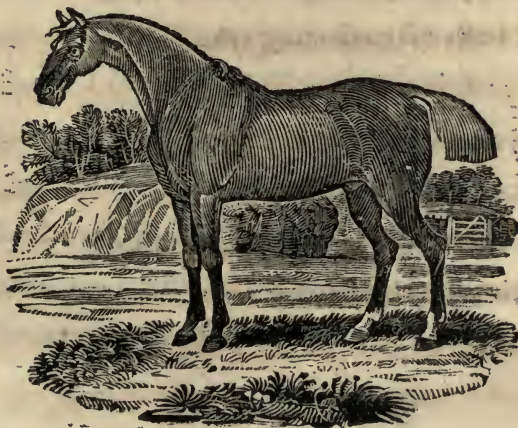
Whene'er ye meet wi' ane owre free,

An' ye may meet wi' mony,

Be sure they've something in their e'e,

An' mind the fate o' Johnny,

Sae hard, yon night.



THE FOLLOWING LINES

*Were found lying in a Public COFFEE-ROOM
in Leith, 3d of August 1807.*

THE Race is always to the Swift,
An' Battle to the Strong.—JOHN SCOTT.

Beneath which the AUTHOR wrote.

O JOHN, man, that's a silly shift,
An' troth I think you're wrong.

But gin ye think to contradict
That Book o' Truth Divine,
A friend ye may mak' o' Auld Nick,
But better friends may tyne.

An', wad ye tak' but my advice,
Unkent tho' I may be,
Ne'er contradict what guid, an' wise
Their approbation gie.

LINES

Upon the DEATH of a FRIEND.

SWEET fragrant bower, where first I met,

My much lov'd Anna dear ;

I fancy still her form I see,

And think her voice I hear ;

Warbling, in gentle accents sweet,

Such sounds as cheer my heart ;

Ah ! never can their melody,

From my rack'd mind depart.

Her charming tongue such pleasure gave,

Such sweets from it did flow,

As charm'd each shepherd to her bower,

Where sooth'd was every woe ;

But, ah ! these joys flew fleeting past,

Her lovely form is gone ;

To kindered angels in the sky,

For man too great the loan.

THE SLAVE.

SCENE.—*The Garden of Achmet,
ALMIRA listening from a Balcony.*

DEAR lovely Fair ! ah lend thine ear,
To hear my piteous tale !
Far from my native land I mourn,
And wretched life bewail.

On Caledon's bleak mountains, I
First drew my vital breath ;
Where liberty each bosom fills,
As bounding o'er the heath.

But, ah ! that morn I left our shores,
In distant climes to roam ,
Ah ! little thought poor Henry, then,
No more to see his home.

The cruel Moors, our feeble bark,
Boarded, in chains us bound :

To free-born Britons, what could give
The soul a keener wound ?

To tug the oar in woe I pin'd,
In silence flow'd my grief :
No friend to ease my troubl'd breast,
But death to give relief.

Seven tedious years, indignant, I
From Tyrants base have born
Insults, and blows, far worse then death,
My feeling heart has torn.

Remov'd I view thy lovely form,
E'en Fate then curs'd me less ;
Thy charms at distance doom'd to see,
But ne'er to taste the bliss."

Thus, wretched Henry, mournful, sung,
Almira dropt a tear ;
'Twas all, alas ! she could bestow,
Their Tyrant Lord was near.

LINES

On Miss DEVIME.

As Jupiter sat, us frail mortals composing,
 There came in his head a queer whim ;
 To earth I shall send my dear Venus a season,
 In shape of the sweet Miss Devime,

Says he, in each curl a Cupid I'll hide,
 Who, as she moves graceful along ;
 Their arrows shall scatter on every side,
 Those poor frail mortals among.

Minerva, astonished such havock to see,
 'Mong her vot'ries, this furiously said,
 This madness, if longer continued it be,
 I'll punish the mischievous maid.

Jove, laughing, cry'd, Pallas, yourself come dont vex,
 Tho' mortal to you she may seem ;
 'Tis Venus, who plays on poor mortals such tricks,
 In shape of the sweet Miss Devime.

TO MR DAVID TOUGH,

With his Miniature.

Now Davie, Lad, your Picture's done;

An', trouth, you may believe me,

Gin it by you shou'd be approv'd,

Nae sma' joy that wad give me.

I own to you, I've done my best,

Wi' honest emulation,

To get what ilka artist likes,

A gen'ral approbation,

Sae sweet, ilk day.

But shou'd this bliss be now denied,

By surly critics, rude, Sir,

Ye'll ablins tak' my part, an' say,

I ken his meaning's guid, Sir.

Trouth, ken ye friends, nae, 'tween us, now,

I think he ettles brawly;

Wi' time, an' pains, 'mang painters sma',

To be a tapping fallow,

Some ither day.

I'll no tell how ye've been admir'd,
 By mony a bonny lass, man ;
 For that might ablins mak' ye proud,
 Or might like flattery pass, man ;
 But ye've been ca'd, by mony ane,
 An' honest looking chiel, man ;
 An', fegs, quo' I, your nae far wrang,
 For I now ken him weel, man,
 This mony a day.

Gin ane there be, wha'd serve a friend,
 At ony time or place, man,
 Wi's purse, his pen, or sturdy legs,
 You see him in that face, man.
 Ane wha, in ilka stage o' life,
 Faithfully's done his duty ;
 An' that to ony face, I think,
 Aye gies a manly beauty,
 On ony day,
 Now, Davie, Lad, I cou'd nae slip,
 A subject sae bewitching ;
 For I to rhyme, as weel as paint,
 Whiles hae an unco itching.

But whether this be guid, or ill,
 Nae doubt it might be mended ;
 But I can say, at least I'm sure,
 That it is weel intended,
 Frae me, this day.



THE DISAPPOINTED PHILANTHROPIST.

AH ! William, why wear'st thou that scowl on thy brow,
 As if still afraid of mankind ?
 Sure thou still canst boast of one heart that is true,
 Tho' some have prov'd false as the wind.

Yes Kitty, thy truth, and thy love, I well know ;
 Thy smiles have oft been my sole treasure ;
 They've chac'd from my bosom sad anguish and woe,
 And fill'd it with rapture and pleasure.

Then wrinkle thy front, my dear William, no more ;
 Time's lines soon enough will be seen ;
 Kind Heaven has plenty of blessings in store,
 For those who afflicted have been.

Yes, true, my dear Kitty, but gloomy thought, still
 Looks back to the scenes that are past ;
 Like the magnet so true, my mind ever will,
 Brood o'er them, while mem'ry shall last.

With intentions the purest my deeds often have,
 By those whom I wish'd much to serve,
 Been shown as the deeds of a fool, or a knave ;
 Such return, sure, I did not deserve.

Now with cold, jealous look, I will view every man,
 And, till I can him honest find,
 For a rogue I shall take him, thus, Kitty, I plan,
 In future, to treat all mankind.

But, William, with your wonted justice, I see
 You judge not impartially here ;
 For the faults of a few, that each person should be
 Held a knave, seems to me too severe.

E'en rogues I've seen honest, and act most upright,
 When with candor you acted by them ;
 Frail man, you do view in a prejudis'd light,
 And for some the whole race now condemn.

How different the manner of him you revere,
 When scorn'd with the bitterest railings,
 From vilest of men, receiv'd treatment severe,
 Yet pity'd, and sigh'd for their failings.

His example then follow, who lov'd fallen man,
 And laid down His life for their sake ;
 If Heaven too nearly each fault were to scan,
 Few, I doubt, but its wrath would o'ertake.

You reason well, Kitty, I see my mistake,
 My feelings have made me unjust ;
 And mankind again into favour I'll take,
 And once more with confidence trust.



LINES

*On a FREE and EASY CLUB, which met at Mr
WILLISON GLASS's, Burns's Tavern, Blair Street.*

WOULD you wish, Sirs, to know, where does Helicon flow—
'Tis not by Parnassus you pass ;
But down a short stair, in the Street, called Blair,
Where dwells our good honest friend, Glass.

He's the Priest of Apollo, both funny and jolly,
And loves all the poor Sons of Rhyme ;
If you wish to be hearty, you'll find a snug party,
And the fam'd Bard of Scotia's the Sign.

There, on each Tuesday night, you may have such a sight,
As must please each benevolent mind ;
There, set o'er their bottle, dull Care then to throttle,
You'll meet with hearts honest and kind.

There, Friendship and Love, have the sanction of Jove,
When the Sons of Apollo do meet ;

While with Bacchus you quaff, Momus raises the laugh,
And Minerva smiles graciously sweet.

But, tho' wit here abounds, no feeling it wounds,

For Harmony reigns in each breast ;

If you doubt what I say, now just step down I pray,

And I'll introduce you to our Priest.

No care lodges here, but the best of Scots cheer,

Abounds in this sanetifi'd place ;

And none there you'll see, whose looks show more glee,

Than the Priest of Apollo, FRIEND GLASS.



To Miss MADELINE BLAIR of Blair.

FAIR is your face, sweet Madeline !

Your shape has scarce a peer ;

The sparkling o' your bonny e'en,

Maun ilka bosom cheer.

The rose an' lily, in your face,

Shine pleasing to the e'e ;

But, in your actions guid, I trace,

A heart that's kind an' free.

The rose may fade, the lily dow,

By Time's all with'rin' blast ;

But your kind heart will ever grow,

Mair kind, while life shall last.

An', when into the silent urn,

The lot o' guid an' fair ;

Ilk tender friend, sair, sair will mourn,

The loss o' lovely Blair.

ON TOBACCO.

YE'VE sung, says Tam, ae night, right pawkie,
 The praise o' ale, an' guid Scots whakie;
 What wad ye think, to sing Tobacco,
 The chief o' plants ;
 For mony a night, owre it fu' knackie,
 I've tint my wants.

Weel thought, quo' I, sae quick I tuik
 My inkstand frae the ambrie nook ;
 Syne o' brown stout we took a sook,
 To clear our e'en :
 Tobacco, fegs, shall grace my buik,
 My worthy frien'.

O, darling plant ! now me inspire,
 Wi' thy strang smoke, an' eke thy fire ;
 That I may bauldly strike the lyre,
 To sound thy praise,
 An' thy great virtues some ells higher,
 I'll ablins raise,

Thou wond'rous plant ! how great thy power !

Brought to this shore in lucky hour,

Ye mak' fock either glad, or sour,

Droll, douce, or canty ;

An' some wad hunger keen endure,

Rather than want ye.

What bright ideas ye gie, whan drinking,

An' o' the state affairs then thinking ;

The words 'mang smoke come fast out linking,

Like glass-house chumly ;

While fast the porter down they're skinking,

In showers sae drumly.

Now, see yon Orator profound,

The club-room fills wi' smoke an' sound ;

'Tween ilka whiff, the wa's resound,

Wi' words sagacious ;

While, wi' applause, an' smoke, he's crown'd,

'Mang smiles sae gracious.

What mystic friendship frae thee flows ;

Look, yon twa frien's now by the nose,

Like auld acquaintance, converse close,
 An' hand the mill,
 Forgetting a' their cares, jocose,
 Owre hearty gill,

The learned sage, owre books a poring,
 Sometimes may catch himsel' a snoring ;
 But quick, a pinch sets him a' soaring,
 The clouds aboon ;
 Regions unkend o', keen exploring,
 Ayont the moon.

See yon auld wife, sae snell, an' crabbie,
 Wi' few companions but her tabbie,
 Whom fickle Fortune's us'd but shabbie ;
 Yet, wi' a cronie,
 Out owre a pipe, she'll be fu' gabbie,
 An' blyth as ony.

At lait-wak's, whar aft bodies meet,
 Wi' faces lang, just like to greet,
 A whiff o' thee gars a' look sweet,
 An' kills vexation ;
 Roun' gangs the drap, their throats to weat,
 Wi' resignation.

In Greenwich, see our vet'ran tars,
Wi' wooden legs, an' dreadfu' scars ;

Yet happy, now, frae a' the jars

O' discord rid,

They sit, an' crack o' former wars,

Owre pipe, or quid.

In battles, or whan gales blaw hard,

An' Jack maun munt the tap-sail-yard ;

Gie him his quid, he'll no regard

The win' a strae,

Nor balls, ae spittle owre his beard,

Tho' thick they play.

The sodger, too, brave, canty chiel,

Wha for his King wad fight the deil,

'Mang fire, an' smoke, an' pointed steel,

Braves ilka danger ;

Gie'm's pipe at e'en, content, he'll feel

To care a stranger.

The merchant aft, sits plodding owre

His pipe, whan things look cross, an' sour ;

But brighten'd prospects on him pour :

Thy witching smile

Aft drives awa' ill Fortune's lower,

An' sweetens toil.

The Toothach, the deil's nain contriving,

Our jaws, an' haffets sadly riving,

I wish, in hell he had been diving,

'Mang fire, an' smoke,

That day be brought it up here driving,

To plague poor fock.

Tho' pangs war rackin' ilka jaw,

Whane'er my cuttie 'gan to draw,

Auld Nick, the fiend, thought 'twas nae law,

Sae sair to flee him ;

Sae, aff he'd whisk, an' wheep awa',

My Toothach wi' him.

Thy worth, as I nae help can lend it,

Nae langer here I need defend it ;

An', as the warl' sae lang has kend it,

Guid sooth ! in rhyme

Like mine, least said is soonest mendit,

I'll stop in time.

Tobacco, now I've try'd to raise,
 A wee bit sang in thy dear praise ;
 'Thou'rt worthier far o' higher lays ;

But till that happen,
 Continue still to soothe our waes,
 Out owre the chappin.



THE DEAD SOLDIER.

DINGY mists were spreading round ;

Dim the moon was shining ;

Hush'd was now war's dreadful sound,

As Anna sat reclining,

O'er Henry's corse, with mournful cries,

She sobb'd with heart so dreary ;

Ah ! clos'd were now those sparkling eyes,

That beam'd with love so cheery.

The heart, that ne'er fear'd sword of foe,

In battle bloody gleaming ;

The heart that felt for others woe,

It's life's last flood was streaming.

Cold, soon that heart, in friendship warm,

Where bloom'd fair Virtue's blossom ;

And wan that cheek, that us'd to charm

Sweet Anna's tender bosom.

Her lovely babie, at her breast,

Was to her bosom clinging ;

While her poor heart, sore, sore opprest,
 With sorrow sad was wringing.
 Be still, my babe, may thy young heart,
 Feel sorrow like this never ;
 Grim Death, with his relentless dart,
 Has broke my peace forever.

Brave Henry's heart, to King, and Laws,
 Was ever firm, and steady ;
 Their foes to fight, in Freedom's cause,
 His sword was ever ready.
 To Anna's love, her soldier brave,
 Was ever true, and tender ;
 To soon, alas ! in Honour's grave,
 Now sinks her brave defender.

Gone is the Soldier's friend, alas !
 In him the brave delighted ;
 That manly form, and comely face,
 Their beauties now are blighted.
 Hush, hush, my babe, lie still and sleep,
 Your mother smile will never ;
 Doom'd is her eye, salt tears to weep,
 Blasted her hopes forever.

LINES,

On seeing Mr RAEURN's Pictures.

RAEURN, thy Art has here portray'd
 The beauties of this clime ;
 A new Creation, by thee made,
 Descends to future time.
 Forever could my fancy live,
 On thy delighting Fair ;
 Sure future ages must conceive,
 Their grandames Angels were.
 Supremely blest with Beauty's smile,
 No frowns appear to thee ;
 The Loves and Graces blended, wile
 The soul to extacy.
 Thy chaste Outline, and glowing Touch ;
 Thy Light, and Shade so grand,
 The senses strike, and soul bewitch ;
 We move in Fairy land.

Long may thy hand the Pencil guide,
 From whence such wonders rise ;
 Thy fame fly far to regions wide,
 Thy merits reach the skies.

May Care and Sorrow never foil,
 Thy future destiny ;
 As ye make Beauty on us smile,
 May Fortune smile on thee.



THE KNIGHTS OF S—— A——.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Twas on November, but short syne,
Some Embro' Bucks agreed to dine,
An' spend the night in mirth an' fun,
At sign o' the tremendous Gun.
To celebrate, in fest'al grand,
The tit'lar Saint o' auld Scotland;
An', to appear mair sage an' wight,
They styl'd ilk ither, Worthy Knight.

Weel! Knights we'll ca' them, for, we see,
It needs nae great ability
To be a Knight, an' wear a sash,
Gin ye hae plenty ready cash.
Now, mony a cuif, wi' looks right silly,
Is styl'd, Sir Jamie, or Sir Willie;

But sic a group, as sure's I'm living,
 O' Knights, was ne'er seen under Heav'n.
 Here, tinklers, taylors, butchers, millers,
 Sma' waiters, ale, an' whisky sellers,
 A' deck'd out in queer antic dresses,
 Wi' sic a group droll-looking faces ;
 You'd sworn, had you but seen ilk jigger,
 That Knights were they, o' woefu' figure,
 Or modern Quixotes, here a' met,
 Frae a' the airts, to celebrate,
 In antic dress, an' tarnish'd grandeur,
 The mem'ry o' poor auld Saint Andre.

The Sovereign, first, ascends the chair,
 Wi' owrelay clean, an' weel kaim'd hair ;
 Red was his hair, o' red the deepest,
 He bought it, whar he gat it cheapest.
 The rusty Sword, he straught seiz'd on it,
 Syne crown'd himsel' wi' auld Scots bonnet ;
 The Knights, an' noble Office-bearers,
 Salute him wi' three hearty cheerers.
 For this fresh proof, an' former favours,
 The Chief a flaming speech delivers ;
 In whilk he flatters sae the birkies,
 As mak's them just as proud as turkies.

The Dean, niest, wi' devotion warm,
 Roars out a Grace, as lang's my arm ;
 But, e'er ha'f done, ilk Knight, wi's whittle,
 On fish, an' flesh, began to guttle.
 Haggis, an' sa'mon, hens, an' lamb,
 Into their lang lank sides they cramb ;
 An', as ilk plate fu' fast they eat,
 They tak' a dram their maw to whet.
 A Knight roars out, " Sov'reign, I think,
 The rule's as muckle's we can drink*."
 " Most certainly, Sir Tun, I houp;
 Ye'll no forget to fill the stoup."
 Tun says to himsel', wi' upcast eye,
 I ne'er saw sic a drouthie fry,
 By Jove ! I think, they'll drink me dry.

The Dinner done, the plates a' vanish'd,
 The tables wi' guid stuff replenish'd ;
 The Sov'reign drinks, " King Geordie's health,"
 " To a' his subjects, peace an' wealth."
 Then, up they sprang, an' roar'd, an' skirl'd,
 Till a' the ke'bers shook an' dirl'd ;

* Every Knight was furnished with Dinner, Whisky, and Beer, at a certain sum.

The very plates, in Lucky's kitchen,
Came aff the shelf, wi' joy a' hitching.

A taylor, now, wi' pleasure roar'd,
A sang he'd made on his shop-board ;
The Knights, sae proud to ha'e a poet,
An' he, sae proud that he cou'd show it ;
They cheer, an' ruff this Knight o' steel,
'Till's brain, wi' applause, began to reel ;
But, whether wi' gratitude, or drink,
Down on his backside Stitch did sink.

An auld Financier, neist began,
Wish'd much to ken how things did stan' ;
I've heard, said he, on fause pretences,
Some gormandize at our expences ;
That sae the funds are misapply'd—
ORDER ! fu' loud, the treasurer cry'd.
While some cry, HEAR ! an' others roar'd,
'Till fient a saul cou'd hear ae word ;
The bottles rang amang the glasses,
An' nought was heard, but groans, an' hisses ;
Wi' sic a horrid gibble gabble,
You'd sworn it was anither Babel.

At last, the Chief, wi' unco fight,
 Order restor'd to ilka Knight;
 'Tis mov'd, an' a' the Knights agree,
 This to refer to a committee.

Guid Humour 'gain resum'd her place;
 Ilk ane puts on a cheerfu' face;
 The Sang, an' Toast, gae blithely round,
 An' mirth, an' glee, again abound;
 'Till ane, or twa, wha'd gat their beer in,
 Began a roarin', an' a swearin'.
 A Fiddler chiel, wi' a' the graces
 O' nods, an' shrugs, an' comic faces,
 Was busy upon morals clav'ring,
 In ither words, ha'f fu' was hav'ring;
 'Thout either meaning, or allusion,
 Had nearly gat to the conclusion,
 When his neist neighbour, wha was fu',
 Into his pouch, began to spew;
 Tweedle, wha'd gat in't some sonatas,
 To mak' additions, an' erratas,
 Roar'd out, "the devil cram your throat,
 You've made my tunes no worth a groat.
 Fiegh! sic a smell, warse then a bear's,
 Thy cursed streams hae spoilt my airs.

Then seiz'd the poor wight by the nose,
 On him bestow'd some hearty blows,
 This sae enrag'd wee Snipe, his cronie,
 He made a blow at poor Cremonie;
 But Tweedle, jinking to the right,
 It fell on Sir Tun's great fat kyte,
 Wi' sic a buff rebounds the han',
 Just like a ba' aff sack o' brán.
 Tun did nae like the salutation,
 An' straight began retaliation,
 Wi' sae much interest, in a crack,
 Poor Snipe was laid on braid o's back.
 Legions then murmuring, 'gan to muster,
 An' swarm'd round Sir Tun, in a cluster.
 But Sir Tun fought his way, fu' gruffly,
 An' handl'd twa three dev'lish roughly;
 Till a tall chiel, wha fought aye tenty,
 Came on Tun's harbour tack a slenty,
 Which fairly spoil'd his equipoise,
 Then down he fell, wi' grumbling noise.
 His friends now thought, 'twas time to help him,
 An' round about them 'gan to skelp 'em,
 The battle, now, was general grown,
 An' valiant deeds that night were done.

When great artill'ry they'd let fly;
 The smaller arms they quick did ply.
 Bowls, glasses, tanker's, candlesticks,
 On either side, gae dreadfu' licks;
 An' mony a' sair, an bluidy hide,
 Was gi'en, an' ta'en, on ilka side.

Now, whilst the battle furious rag'd,
 I'se tell how a' the troops engag'd.
 Auld Cooper, an' his son, the Smith,
 The Miller thrash'd, wi' a' their pith.
 The little mettle Barber, Handy,
 Was doin' his best to help poor Sandy;
 While Writer Tam, an' Wabster Jock,
 Wi' Wright, an' Gauger, fierce did yoke;
 Gi'in', an' receiving mony a knock.
 The Postman's skin frae blows to keep,
 In a snug corner, sham'd a sleep.
 The Butcher was Bookbinders' smashing,
 To help his friend, Piper M'Glashan.
 The Fencing-Master, at's right hand,
 Fought, an' nane cou'd his thrusts withstand;
 Till a slee Cobler chiel let flie,
 Frae afar, a glass, that hit his e'e;

Then down he fell, owre-power'd by vermine,
 Who owre the fallen Chief came swarming.
 A gabbie chiel, an Auctioneer,
 Wha'd gat a thump behind the ear,
 Now in a corner lay fu' close,
 In case they shou'd repeat the dose.
 Wee Snipe behav'd wi' muckle spunk,
 An' fought, tho' he was twa parts drunk;
 Impartially he dealt his blows,
 On wha came first, be't friends, or foes,
 The Fiddler tint his wig i' the scuffle,
 His nose a' bluid, an' torn his ruffle;
 He'd done as muckle's he was able,
 An' lay secure aneath the table.
 The Dancing-Master fought wi' mettle,
 'Till ane a plate at's head did ettle;
 Then down he fell, an' lay, in case
 Anither plate had spoilt his face.
 Poor ae legg'd Stitch awoke, in wonder,
 An' rubbing's e'en, roar'd out, like thunder;
 "What deel does a' this fightin' mean?
 I left ye a' guid frien's, yestreen."
 Whiz, by him flew a large decanter,
 An' frae his wood leg took a splinter.

He wisely shifted 'neath the table,
 Least the neist shot might him disable.
 Sir Tun was raging like a lion;
 Sometimes a-fighting, sometimes crying;
 For the Town-Guard, to tak' ilk black up,
 Wha in his house had made sic kick up.
 The noble Sov'reign kept his seat,
 Opprest wi' a' the cares o' state.
 Sometimes a bawling, ORDER ! ORDER !
 At ithers, roaring, murder ! murder !

To tell ilk feat, that did tak' place,
 Wad far exceed my little space;
 Sae, I'll tak' leave o' this confusion,
 An' haste me to the grand conclusion.

Each side, disdaining still to yield,
 An' quit this hard, but weel fought field;
 'Till a reinforcement, not foreseen,
 Rush'd in, an' chang'd the bluidy scene.
 The Wife, wha'd heard her man, an' frien's,
 Roaring for help, array'd her Queans:
 Ilk, wi' a broomstick, an' a pocker,
 A blow frae them, was now nae joker:

When this the other party saw,
 They wisely did their troops withdraw ;
 Except wha'd shelter'd 'neath the table,
 Or some to rin, wha were nae able.
 As skilfu' Generals, when they're beat,
 Do mak' a quick an' safe retreat,
 Sae, their Chief, when he gat a thump,
 Frae Lucky's broomstick, owre the rump ;
 Wi' Amazons, saw he'd nae chance,
 Sae fairly took him ben the trance,
 Wi's brave Knights following at his heels,
 Swearing they were attack'd by Deils.



LINES

Upon the DEATH of the Reverend Mr STRUTHERS.

THOU cheerfu' sky, o' azure clear,
 May'st dark an' gloomie now appear ;
 Ye low'ring clouds, fast gath'ring, wear
 A hue mair fitting ;
 To what I feel for Struthers, dear,
 Sae early smitten.

O, Death ! thou hast not struck a heart,
 Wi' thy all-powerfu' lev'ling dart ;
 Nor in a kirk left mair to smart,
 This mony a day,
 Thy cruel mandate, come depart,
 Made mony wae.

Thou'st ta'en, in his meredian splendour,
 A chosen Shepherd, gentle, tender ;
 Wha o' his flock, stood the defender,
 Frac wolf, or fox ;

To real goodness, nae pretender,

But Orthodox.

His grace, an' ease, ilk heart did charm,

Wi' eloquence, baith clear an' firm ;

The path he shaw'd to guide frae harm,

Unwary youth ;

An' did ilk saul wi' rapture warm,

An' love o' truth.

In private life, his worth appears,

Mature in mind, tho' young in years ;

The widow's moan, an' orphan's tears,

His loss regret,

Wha cheer'd their hopes, an' sooth'd their fears,

In accents sweet.

His countenance bespoke a mind,

To social intercourse inclin'd ;

In Friendship o' the purest kind,

His soul delighted ;

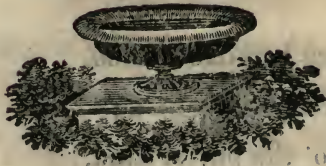
Guid nature, Wit, an' Sense combin'd,

A' hearts united.

Fair symmetry his person grac'd,
 O' gentle manners, mild, an' chaste :
 The Gentleman, a' hearts confess'd,
 An' Scholar blended ;
 Nae man alive e'er mair possess'd,
 An' e'er less kend it.

Now, rest his clay, in silent dust,
 That God, who was his stay an' trust,
 Has plac'd him, now, among the Just,

 A perfect spirit ;
 While we, with love, forever, must
 Revere his merit.



EPISTLE

To Mr E—— P——, with a *Miniature* of
his Daughter, Miss C—— P——.

THIS sma' pledge o' esteem accept,

Frae me, the humble donor :

Wou'd I were able wi't to shower,

A thousand blessings on her.

I've done the best that's in my power,

To copy ilka feature ;

But, fegs ! its far beyond my art

To paint her charming nature,

Sae sweet, ilk day.

But what my pencil canna do,

In justice to her worth, Sir,

Allow me, wi' my pen, to try,

To spread her virtues forth, Sir.

Her temper will a tocher be,

To him wha gains her favour ;

That last will aye, tho' fortune shou'd
 Spread wide her wings, an' leave her,
 Some gloomie day.

Sweet sings the Lark at dawn o' day,
 The Mavis sweet at gloaming ;
 An' sweet's the Blackbird's powerfu' note,
 As through the shaw he's roaming.
 But sweeter far is Kate's sweet voice,
 As blyth ilk key she touches ;
 An' then her grace an' modesty,
 Ilk feeling heart bewitches,
 An' charms, that day.

See yon wee rose-bud, spreading forth
 Its opening dewie bosom,
 Tak's shelter 'neath the parent rose's,
 Gay, luxuriant blossom.
 Sae innocence, an' modesty,
 Kate's merit often hiding ;
 Beneath her Mother's fostering wing,
 In Virtue's path's aye guiding,
 Her Kate, ilk day.

Then may sweet Kate's guid sense an' worth,
 To her kind Dad gie pleasure ;
 Till he consign her to the lad,
 Wha's worthy o' sic treasure.
 Still in his Oes, may he retrace,
 His Kate's dear form, an' merit ;
 Till He wha rules earth, sea, an' sky,
 Shall call aloft his spirit,
 Some future day.



SONGS.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

TUNE.—The Galley Slave.

LOUD howl'd the wild tempest, as Helen awoke,
 And thought on her Henry afar ;
 Twelve, dismally sounding, her slumbers had broke,
 'Midst the wind, and the hail's dreadful jar.
 The brinie tear moisten'd her lovely blue eye,
 When she thought that some wild, howling blast,
 Or some vengeful battle, where dread bullets fly,
 Might every fond Hope soon o'ercrest.

She fancy'd, she heard, a low voice softly say,
 Dear Helen, ah ! cease now to weep ;
 For thy Henry, who fell on that glorious day,
 Now rests with the Brave, in the deep.
 Near proud Trafalgar, our brave Chief met the foe,
 When the land of dear Freedom to save,

A fighting with Nelson, thy Hal was laid low,
As he fought, so he fell, with the Brave.

The tempest below, thy poor Hal fearless brav'd,
His duty he never did shun ;
And, as Britain's dear flag o'er proud Gallia's high wav'd,
Your Henry's last glass then was run.
The Cherub, who often below his course steer'd,
And thro' quicksands, and shoals oft him bore ;
As the Land of the Blest thy lov'd Henry near'd,
Did welcome his soul to its shore.

Ah ! cease then for Henry, fair Helen, to cry,
Soon we'll meet in that haven of rest ;
Where Love ever reigns, for through Love the Most High,
Has plac'd your dear Hal 'mong the blest—
From behind a dark cloud, the moon darting a ray,
She saw Henry's form with surprise ;
While round his bright locks streams of glory did play,
As he vanish'd from Helen's sad eyes.

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

TUNE.—Bruce's March to Bannockburn.

SEE the Tyrant pours his host,
O'er proud Gallia's threat'ning coast ;
Now each Briton takes his post,
To guard fair Albion's isle.

Let the Despot's slaves appear,
On the land to Freemen dear ;
Soon they'll find, that void of fear,
The Brave at Death can smile.

For our King so kind, and good,
Who'd refuse to shed his blood ;
E'en his heart's last ebbing flood,
E'er, he to Tyrants yield.

Shall our fertile hills, and plains,
The last dear spot where Freedom reigns,
E'er submit to Despot's chains,
While arms her Sons can wield.

No! one Heart, and Soul unite

Us, to guard each darling right;

For each blessing Britons fight,

Then who'd now fear a Grave.

Each a hero now behold!

Manly courage, firm, and bold,

Fills our Sons, whose Sires of old,

Now rest them with the Brave.

Then let Tyrants shun that isle,

Where dear Freedom deigns to smile:

Slaves ne'er flourish on that soil,

For which our Fathers died,

Still their Sons shall show the foe,

That their hearts with Valour glow,

'Gainst the Fiend whose hosts spread woe,

Where e'er their standards glide.

WINSOME WILLIE.

TUNE.—Ratfling, roaring Willie.

O, WILLIE! my winsome Laddie,
 The blink o' yer bonny black e'e;
 Repays a' the frowns o' my Daddie,
 An' Minnie, tho' mony they be.
 They say, that o' siller ye've naething,
 Nor routh o' guid plenishing braw;
 But weel ken I, Willie, there's ae thing,
 A leal heart's the best o' them a'.

There's auld doited Rabbie, the miller,
 To get me, mak's muckle ado;
 But I care nae for houses, an' siller,
 Gin I get the lad that I lo'e.
 O! siller, nae doubt, is inviting,
 An' lasses like weel to be braw;
 But a sweet bonny lad's mair delighting
 Than siller, an' gowd, an' a'.

My Willie, aye canty an' cheerie,
 At kirk an' at market is seen;

Wi' sic a sweet lad for my Dearie,
 What deil wad e'er gar me compleen.
 There's nane on the green trips sae lightly,
 Few wi' him can e'er put the stane ;
 At a sang, or a glee, nane sae sprightly
 As Willie, dear Willie, my ain.

Tho' folks shou'd hae Gowd without measure,
 They aft may hae Poortith for't a' ;
 But happy Content is a treasure,
 That keeps aye our back frae the wa'.
 O ! gie me my winsome Laddie,
 Tho' Fortune shou'd little betide ;
 I reck nae the frowns o' my Daddie,
 Love aye keeps a canty fire-side.

A SONG,

*Addressed to the LOYAL VOLUNTEERS of
North Britain, 1807.*

TUNE.—Fy let us a' to the Bridal.

MY Lads, I've heard Windham a cracking,
That Volunteers do us nae guid ;
That when the French land, they'll be packing,
An' rin to the mountains like wud :
Says he, will a man in's right senses,
Advance, that a French Sodger fears
To be look'd in the face by thae dunces,
Who style themsel's, Brave Volunteers.

But, Windham, your gash now be slacking,
An' spare your palaver an' jeers :
I'se tell you, that mony guid whacking
'S been by the brave Volunteers.
Ony Country, or Nation, you'll mention,
Frae Hist'ry it plainly appears,

Were protected in times o' dissension,
An' danger, by brave Volunteers.

'Mang the Greeks, at the pass o' Thermop'le,
Wha laid down their lives without fear ;
Leonidas, an' generous companions ;
Ilk ane was a brave Volunteer.

Through ilk page o' their beautifu' story,
Wi' pleasure recorded we hear,
Examples o' courage, an' glory,
Perform'd by ilk brave Volunteer.

The Romans, the bravest o' Nations,
Tho' often victorious nae doubt,
In turn, frae their foes gat their thrashings,
Their vet'rans a' kill'd to the boot :
Then, wha was't stept forth as defenders,
To allay the poor helpless's fears ?
Wha, but them, now a days ca'd pretenders,
Th' undaunted, an' brave Volunteers ?

Brave Harold, wi's brethren a-fighting,
'Gainst Willie, the Conqueror, did show,

What brave Volunteers, when uniting,
 For King, an' for Country, can do ;
 An' had a chance shot not prov'd fatal,
 When nearly victorious, it's clear,
 Will, an's vet'rans, had ne'er gain'd the battle
 Frae Harold, an' ilk brave Volunteer.

Wi' brave Wallace, our hardy forefathers,
 Aft fought for their Country's guid ;
 An' to free us frae chains, an' vile tethers,
 Aft spilt the last drap o' their bluid.
 At Bannockburn, Bruce, wi's lochaber,
 An' Douglas, wi's gallant Scots spears,
 Did sairly the English belabour,
 At head o' their brave Volunteers.

The French, tho' at war wi' our Nation,
 To gie e'en the Devil his due,
 Their Volunteers, on many occasion,
 Hae shaw'd themsel's brave, firm, an' true.
 The Vet'rans o' Germany, an' Prussia,
 Hae turn'd on young birkies their rear ;
 An' scamper'd awa in a jiffie,
 Frae the raw *sans culotte* Volunteer.

Then mind nae their scoffing, brave fellows!

We fear nae their vaunting alarms;

For our ain manly bosoms do tell us,

Our efforts shall guard us frae harms.

Then cool not, my lads, in attention

To what preserves a' you haud dear;

Bonaparte, sure, shou'd grant him a pension,

Wha scoffs at the brave Volunteer.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

TUNE—The High-mettled Racer.

IN the Nurs'ry, behold now the sweet, darling boy;

The servants to please, every art there employ:

One relates his dear prattle, another his wiles,

While his doating Mamma hears the story, and smiles.

The Mother, delighted, again now relates,

To this friend, and that, his wise sayings and feats:

By each one caress'd, see all bow at his nod,

And dear little Harry's ador'd as a God.

With his masters next see him, each praises his wit,
 And, by flatt'ring his vanity, raise his conceit :
 The finest of talents, his tutors destroy,
 And, to gain Mamma's favour, they praise the dear boy.
 Education neglected, by such servile arts,
 Tho', by nature, endow'd with the finest of parts ;
 By the Mother's indulgence, at last, he is spoil'd,
 An' the smart witty Harry's an ignorant child.

His Mother, now dead, he breaks forth from all bounds,
 Has fine chariots, race-horses, and deer, and fleet hounds ;
 Learns to swagger, and gamble, turns night into day,
 And debauches each girl that comes in his way ;
 Piques himself on fine parties, routs, stylish and grand,
 Keeps a nice op'ra girl, and drives four in hand :
 His estate, nearly squander'd, on gambling, and wench,
 The gay, dashing Harry, is forc'd to retrench.

By knowing ones plunder'd, he joins to run down
 The rich, thoughtless Youth, on first entrance to town ;
 Turns Gambler, makes sharpers, and villians, his friends,
 Thinks nothing too mean to accomplish his ends ;
 'Till, at last, caught a cheating, he's kick'd out of doors,
 Turns associate with pick-pockets, flashmen, and whores ;

Of character careless, and fearless of God,
The desperate Harry now prowls on the road.

By repeated escapes, so audacious he turns,
The Law, and Thief-takers, he laughs at, and scorns :
Betray'd by his wench, and no way to retreat,
Kills the Bailiff, alas ! and must bow to his fate ;
Being hotly pursu'd, he is taken at last,
And in Newgate, a felon, in irons is cast—
Ah ! hark, that dread sound ! 'tis, alas ! the sad bell,
Now tolling for Harry, a last passing knell ;

For poor fallen Harry !

For poor fallen Harry !

A last passing knell.

SONG.

TUNE.—The Braes o' Yarrow.

STRANGER.

FAIR are the maids on the bonny Banks o' Dee,
Seldom, before, hae I met wi' their marrow ;

But sic a fair creature, my een ne'er did see,

As your bonny bride, frae the Braes o' Yarrow.

The lilie, an' rose, shine in that face sae meek ;

But why are these clear een swell'd sae wi' sorrow ?

Or, why draps the big tear down that lovely cheek ?

Is it for leaving the sweet Braes o' Yarrow ?

BRIDE.

Ne'er, ne'er again, shall these tear-dim'd een behold ;

Ne'er, ne'er again, shall the now wretched Flora,

View the sweet hills in the morning ting'd wi' gold,

Frae the green Banks o' the saft winding Yarrow.

O ! cauld, now, alas ! lies the ance fearless youth ;

Cauld, now, lies he, that had scarcely a marrow !

Laid low by that hand, to whom I gae my truth,

'Neath the birken shade, on the Braes o' Yarrow.

BRIDEGROOM.

Doolfu' my hand, that did bend that stubborn yew ;

Doolfu' my e'e, that aim'd the fatal arrow ;

Doolfu' that arm, wha the comeliest youth then slew,

That e'er trod the Braes o' the now purple Yarrow.

Ah ! why did he venture sae fleet to pursue ?

Ah ! why did he dare to snatch my sweet marrow ?

Ah ! why try to part twa young hearts, sure, as true,
As e'er plighted truth on the Braes o' Yarrow.

BRIDE.

Mournfu', an' sad, now, must pass my father's days ;
Nae child has he, now, to lighten his sorrow ;
Cauld, now, is that heart that cou'd soften his waes,
Fled far is she, he ance lo'ed on sweet Yarrow.
O ! fast, now, descend his grey hairs, ever dear ;
Gloomie he sinks in the green house, sae narrow ;
While here his sad daughter sheds fast the saut tear,
Far frae his towers, an' the Braes o' Yarrow.

STRANGER.

O ! dry up these tears, thou bonny, bonny bride !
O ! dry up these tears, now, my winsome Flora ;
See here your lo'ed Brother now stands by your side,
To share happy days wi' thee on sweet Yarrow.
Tho' wounded I was by the brave Bernard's bow,
As rashly I follow'd, to seize his lo'ed marrow ;
I come frae my father, nae langer his foe,
To welcome him back to the Braes o' Yarrow.

THE PAWN-BROKER.

TUNE.—Ally Croaker.

THERE liv'd into the Cowgate, Sir, and kept a small pawn-brokers,

A little, bluff booby, who, by different kinds of trokery,
Had made a little cash, tho' I've heard people say, Sir,
It was not altogether in a very handsome way, Sir.

But made it was, no matter how, which swell'd this little
elf, Sir,

With so much pride and petulance, he hardly knew him-
self, Sir,

This Pawn-broker, as he conceiv'd, was a very pretty man,
Sir,

And, wishing to act the gentleman, would have his picture
drawn, Sir ;

But, when he got it finish'd, in his pretty smart scratch
wig, Sir,

It look'd, for all the world, then, as they had drawn a pig,
Sir.

O the fat Pawn-Broker ! that lik'd a bit of funny sport,
But always lik'd, alas ! to give but very little money for't.

The picture being finish'd, and the critics all assembl'd, Sir,
To cut up the poor Painter, and to see if it resembl'd, Sir,
And had it not exactly been, just his fat little self, Sir,
The Painter might have taken it, and laid it on the shelf,
Sir ;
For as to liberality, this Pawn-Broker so bluff, Sir,
Had often thought, and said, and swore, 'twas all mere
stuff, Sir.

The Taylor fixt on the lappels, and thought they were too
big, Sir,

The Barber said, he could not see much fault about the
wig, Sir ;

The Mantu'-maker said, it had got quite his smile, and
dimples, Sir ;

But the Whisky-dealer swore, it hadn't half enow of pimples,
Sir,

For look, d'ye see, I'm willing, now, a neat half crown to
lose, Sir,

If he has not quite forgot, that large carbuncle on his
nose, Sir.

The Auctioneer, to shew he was in criticism knowing, Sir,
Said, the face was pretty tol'able, as things were *a-going*,
Sir ;

But the picture, take it all in all, why, he could plainly
tell you, Sir,

He'd *knock'd down* many a better, for a third of the
value, Sir ;

Says Polly, why, that's just what I was going here to say,
Sir,

Why, dont you think two guineas quite enough for it to
pay, Sir ?

So, in this sage assembly, 'twas agreed to pay the Painter,
Sir,

With half the sum they bargain'd for, as plenty for a
Min'ture, Sir ;

Because, says the Shoemaker, in his cunning kind of wit,
Sir,

The picture, tho' well painted, will no other person *fit*, Sir.
But, may all such sordid souls, who love Merit thus to
rob, Sir,

Be *drawn*, next, at a cart's tail, and give Jack Ketch a
job, Sir.

SONG.

TUNE.—The Rock an' the wee pickle Tow.

O ! THOWLESS I sit, wi' the ha'f starting tear,
 Since my Willie has gane far, an' left me, O !
 O' a' that was canty, o' a' that was dear,
 This lang cruel war has bereft me, O !
 O ! bleak was the morning, an' thick drave the snaw,
 When he lifted his knapsack, to march far awa',
 O ! how can I think o't wi' pleasure, ava,
 To leave his sweet cot, an' his Maggie, O !
 O ! wee totting Sandy, stood close by my knee,
 An' smil'd on his arms, sae shining, O !
 Little kend the sweet baby, alas ! mair than me,
 The friend we war then about tyning, O !
 To his bosom he press'd me, wi' looks sweet did say,
 'Tis honour now ca's your lo'ed Willie away ;
 The cause o' his country maun now bear the sway,
 Tho', often he'll think o' his Maggie, O !

Wi' a knell to my heart gae thae last killing words,
 As lifeless I sunk on his bosom, O !
 To think savage faes, wi' their muskets, or swords,
 Might pierce the dear man o' my chusing, O !
 For weel do I ken, that his heart is sae leal,
 To his King, an' his Country, or aught for their weal,
 'Mang the foremost he'd venture, thro' fire or 'gainst steel,
 An' mind nae the tears o' his Maggie, O !

Now three tedious years, since he left me, hae past,
 An' ilk day I expect his returning, O !
 But sad disappointments my Hope aye o'er-cast,
 An' close ilk lang day in mourning, O !
 At night, in wild dreams, my lo'ed Willie I see,
 Sometimes, pale an' wounded, lie cauld on the lee ;
 An' sometimes wi' Honour he shouts Victory,
 An' smiling, returns to his Maggie, O !

INDIAN WAR SONG.

HARK ! I hear the rude winds howl ;
 Now's the time to strike the blow ;

Sweet Revenge ! inspire my soul,
To destroy my sleeping foe.

Hatchet ! in my hand never fail'd ;
Bow ! that never miss'd my aim ;
O'er my foes thou'st oft prevail'd ;
Wide thou'st spread thy Warrior's fame.

Fail me not, this vengeful night ;
Aid my hand to deeds of woe ;
Bloody thoughts my soul delight ;
Horror makes my bosom glow.

Father's ghost ! thy son inspire,
Make his hand revenge thy death ;
* Vitzle, lend thy sacred fire,
Let their blood appease thy wrath.

See ! the smoke, and flame arise,
Hark ! the dismal yell afar ;
Captives bring, to sacrifice
To our brethren slain in war.

* The name of their God of War.

INDIAN WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

YOUR torments begin, I despise all your art ;
 Not a sigh, nor a groan, shall escape from my heart :
 I fear not your tortures, no tear dims my eye ;
 For, like our great nation, I know how to die.

Five Chiefs, with these hands, I laid low on yon plain ;
 Their scalps, in my cabin, as trophies remain :
 Your huts, and your fields, in the flame I have burn'd,
 While your hatchets, and arrows, my plantain adorn'd.

Our daughters are fair, and our fathers are wise ;
 Our brethren are brave, and all danger dispise :
 With the direst revenge, they thy tribe will pursue ;
 Thy tortures may kill, but they cannot subdue.

In the hall of my fathers, my ghost shall rejoice,
 When the tribe of my brethren, thy country destroys ;
 Thy women led captives, thy warriors laid low,
 And the place where they dwelt, not an Indian shall know.

SONG.

DULL and weary goes the night,
 Nought that's near me gives delight ;
 Sad I sit, or pensive stray,
 Nought is sweet, when she's away.

The reed to sound, I often try,
 But lost is now its melody ;
 Nature's face seems alter'd quite,
 Since Nancy cheers no more my sight.

In the morning, sad, I rise,
 Care upon my bosom preys ;
 The setting sun I view with grief ;
 Sleep itself brings no relief.

In Fancy's dreams, her form I trace,
 The fleeting phantom still I chase ;
 It still eludes my anxious sight,
 Nancy's gone, and all is night.

Mighty powers ! that rule above,
 Ye witnesses of purest love !
 O ! guide me to the Fair I prize :
 Sooth'd by her, all sorrow flies.

THE HUMBUG.

TUNE.—Good Lord ! what a thing is a Camp.

THIS world is now quite a farce,
 Each one tries to *humbug* another ;
 Sincerity's turn'd now so scarce,
 'Tis not us'd betwixt brother and brother.
 The Priest sometimes *humbugs* the Parish,
 The People oft *humbug* the Priest ;
 In truth, they're all turn'd now so queerish,
 He's the cleverest rogue that cheats best,
 Tol de rol, &c.
 The Lawyer, he takes in his Client,
 With a deal of palaver and jaw ;

Poor Flat hands him over his guineas,

And believes it is very good Law ;

But, when at the end he's nonsuited,

With a devilish comical grin,

Cries, " I see I've known nothing about it ;

Master *humbug* has taken me in."

Tol de rol, &c.

If sick, and some Physic is wanted,

A Doctor's immediately had,

Feels your pulse, shakes his head, and looks dismal,

" The symptoms are monstrously bad ;"

But when Nature, at last, beats the Doctor,

And Health routs both bolus and pill,

Master Clyster then touches you sweetly,

With a dev'lish *humbug* of a Bill.

Tol de rol, &c.

Thus Poets, and Painters, and Fiddlers,

All *humbug*, and cheat, in their turn ;

With flattery, these time-serving scribblers,

Bedeck some rich rogue that should burn.

The Painter, he flatters your faces

With dimples, and smiles, you have not ;

And the Fiddler *humbugs* you with graces,

'Cause never an ear you have got.

Tol de rol, &c.

So there's rogu'ry in every Profession,

And canting, *humbugging*, and lying ;

But, when Death comes to take his possession,

We'll find there's no *humbug* in dying.

If mankind could only see fairly,

That Honesty's policy strong,

There would be no occasion, most clearly,

For this little *humbug* of a Song.

Tol de rol, &c.

SONG.

TUNE.—The Ewe-bughts Marion.

Will ye gang to the ewe-bughts, Marion !

An' wear in the sheep wi' me ?

The sun shines sweet, my Marion !

But nae ha'f sae sweet as thee.

Thus, Sandy sang sweet to his Marion,

As we sat by the wimpling burn ;

But Sandy has left her, no caring,

In sorrow his absence to mourn.

Tho', wi' gowd now his garters be glaring,

An' siller on his bonnet ajee ;

Nae joy can that gie to his Marion,

Himsel' 'twas gae pleasure to me.

His hose, an' his plaid, look sae gaudie,

The red coat I like nae to see ;

They've stown the young heart o' my laddie,

Far, far, frae the ewe-bughts an' me.

Ilk blythe, bonny laddie, maun leave us,

Seeking Honour, an' Fortune, afar ;

While we lanely lasses maun grieve us,

To think on the horrors o' war.

Then haste, wi' your sweet smile, sae cheery,

Nor langer leave Marion to mourn ;

Ilk spat 'bout the ewe-bughts looks eirie,

Till Sandy, dear Sandy, return.

ADVENTURES OF THE SHILLING.

TUNE---The Last Shilling.

By a poor toiling wretch, who each hour life bewail'd,
 Brought to light, I made part of a Dollar ;
 Near to Spain, by a few British broadsides, was hail'd,
 And giv'n to reward a Tar's valour.
 Jack gave me to Poll, when all Dollars being stopt,
 To a Jew'ller for ear-rings me selling,
 Slap into a crucible, poor *I* was popt,
 And then stampt a beautiful Shilling.

A Soldier, who'd long been abroad at the wars,
 Had been wounded, long sick, and confined ;
 The all that remain'd, were his honoured scars,
 Not a stiver his pocket now lined.
 An old Com'rade, beholding his face, soon did guess
 What his brave friend with hunger was feeling ;
 Most cheerfully gave him the half of his mess,
 And shar'd with him, me, his last Shilling.

I long was admir'd by a kind-hearted Fair,
 Who felt pity, and gave me to shew it,
 To the young helpless children, and wife, with a tear,
 Of a poor, distrest, half-starving Poet.

Tho' with love for his family, his feeling heart bled ;
 This son of the Muses, tho' willing,
 Couldn't get for his children a morsel of bread,
 Till reliev'd by fair Charity's Shilling.

In a Pawn-broker's shop, I next morning was plac'd,
 Where all roguery he practis'd daily ;
 Till at last, caught receiving, he paid me in haste,
 To save his neck at the Old Bailey.

Next, a fat rosy Son of the Church did me bear,
 Who of charity ever was telling ;
 But, tho' often assail'd by pale Penury's tear,
 Could deny the small boon of a Shilling.

With all ranks, and degrees, I have taken abode,
 Tho' with Merit I'd seldom a lodging ;
 I have brib'd at Elections, been ta'en on the Road,
 From hand to hand constantly trudging.
 At last, an old coining, sly rogue of a Jew,
 Without either mercy or feeling,

In a pot of base metal, to mend it, me thrēw ;

Thus ending the days of the Shilling.

SONG.

*Sung at a Meeting of some of the Admirers of
BURNS, immediately after the Memory of that
Immortal Bard was drank.*

TUNE.—Bruce's March to Bannockburn.

BURNS's mem'ry, charming Bard !

Just now claim'd our fond regard ;

He, I trust, now reaps reward,

Aboon, among the blest.

Poortith cauld, an' sickness dire,

Aften try'd to stop his lyre,

But cou'd nae quench the sacred fire,

That glow'd within his breast.

Death, wi' his all-powerfu' dart,

Low has laid that manly heart ;

Which, wi' glee, aft bore a part,

Amang a chosen few.

Aften owre the cheering bowl,

Hae I seen his lib'ral soul,

In his e'e wi' rapture roll,

On a' the happy crew.

Come, now, a' wi' right guid will,

Let us now a bumper fill,

An' wi' pleasure let us swill,

The health o' bonny Jean.

Dear was she, aye, to his heart,

Kindly did she act her part ;

May she ne'er feel Fortune's smart,

An' Heav'n be aye her friend.

May his bairns, whar e'er they be,

Meet that kind reception free,

Which his frien's he aye did gie,

When e'er their face he saw.

May sweet Peace their hours beguile,

An' Plenty aye upo' them smile,

To sweeten ilka war'ly toil,

Whar e'er their lot may fa'.

THE BEGGAR,

I'm weary an' auld, now, my bluid's grown cauld, now ;
 I canna win on, as I erst us'd to do ;
 I'm feeble, an' weak, now, for kind Pity's sake, now,
 O ! shield this grey head frae the cauld weeting dew.

Cauld's the Frien' o' my bosom, in life's early blossom,
 Nip't in the bud, she soon wither'd awa' ;
 My Bairns are a' gane, now, I'm left here alane, now,
 To bear ilka blast that may happen to blaw.

I'm houseless, an' frien'less, I'm hung'ry, an' meanless,
 Nae e'e smiles upon me, as ance I hae seen ;
 Forlorn, an' deserted, then, oh ! tender hearted !
 Dight the saut tear frae thae now sightless een.

May Heav'n gang wi' thee, an' happiness gie thee,
 Wha'st kindly reliev'd the now frien'less an' poor ;
 Its a treasure in Heaven, whar ends a' our grievin',
 A ne'er fading treasure, that e'er shall endure.

SONG.

TUNE.—Bonny Dundee.

WHAR gat ye that bonnet, sae braw, my dear Laddie ?

An' thae trowse, an' that plaid, o' the tartan sae fine ?

I gat them to honour brave Moore, frae my Daddie,

Wi' him, now, my fortune I win, or I tyne :

We're gawn to assist the brave Spaniards, 'gainst Gallia,

Whase cruel ambition has rous'd them to arms ;

Wi' glory, on Love's quick'ning wing, your ain Willie

Will safely return to enjoy your sweet charms.

Dear Willie ! I like nae thae trappings sae gaudie,

An' that braid-sword, sae glitt'ring, brings tears in my
een ;

To think on the perils that wait my dear Laddie,

For foremost in ilk bluidy fray he'll be seen.

If defeat shou'd owretak' him, far, far amang strangers ;

An' sick, an' sair wounded, my Laddie shou'd be ;

Ah ! wha then cou'd sooth him, in war, an' its dangers ?

Sure nane, then, cou'd sweeten ilk hardship like me.

Dear, Jessie! your troth an' your love I ne'er doubted,
 An' this ither proof o't gies pleasure to me;
 But shou'd our dear Chief, an' his brave lads, be routed,
 Nae protector, sweet Lass! wad be left unto thee.
 Then stay here, dear Lassie! your Willie, ne'er fear ye,
 Wi' Honour, an' Riches, will come back to you;
 To hear, shou'd he fa', frae his Chief, sure, wad cheer ye,
 That he fought, an' he died, as a Hero shou'd do.

LOVELY JEAN.

TUNE.—Bonny Jean.

SWEET warbl'd ilk songster, an' clear shone the morning,
 Ilk meadow, an' hill, deck'd in mantle o' green;
 A' nature seem'd cheerie, nae creature was eirie,
 But poor, lanely me, when I left lovely Jean.
 As mournfu' I wander'd, 'mang strange lands, an' faces,
 I thought on the spat whar sac happy I'd been;
 When the moon, sweetly beaming, nae care ever dreaming,
 By the saft wimpling burnie I met lovely Jean.

Owre seas braid an' stormy, in battles sae fearfu',
 In Freedom's dear cause, I undaunted hae been ;
 But midst dangers mony, aye sweet Hope, sae bonny,
 Whisper'd kindly, I'd yet see my sweet, lovely Jean.
 Still Caledon's glens, an' her cauld, rugged mountains,
 Look'd charming, an' fair, to my aye partial een ;
 For there, swiftly bounding, owre hill, vale, an' fountain,
 I've darted wi' rapture to meet lovely Jean.

Dear Jean ! cease your grieving, sweet Peace is returning,
 Tho' wild dashing billows roar loud us between ;
 Your Sandy is hast'ning, his een wi' joy glist'ning,
 An' love, whan he thinks on his sweet lovely Jean.
 Then nae mair will Sandy leave Jean, nor her dwelling,
 Tho' ever sae humble her cot shou'd be seen ;
 But canty an' smiling, Care's canker aye foiling,
 He'll think on past ills, wi' his sweet lovely Jean.

Tho' the Sodger's sole portion be poortith an' honour,
 Tho' ever sae lowly, he ne'er shall be mean ;
 'Midst war, an' its thunder, an' rapine, an' plunder,
 Unstain'd, he's preserv'd his leal heart to his Jean.
 In fortune, tho' scanty, his pension, tho' humble,
 Join'd wi' his endeavours, is ample, I ween,

To keep still aye cheerie, ilk sweet smiling' dearie,
The fruit o' his love to his sweet lovely Jean.

FAR AWAY, LADDIE.

TUNE.—Haud awa' frae me, Donald.

BONNY smiles the Simmer's day,
Blyth the birdies, sing, Laddie ;
Lammies round us sport, fu' gay,
Sweet the flow'rets spring, Laddie.
The burnie, owre its peeblic bed,
Wimpling saft, does play, Laddie ;
A' thae joys were gane, an' fled,
When thou wart far away, Laddie.
Lanely through yon shaw I'd stray,
Then ilk bush, an' tree, Laddie ;
Dowie seem'd my heart, sae wae,
Was far away wi' thee, Laddie.

Aften by the moonlight, clear,
 Tears drapt frae my e'e, Laddie ;
 When I thought on him, sae dear,
 Then far away frae me, Laddie.

Fast, oh ! flies the fleeting hour,
 Wi' the ane we love, Laddie ;
 By the burn, or shady bower,
 As we gaily rove, Laddie ;
 Let us now enjoy the time,
 Now we chance to hae, Laddie ;
 While our youth is in its prime,
 An' thou'rt nae far away, Laddie.

Let us now enjoy ilk sweet,
 Sent by Heav'n sae kind, Laddie ;
 When your sparkling een I meet,
 Joys they aye remind, Laddie.
 Wilt thou ne'er thy lassie leave,
 A' the lee lang day, Laddie,
 'Neath the saugh to sit an' grieve,
 Whan thou art far away, Laddie.

THE CLIO.

TUNE.---Ben Bowsprit.

THE Clio's a vessel, foul weather, and fair,
 Keeps our vain haughty foe still in awe ;
 With our gallant ship's crew, there are few can compare,
 Commanded by brave Captain Baugh.
 Longside of a Dane, nearly double her size,
 She her bull-dogs so smart kept a-popping ;
 A Tartar we've caught here, instead of a prize,
 Loud cry'd they, pull away, from this sport, quick, I say,
 By my soul ! there's no time here for stopping.

By my soul, &c.

Avast ! said our Captain, your mettle I'll try,
 With that, hove his vessel athwart her ;
 Pour'd some broadsides into her, which made her to cry,
 To our tight little vessel for quarter.
 Three cheers then gave we, to our Captain so brave,
 Who so gallantly kept them from hopping :

Sure, a better, or bolder, ne'er plow'd the salt wave,
 Who less fears, or less cares, for the haughty Monsieurs,
 Than the Clio's Commander, so topping.

Than the Clio's, &c.

To the Islands of Faro, we next bore away;

Our Captain says, " here let us dash in :"

Our carronades on them in style then did play,

Just after the old British fashion.

Possession we took, for they soon douc'd their flag ;

Now here George our King's ships may drop in ;

Whose health, with our Captain's, we bumper'd in grog,

With huzzas to their praise, may they live many days,

The fleets of our foes to be cropping.

The fleets of, &c.

Then for Leitha's dear Harbour, our Vessel next bore,

To refit from the hard Northern gale :

Up the Forth, gaily tacking, from shore to shore,

We proudly stood up with full sail.

On a cruise next of Love, in Edina's fair Town,

We after the girls must be hopping ;

While, in full cans of stingo, their healths shall go round,

B b

As we kiss, and caress, each fond, smiling lass,

That may happen our way there to pop in,

That may happen, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE ANNAN.

TUNE.—Kitty Tyrrel.

O ! SWEET was the sang, that he carol'd to me ;

But sweeter, by far, was his love sparkling e'e :

Sweet bloom'd the green birch, an' the hawthorn tree,

While sweet hours o' love we were planning, O !

But Jamie has left me, an' sail'd far away ;

His faes to encounter in ilk bluidy fray :

Ne'er shall I forget our last parting, sae wae,

When he left the sweet Banks o' the Annan, O !

Now, wi' shrill sounding trumpets, an' drums beating loud,

My Jamie, sae gentle, now seeks scenes o' blood :

Ah ! how can the tender, the generous, the good,

Delight in the noise o' the cannon, O !

Sure, our neat rural cot was mair pleasant, by far,
 Than the dangers, an' hardships, attending on war :
 Our innocent pastimes, nae terrors can mar,
 On the Banks o' the saft winding Annan, O !

But our brave Sons o' Scotia, sae fond are o' Fame,
 An' gathering Laurels, far, far frae their hame :
 In their Country's proud annals, to gain a great name,
 While Discord, war's flame is a fanning, O !
 But, whan sweet, gentle Peace, wi' her kind, greeting smile,
 Shall return our brave Sons to their dear Native soil ;
 Wi' me, my lo'ed Jamie, shall rest frae his toil,
 Nor e'er leave again the sweet Annan, O !

THE WINTER NIGHT.

THE gowden day is now awa' ;
 North east win's fu' snelly blaw ;
 Keen's the frost, thick drives the snaw,
 An' a' thereout looks dreary, O !

Lay the claith, sae clean, an' light,

Bring the Haggis, soncy sight !

Tak' yer stools there, now, a's right ;

Ilk ane looks blythe, an' cheery, O !

Nance, an' Weans, by bleezing fire,

Canty, mair wad man desire ?

Wi' sic joys, whae'er wad tire ?

Or think the lang night weary, O !

Now, whan a' hae gat their kail,

Bring's a cog o' nappy Ale ;

O' my sangs ye'se get the wale,

To fleg the night sae eirie, O !

Welcome, now, a worthy Frien',

Here to spend a canty e'en :

Harmless jokes will scaur the spleen,

An' ilka thought that's dreary, O !

Blythe an' merry a' I see :

Can a King mair happy be ?

They may Kingdoms rule for me,

Content I'm wi' my Dearie, O !

EDWIN AND FLORA.

A BALLAD.

HASTE ! saddle my steed, an' ca' up my vassals !

Swift, let me after the fugitives twa !

Shall it be said, that the Daughter o' Cassils,

Fled wi' a needy advent'rer, awa' ?

We'll owre ilka mountain, cross ilka ferry,

Seek ilka glen, whar, by chance, they may be ;

Quick ! sound the horn, we maun nae langer tarry :

O ! how I lang, the vile Robber to see !

Far owre the muirland, the bugle now sounded :

Shrill, in their glens, did his followers hear :

Swift to his Castle, wi' speed, soon they bounded,

Thinking, that some deadly fae, now, was near.

Soon they were tauld, that their brave Chieftain's Daughter,

Wi' some unkend ane, had fled lang ere day :

Fast they divided, an' ilka airt sought her ;

Wi' their fleet steeds, they soon scour'd ilka way.

But the brave Cassils' fleet steed a' surpassing,
 By a wood side, he afar did descry
 The fugitive pair, sitting, fondly caressing,
 Under an aik, as the Tay winded by.
 Quick, then, as light'ning, wi' fury he darted :
 Close is he by, ere the true lovers ken :
 Soon to his feet, brave Edwin then started,
 To guard that life, dearer, by far, than his ain.

Fast out his braid sword he drew, to defend him
 Frae the bauld Baron, whase dark rolling een,
 Flashing wi' fury, an' rage, now did bend 'em,
 In contempt on Edwin, wi' insult sae keen.
 The sword o' the Baron owre Edwin was pending,
 E'er he wad lift his against Cassils' life ;
 While Flora's loud shriek the wide air was rending,
 To see twa sae dear meet in sic deadly strife.

Self preservation said, Edwin, defend thee,
 Else thou wilt foolishly throw life awa' ;
 Heaven ! thy aid, then, 'gainst proud Cassils, lend me :
 Shield my sweet maid, gin I happen to fa'.
 'Gainst Cassils, then, lifting his braid sword, sae weighty,
 Broken in twa, was the proud Baron's blaid :

Raging, he stumbl'd, the high an' the mighty,
 Soon, in a moment, sae low here was laid.

Shall I that grey head touch ? never, O ! never !

Tho' I may lose by it, a' I haud dear :

Flora ! ah ! must I resign thee forever ?

No, here I'll die—see his vassals appear.

The Clan, now, o' Cassils, brave Edwin surrounded,

Nae way was left him, wi' Flora to fly :

Cassils stood sullen, an' seem'd quite confounded,

Edwin prepar'd, now, to fight till he'd die.

Pale, now, an' wan, was the ance blooming Flora :

Tears trinkl'd fast frae her lovely blue een :

The Baron was melted, at last, wi' her sorrow ;

An' struck, as he ey'd the brave youth's noble mien.

Stay ! my brave vassals, touch not the young Hero ;

Gallant is he, o' whatever degree :

Nane can deserve the fair hand o' my Flora,

But he, wha wad for it, his life fearless gie.

Strange thoughts the mind o' the Baron possess'd, now,

As he the bold figure o' Edwin survey'd ;

When Edwin, wi' curtesey, Cassils address'd, now,

As he gat frae him his beautifu' maid.

Nor low is my Birth, tho' disguis'd I hae courted ;

The Baron Glenelk, weel kend is to thee :

Aften, when young, hae ye joyfully sported,

Or gallantly fought on the Border's red lee.

'Till a cruel feud tore your friendship asunder ;

Nae way then was left me to win my sweet Maid ;

But, disguis'd as a peasant, to come your roof under,

An' for my love fearlessly venture my head.

Blessings be on thee, thou sure wert design'd, now,

By Heaven's kind mercy, to heal this vile feud :

Thy Father to welcome, how am I inclin'd, now !

An' rivet our friendship, by joining our bluid.

SONG,

On the M———s of H———x.

O ! BLYTHE was the blink o' his love-beaming e'e ;

Beneath his blue bonnet, it sparkl'd wi' glee ;

His plaid 'cross that bosom sure nane breath e'er drew,

Mair brave, kind, or tender, or lovingly true.

His person sae manly, ilk heart gied delight ;
 In him, strength, an' beauty, sae gracefu' unite :
 The smile on his lip, ilk fair breast wad subdue ;
 Were't no his ain bosom's sae faithfu', an' true.

Now dowie's ilk glen, whar we aft us'd to meet ;
 An' gloomie ilk shaw, that wi' him was sae sweet :
 Ilk flower, now, looks faded, gane its lovely hue,
 Since he sail'd far, an' left her, whase heart is sae true.

Ilk Vet'ran now lo'es him, for valiant is he,
 Tho' young, nane mair danger then him e'er did see :
 Ilk Youth, wha now wears the gay bonnet o' blue,
 Maun glory in him, whase brave heart is sae true.

His courage, what dangers, an' perils it brings !
 I ken weel, he fights for the worthiest o' Kings ;
 But shou'd my love fa', then ilk comfort adieu ;
 Joy nae mair wad lighten his Lassie sae true.

But Heaven's kind favour will still him protect,
 An' safe him return, or my heart it wad break :
 Of Honours, an' Wealth, he has gain'd sure enew,
 Then, ye Powers ! waft him back to his Lassie, sae true.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

COME, sweet Peace ! with heav'nly smile,
 Dry, once more, the redden'd soil :
 Send the war-worn Vet'ran home,
 Through his native fields to roam,
 To enjoy the Silvan haunt,
 For which oft his heart did pant :
 When in burning climes he stray'd,
 Or where chilling damps pervade ;
 Then, he'd think of former joys,
 Banish'd, now, by war's dread noise :
 Then, he'd think of those he lov'd,
 Far now hence from him remov'd ;
 While sweet Hope would whisper, kind,
 Joys again with them you'll find.

Our brave Sens shall then return ;
 Tears to wipe from those that mourn ;
 And the lovely maiden's song,
 Heard once more our groves among :
 'Midst the lark's sweet sounding notes,
 Warbled from their little throats ;

As the Plowman, whistling gay,
 Chaunts some fav'rite roundelay :
 While the Shepherd's pipe, so shrill,
 Echoes far, from hill to hill ;
 Spreading notes of gladness round,
 Charming ear-delighting sound !
 Every heart with pleasure teems,
 As sweet Peace, diffusive, beams.

Send our hardy Tars, once more,
 To white Albion's rocky shore :
 Let the noisy cannon cease,
 Change its roar, to sounds of Peace.
 Come, sweet Commerce ! charming maid !
 In thy dazzling robes array'd,
 With kind Plenty in thy train,
 To adorn our fields again.
 Joy will soon, then, heal the heart,
 Wounded sore, by Discord's dart ;
 And dread Mars' blood-champing steeds,
 Sick'ning, gloomy, hide their heads ;
 Driven from our fields above,
 To make way for social Love.

ERRATA.

Page 54, line 5, for *his pond'rous*, &c. read *o'er his pond'rous hoofs were crusted*.

Page 67, line 10, for *mony*, read *many*.

Page 85, line 9, for *sky-blue*, read *blue sky*.

Page 166, line 10, for *deer*, read *deep*.

Page 168, lines 15, 16, and 17, for *doolfu'*, read *doolfa'*.

POEMS,
Ballads, and Songs,

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS:

BY

GEORGE BRUCE.

A just applause, and an immortal name,
Are the true objects of the Poet's aim ;
In quest of these they boldly quit the shore,
And dangerous seas, and unknown lands explore.



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TO
THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY,
THE FOLLOWING
TRIFLES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A MARK OF ESTEEM,

BY

His LORDSHIP's most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

GEORGE BRUCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEN a man steps from the walk of ordinary life, and obtrudes himself on the attention of the world, he must have some apology for thus making himself particular ; the world will judge if the apology atones for the fault.

My avocations in life leaving some hours of leisure, as a relaxation from my professional pursuits as a Miniature Painter, I have employed those hours in writing the following Trifles in Verse, on such subjects as the passing moment suggested. The kind encouragement I formerly received from my Countrymen, in the publication of my First Volume, has induced me to try the fate of another ; should it meet with a like reception, it would give me much pleasure.

I have taken care to avoid any word or line that could raise a blush in the lovely cheek of my fair Countrywomen, naturally the admirers of Scottish Song; and should my little Pieces meet with their approbation, it will be the proudest day of my existence.

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POEMS,

BALLADS, AND SONGS.

THE BANKS OF THE SPEY ;

Or, The Old Soldier's Tale.

ROLLING rapid ran the river,
By the scroggie banks o' Spey ;
As the lark's wee pinions quiver,
'Mang the snaw-white clouds sae gay.

Sweetly bloom'd the modest daisy :
Bonny shone the craw-flower's bell ;
While the heath-clad mountains hazy,
Gae their sweetness to the gale.

'Mang the aiks the roe was bounding :

Owre the braes the maukins scud :

Sweet the shepherd's pipe was sounding ;

As the lambies playfu' whud.

Fragrant was the blooming heather :

Sweet the hawthorn's milk-white bloom ;

While the game, wi' spreckl'd feather,

Flutter'd gaily 'mang the broom.

Wimpling clear, the crystal fountain

Through the gloomie glen here rins,

Down the fearfu' rocky mountain,

Dashing owre the rugged linns.

On the moss-clad mountain musing,

Owre the bonny gow'nie green ;

Roun' the harmless flocks were brousing ;

Sweet an' cheerfu' was the scene:

Near me stray'd an ancient figure,

Lyart was his locks, an' thin ;

Still his manly form shaw'd vigour,

'Tho' wi' age now maistly blin.'

‘ Father, hail ! to thee guid-morning,
 Sweet an’ saft’s the vernal breeze :
 Wha is’t owns thae towers, adorning
 Yon green wood o’ lofty trees ?’

“ Weel I ken the worthy owner,
 Frank’s his heart, an’ leal an’ kin’ !
 Heav’n bless lang, wi’ joy, his honour,
 For his smiles on me an’ mine !

“ In the field nane e’er was braver,
 Ne’er shrunk he frae gun, or sword ;
 Never was he kend to waver ;
 Forward ! aye was H*****’s word.

“ But when stubborn faes had yielded,
 Keen was he ilk wretch to save :
 War’s dread sword nae mair he wielded ;
 Mercifu’ was he as brave.

“ Or when forc’d, by fell disaster,
 To retreat through bog or fen ;
 Ne’er flew he wi’ fleet steed faster,
 But on foot fought wi’ his men.

“ In the marshy camp when lying,

To repine he ne’er was known ;

But he’d help the sodger dying,

Wi’ what shou’d hae been his own !

“ When owrecome wi’ thirst, an’ weary,

After marching sair, an’ lang ;

Still his comely face look’d cheery,

Naething e’er his spirit dang.

“ But to tell his deeds in arms,

Short the langest day wad seem ;

Ilka sodger’s bosom warms,

When he hears brave H*****’s name.

“ Whar the wide Atlantic ocean,

Washes Scotia’s rocky shore,

An’ big waves, in wild commotion,

Furious beat, wi’ dreadfu’ roar.

“ There, beneath a tyrant cruel,

Sad I past my early days—

Liberty ! life’s dearest jewel !

Wha can soun’ owre loud thy praise ?

“ Poortith was my daily lodger,
 Hopes I’d nane o’ kin’ relief:
 Forc’d was I to turn a sodger,
 Midst wild war to drown my grief.

“ Hourly is the sodger’s danger,
 When he tak’s the tented plain;
 Comfort to him’s aft a stranger,
 But repining there is vain.

“ In the conflict fierce an’ dreadfu’,
 Mony were my honour’d scars;
 But some angel aye was headfu’,
 To protect me midst the wars.

“ Near the Texel were we landed,
 On the coast of proud Mynheer;
 H***** brave, our corps commanded,
 Under him nae heart kend fear.

“ Fierce and furious was the battle!
 Wounded was our gallant chief;
 By his side a shot prov’d fatal!
 To my boy—how sad my grief!

“ Since that hour his honour’s guidness
 Has preserv’d my hoary head ;
 Now, in peace, frae Fortune’s rudeness,
 Soon I’ll moulder wi’ the dead.

“ Three brave sons abroad do fight now,
 Wi’ that gallant warlike band !
 Who, near by Aboukir’s height, low
 Laid the pride o’ Gallia’s land.

“ Yon sweet cot’s my cheerfu’ dwelling,
 Thanks to gen’rous H*****’s name ;
 Hundreds might sic deeds be telling
 O’ his worth, sae true his fame !

“ But while this auld heart is warm,
 Blessings will I aye implore
 On his head, may heav’n frae harm,
 Guard him when I am no more.”

Now he paus’d—as owre ilk furrow
 O’ his aged cheek, the tear
 O’ gratitude, but not o’ sorrow,
 Trinkl’d down sae pearlie clear.

NEW YEAR TIME.

Let mirth abound, let social cheer
Invest the dawning o' the year ;
Let blythesome innocence appear,
To crown our joy.—FERGUSSON.

WHEN bluegown bodies loudly skirl,
Alm'nacks frae Aberdeen, man,
Then drouthie cronies meet to birl
Their ora placks at e'en, man :
An' as the snell win' roars fu' loud,
When th' auld year's near the end o't ;
Fo'ks roun' the bleezing ingle crowd,
An' cantily there bend it,
Fu' crouse, at night.

On Yule, the cogs o' guid fat brose,
Are on ilk table smokin' ;
As roun' the reaming bicker goes,
Ilk drouthie chiel to slockin :

Wi' geese an' turkies, mony ane
 O' Reekie's sons is steghing ;
 While haggis gars the table grane,
 An' sets them a' a peghing,
 Wi' spice, that day.

Then hearty grows ilk honest saul,
 For a' is fun and daffing ;
 Pale Envy wi' her heart o' gall,
 Is fleg'd hence wi' their laughing :
 An' tho' the kibers dirl an' shake,
 Wi' fierce auld canker'd Boreas ;
 The cheering nappie aff they take,
 Or join in happy chorus,
 Fu' loud, that day.

Neist Hogminae, to Scotsmen dear,
 Comes smiling in fu' dainty,
 An' 'wives bring ben their darling cheer,
 Guid cakes an' cheese fu' plenty :
 Ner budge we till the last year's doup
 Is kick'd out by its brither ;
 Syne to our shanks wi' glee we loup,
 An' a' shake hands the gither,
 Sae blyth, that morn.

The kettle then on ingle clear,
 Boils fu' o' ale an' whisky ;
 Wi' eggs an' sucker, that's the cheer !
 To mak a birkie frisky :
 Awa' wi' a' yer foreign trash,
 Yer gin, yer wine, an' brandy ;
 Fu' o' het pints he'll bauldly dash,
 E'en fearless o' Auld Sandy !
 Sae crouse, that morn.

Lang Wabster Jock, wi' nose sae red,
 Wad out to shaw his mettle ;
 But fegs he'd better been in's bed,
 Than seiz'd on Jeanie's kettle :
 Some dizens roun' him wi' their sticks,
 Soon laid him i' the gutter ;
 He tint his hat, gat cuffs, an' kicks,
 And made an unco splutter
 I' the dirt, that morn.

Then forth we sally'd, ilk to be
 A neighbour's first-fit fouthie ;
 Joy sparkl'd in ilk swankies ee,
 For ilka lass was couthie :

Wi' buns an' short bread laiden'd a',
 An' het pints like to plot ye;
 Tho' drifting was the fleecie sna',
 Nane was cauld there I wot ye,
 That cheerfu' morn.

Now mony a winsome lass ye'll meet,
 First-fits to be fast banging,
 An' mony a sappie kiss fu' sweet,
 That morning there's a ganging:
 Yes, mony a kin'ly squeeze an' kiss,
 That morning's gi'en an' ta'en, man,
 'Tween lads an' lasses, wha, alas!
 May never meet again, man,
 Till the last morn.

Here mony a frien'ly hand ye'll shake,
 Wishing a guid new year, now,
 An' mony a roar, an' deadly paik,
 'Mang blackguard louns ye'll hear, now:
 The rickets here an' there are heard,
 Sprung by drousie policemen,
 As slowly sally down the guard,
 To help to keep the peace, man,
 That noisie morn.

Wild baker Willie seiz'd was straught,
 A blustering blethering fallow,
 An' wi' his cronies saw the claught,
 Like drucken swine, to wallow
 'Mang mire an' dirt, in waterhole,
 It was their doolfu' fate, man,
 The horrors o' this place to thole,
 Till ca'd before Judge Tait, man,
 Wi' shame neist day.

Guid frien', wad ye tak my advice,
 For baith ways I ken brawly ;
 Faith ! gin that ye be ought thing wise,
 Keep out o' ilka squall aye :
 Drink, muckle wae an' mischief breeds,
 Gars fo'ks aft look right sillie ;
 Gies mony sair hearts an' sair heads,
 As witness baker Willie,
 Yon new year's morn.

Whare'er ye ca' that cheerfu' morn,
 The best they hae's presented ;
 An' gin ye tak' nae aff yer horn,
 They're no right weel contented :

But shou'd ye mak' owre mony ca's,
 Wi' our young gilpies swaggering,
 Ye'll ablins meet wi' mony fa's,
 As hamewards ye are staggering,
 Right fou that morn.

Now a' ye ranting brewster lads,
 An' a' ye ale-wifes dainty,
 Bring butt yer bottles, an' gie's dauds
 O' buns, an' short-bread plenty :
 For ilka drouthie chiel has sworn,
 Tho' blue shou'd be their noses,
 To tipple at John Barleycorn,
 In large an' potent doses,
 For twa-three days.

An' some hae pledg'd baith cap an' stoup,
 No to gie owre till Sunday ;
 But some, I fear't, will no budge doup,
 'Fore it be Hansel-Monday :
 For when our hirkies ance begin,
 Wi' guid het ale an' whisky,
 Auld Hornie cou'd nae haud them in,
 It maks them a' sae brisk, aye,
 Ilk new year's day.

But ye, wha've twa-three bonny weans,

An' wife at hame, sae eerie,

O, think upo' the waes an' pains

Ye bring on them sae drearie :

For when ye time an' siller tine,

To them, fegs! that's nae joking ;

Then, O! keep them aye in yer min',

Whene'er ye meet to slocken

Yer drouth, thir days.

THE FADED ROSE.

SAID a new-faded rose, to a sweet little bud,

Just before it dropt off from the spray,

“ My splendour is o'er, see I bow down my head,

For all nature was doom'd to decay :

The flower of the valley, the shrub on the hill,

Soon will be as they never had been ;

As the snow, when it falls in yon sweet wimpling rill,

Disappears ne'er again to be seen.

“ With splendour the meteor glides through distant skies
For a moment, and then it is o’er ;

The oak, by the tempest laid low, wither’d lies,
And the howling loud blast is no more :

Those bright gilded clouds, now so splendid and fine,
Illum’d by the Sun’s sparkling ray,
Obscur’d by dim mist, their fair hue must resign,
Yes, and pass in a moment away.

“ See yon sweet little lambkin, how cheerful it plays
By its dam, on yon daisy-clad green,

While the kine on the meadows luxuriously graze,
Soon, alas ! they no more will be seen :

Then these fields, deck’d with verdure, no more shall appear,
But be clad with a mantle of snow ;
And the brook, which meanders so limpid and clear,
By the ice bound, shall cease then to flow.

“ Soon the lark’s cheerful notes will be heard here no more,
Nor the starling’s sweet note in the bower ;

Nor the hum of the bee, as he gathers his store,
And ranges from flower to flower ;

Then these leaves, that now wanton so gay in the gale,
Soon by winter’s keen frost low shall lie—

But, why should I mourn what must ever prevail ?

For all nature was doom'd here to die.

“ So it is with vain man—though he flourish a while,

Yet he knows not, perhaps, the next breath,

In the midst of his grandeur, when fate seems to smile,

Soon his eyes may be closed in death.”—

No more could I hear, for a keen northern blast

Strew'd its once blooming leaves o'er the plain ;

But still these sad truths, while my mem'ry shall last,

There recorded will ever remain.

SONG,

On Molass Whisky.

TUNE,—Neil Gow's Fareweel to Whisky, O.

O ! WEARY fa' that cursed law,

That's ta'en my cordial now awa' ;

I canna get a drap ava,

O' cheering guid maut whisky, O !

But sugar dirt, no worth a prin,
 The heat o't fills wi' tears my een;
 To mankind sure he's been nae frien',
 Wha introduc'd sic whisky, O!

As milk mild was ye i' the mou',
 An' gin by chance ane did get fou,
 Nae headach e'er neist day, I true,
 Plagu'd him frae guid maut whisky, O!
 But gin ane tak' an ora gill,
 Wi' canty frien' in pure guid will;
 Wi' racking pain our heads ye fill,
 Ye filthie sugar whisky, O!

When plagu'd wi' cholic, or the spleen,
 Or toothach vile, as aft I've been,
 A drap fleg'd a' thae ills aff clean,
 O' cheering guid maut whisky, O!
 But, sick an' sair, now we may be,
 Nae healing cordial now hae we,
 But cruel penance we maun dree,
 Owre filthie sugar whisky, O!

O gie me aye guid hamely fare,
 An' no yer far-fetch'd, foreign ware;

Faith ! mony a turn baith hard an' sair
 'S been done on guid maut whisky, O !
 The only guid molass has dune,
 Some drouthie wives it's sent hame soon ;
 Which gars their dearies canty croon,
 The praise o' sugar whisky, O !

But Plenty, wi' her comely train,
 Will soon adorn ilk hill an' plain,
 An' gie auld Scotia back again,
 Her darling, guid maut whisky, O !
 Then will her bairns right canty sing,
 An' mak' the lift, wi' joy to ring ;
 Then barley-bree shall ance mair ding,
 That filthie sugar whisky, O !

C



AN IRISH BALLAD.

Erin now weeps ; ah ! pity e'er
Vile Faction should her bosom tear.

SWEET Shelah dwelt on Shannon side,
And good and fair was she ;
Her father's joy, delight, and pride,
Few happier were than he.

And far and wide her fame was spread ;
And many came to woo ;
But none she lov'd like her dear Ned,
With tender heart, and true.

In silence long did Edward sigh,
At length he op'd his mind,
When Shelah, with a downcast eye,
To his love-tale was kind.

In joy and peace the hours fast flew,
 As o'er the banks they stray'd,
 While nature, clad in brightest hue,
 Her countless sweets display'd.

How fleeting fly the hours of bliss ;
 How slow the hours of pain :
 How short, frail man, thy happiness ;
 Thy hopes, alas ! how vain.

A hoary knave led Ned astray,
 Freedom his luring theme ;
 Ah ! curse upon the fatal day,
 He sought the bubble Fame.

Array'd in Erin's liv'ry green,
 He join'd the hostile crew ;
 A comelier youth than him, I ween,
 Sweet life's breath never drew !

And fierce and long, in conflict dire !
 By Erin's sons he fought ;
 But 'gainst Britannia's powerful fire,
 Rude courage 'vail'd them nought.

Ta'en was brave Ned, his sash and sword,
 Proclaim'd he was a chief;
 To Shelah flew the dreadful word;
 Ah! who can paint her grief?

“ And have they ta'en my Edward brave?
 Sweet Shannon's pride was he!
 And can there nought my hero save
 From yon accursed tree?

“ Ah! fatal day he left the banks
 Of Shannon's peaceful stream;
 To join Rebellion's hostile ranks,
 In wild Ambition's dream.

“ And curse the day Seduction dire,
 Made Edward lift the brand,
 Against the gracious King, and Sire
 Of Erin's sea-girt land!”

To gloomy dungeon quick she fled;
 What crowds there met her view!
 As forth amongst the victims led,
 Was Edward brave and true.

She saw him mount the fatal spot ;
 She heard the pitying crowd,
 Bewail his youth, and cruel lot,
 In lamentations loud.

No more she saw—a dingy gloom
 O'erspread her languid eye ;
 While, fearless, Edward meets his doom,
 As thousands for him sigh.

For Shelah many a heart has bled ;
 She only woke to mourn ;
 For, ah ! her heav'nly reason fled,
 Again ne'er to return.

Now wildly sought she the bleak heath,
 Scarce wist she where to fly ;
 Her rosy cheeks were pale as death,
 Tears dimm'd her once bright eye.

O'er the green bent she mournful sings
 Of Edward good and fair ;
 Or, o'er his grave, at midnight, wrings
 Her hands in wild despair.

O ne'er again, in Erin's isle,
 May Faction rear her head ;
 Or her sweet youth, by traitors vile,
 Be e'er again misled.

May Erin's sons, so kind and brave,
 To Britons still be true,
 And spurn proud Gallia's crafty knave,
 Who would our isles subdue.

TO HONESTY.

A Fop's a feather, and a Fool's a rod,
 An Honest Man's the noblest work of God.—POPE.

O HONESTY ! my winsome hizzie,
 Ye mak me aft baith blyth an' bizzie,
 Till sometimes I'm maist blin' an' dizzie,
 Sae glad to see
 Yer comely, cheering, canty phizzie,
 Smile upon me.

Wae worth me, gin I wadna hae
 Yer bonny smile on ilka day,
 Sooner than Fashion's trappings gay,
 Frae foreign soil,
 The greatest luxury I pray,
 Is thy sweet smile.

Thou gi'st a zest to hamely fare ;
 Thou sweet'nst toil, and saft'nest care ;
 The man thou lo'est, tho's coat be bare,
 Is richer far
 Than knaves, wi' a' their daintiths rare,
 An' conscience war.

Saft is his pillow, sweet his sleep,
 He feels nae pang o' remorse deep ;
 Owre him thy sisters still watch keep ;
 Content an' Love
 Upon his eyelids gently creep,
 An' pleasing prove.

Knives may look down on my bare coat,
 An' sillie fools may brag, I wot,
 Dink't out in sash an' shouther knot,
 Right braw an' fine,

Gin in my 'scutcheon's ne'er a blot,
I'll nae repine.

Mark yon vain cuif, whase dad left cash,
But bought, wi's saul, I fear, the trash;
Howe'er 'twas gat, ne'er wad he fash,
By wile or fraud;
O! had he seen the spendthrift dash,
'Twad made him mad.

How much mair pleasant is't to say,
My dad, tho' clad in hodden-gray,
At kirk an' market ony day,
Cou'd shaw his face;
An' tho' grim Poortith was his fae,
'Twas nae disgrace.

Title's a just reward to merit,
It spurs to fame the dauring spirit,
An' when the virtues ye inherit
O' yer great Sire!
My fegs! I think ane's nae the waur o't
To beet his fire.

But, see yon gouke, wi' empty face,
 Assumes 'mang men o' sense a place ;
 Because his sire was ca'd his grace,
 He maun be clav'ring,
 When common sense has fled, alas !
 An' left him hav'ring.

O Honesty! lang cou'd I sing
 The peace an' comfort which ye bring ;
 Ye cheer in ilka kittle fling,
 Fortune may gie me,
 An' tho' warl's gear may fast tak wing,
 Sure ye'll no lea'e me.

Ye aften whisper, when we might,
 Indulge in things wad no be right,
 Whan poor fo'ks hearts get somewhat light,
 Owre hearty horn,
 They sometimes do the thing at night,
 They rue niest morn.

But whan by yer advice we stear,
 An' haena' bought the joys owre dear ;
 Niest mornin' a looks bright an' clear,
 Nae conscience stoun's,

Fo'ks may be happy owre guid cheer,
 In proper boun's.

I canna soun' owre far yer praise,
 Ye hae sae mony witching ways ;
 An' tho' but hamely be my lays,
 Ye'll no refuse them ;
 Some honest chiel in after days,
 Ablins may rouse them.

Now just ae wish indulge me wi',
 May a' thy sons o' ilk degree,
 Be able aye their frien's to gie,
 A horn o' nappy,
 An' something guid their gabs to prie,
 An' mak them happy.

SCENE, AFTER A BATTLE.

THE thunder of war now is heard there no more,
 Nor the clashing of swords on yon plains :
 Now ceas'd the fierce culverin's horrible roar,
 But the silence of Death there remains.

What war-worn vet'ran is he whom I spy,
 Stalk anxiously there 'mong the slain ?
 A gloomy foreboding appears in his eye,
 Where fear and hope alternate reign.

By the side of yon riv'let, now ghastly and pale,
 Soon he spy'd him who bloom'd in the morn,
 Like the roses in summer, which deck yon sweet vale,
 Now wan as the bloom of the thorn.

Half frantic he rais'd the pale corpse on his knee,
 While to heaven his looks up were bent ;
 Thy ways mighty God, here no mortal can see,
 Or why my old heart thus so rent.

“ But sure my brave child here his duty has done,
 Yes, each wound his brave deeds now proclaim ;
 And tho’ on the earth his last glass soon has run,
 Yet he lives in the annals of fame !

“ Ah ! see his fair Helen, despair in her eyes,
 Comes with the dear pledge of their faith ;
 My William is slain, hark ! she dismally cries,
 And swoons on the blood-stained heath.”

The trembling child ey’d every blood-clotted wound,
 And clung to his mother’s pale breast ;
 While the sobs of his grandsire now mournful resound,
 Unrestrain’d o’er the carnage-clad waste.

O war ! dreadful war ! what dire mischief ye bring,
 On us poor frail sons of the day :
 The soft feeling heart, ye oft cruelly wring,
 And drive each fond hope far away.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Bright Honour mark'd him as her child,
She call'd, he bow'd, and dying smil'd.

WHAT soft sounds of woe, thus now break on mine ear ;
How solemn and slow these sad movements appear :
Hark ! the deep hollow drum, and the fife sounding shrill,
As slowly they come by yon green winding hill.

Each musket's revers'd now, and crape decks the spear :
The late fearless eye you see dim'd with a tear :
Yon vet'ran none bolder grim death late could brave,
Weeps for the young soldier, now born to his grave.

His cap, sash, and sword, see the black pall adorn ;
By brave faithful friends he to earth now is born :
Ah hark ! that sad noise, as the mute crowd pass on ;
Tis the father who sighs for his brave darling son.

Now slowly and sad comes each brave gallant band,
 In mournful parade see they follow their friend ;
 Yes, a friend to each soldier was William so brave !
 Ah ! soon will he moulder in honour's dark grave.

I mournfully trace, as his comrades pass by,
 His worth in each face while they heave the deep sigh ;
 For tho' few were his days, yet far, far spread his fame !
 And his death here shall raise him a ne'er dying name.

Now arriv'd near his grave on their arms see reclin'd,
 His soldiers so brave, ah ! their sighs swell the wind ;
 While the trumpet sounds low, and the drum muffl'd rolls,
 As mournfully slow, hark the death-bell now tolls.

With a sigh his friends hear,— kindred dust meet with dust,
 As they drop the salt tear o'er the gen'rous and just !
 The service now o'er, to the grave is consign'd,
 The clay that once bore a soul noble and kind !

Now their muskets they load, and three volleys are given ;
 While the soft purple cloud high is wafted to heaven ;
 There angels celestial, his pure soul receive ;
 Ah ! who would not thus fall, and rest with the Brave !

SONG,

Queen Mary's Farewell to France.

Tune.—Katherine Ogie.

FAREWELL ye fields sae sweet an' fair !

Ye vales sae blythe an' cheerfu' :

I go among high mountains bleak,

An' rocks sae wild an' fearfu' ;

But ah ! far worse than rugged rocks,

Where thick mists ever tarry,

Are the fierce chieftains' manners rude,

To now poor hapless Mary.

Bright rose the sun, its splendid rays

Shot forth, my youth adorning !

But fast the happy moments flew,

That blest my life's gay morning :

A dreadfu' storm me soon o'ertook,

An' made ilk joy miscarry :

I fear for ever blasted now,

Are thy fond hopes, O Mary.

That darling youth, sae fair an' kind !
 E'er shall this bosom mind him ;
 From those fond arms soon snatch'd away,
 While lane I'm left behind him ;
 Tho' bright may be thy morning sun,
 Yet ah ! fair maids be wary :
 Black clouds ere noon may it o'erblast,
 As did befa' poor Mary.

O happy land, where the soft fair
 Are by the brave protected !
 Dread contrast, where by savage men,
 The tender fair's neglected,
 But tho' I leave the charming spot,
 Where ne'er did kindness vary ;
 Yet, there I leave the youthfu' heart,
 O' now poor hapless Mary.

How swiftly flew my happy hours ;
 How slow my hours o' grieving :
 What sad forebodings fill my mind,
 As these fair lands I'm leaving.
 Now pensive on the wave I sit,
 As seas they grow less narrow,
 And dim appear these lovely shores,
 For ever dear to Mary.

SONG,

Love and War.

TUNE,—Black Jock.

OCH ! Erin's the place for your brave topping fellows,
 A drop of good Whisky each bosom there mellows,
 And makes them so witty, good-humour'd, and free :
 How happy is Pat, when he sits o'er his noggen ?
 It moistens his heart-strings, and keeps them from cloggin' ;
 You may talk of your porter, your wines, and your ales,
 But a drop of good Whisky, my shoul, never fails,
 To fill honest Pat, soon with mirth, love, and glee,

An Irishman's bosom with Love's ever blazing,
 For some dear little creature is constantly teasing
 Pat, sleeping or waking, by night or by day.
 When he's got a drop Whisky, says he, " My dear jewel,
 How can you to Pat, now, alas ! be so cruel ;
 Those bright sparkling eyes, faith ! have set me on fire,
 And if you don't quench it, I'll surely expire ;
 And, dead as a mack'rel, poor Pat soon you'll lay."

Says she, " My dear Pat, och ! now can't you be easy,
This Whisky and Love, 'pon my shoul, makes you crazy,

You're always so teasing, now, won't you be done."

" Arrah ! honey," says Pat, " since a bargain you've struck,
I think the dear Whisky has brought me some luck :

So now, Master Dennis, we'll have t'other noggen,

And then, with sweet Katy, to church we'll be joggin' ;

And there Father Murphy shall make us two one.

" As for War, each one knows it is Pat's true delight,
For Love, or for Glory, he'll cheerfully fight ;

For his Friend, or his Katy, or Erin's sweet isle !

He fears not the noise of the loud thund'ring cannon,

No more than he cares for the roar of the Shannon ;

Give him but a drop of the good Irish Whisky !

Then have at the French dogs, cries Pat now, quite frisky,

We'll show them we lads at their threat'nings can smile.

" Sweet Erin, my country, och ! long could I praise thee,
May no cruel Tyrant, then, e'er dare to seize thee ;

And take from poor Pat his sweet drop of a dram !

But should he come here with his Legion of Honour,

He'll find, by Saint Patrick ! that stout Pat O'Connor,

With a sword, or a gun, or a bit of shelella ;

Shall help, by my shoul, faith ! to thrash him gentealy,

And shew his great fighting's been nought but a cram."

SONG,

TUNE—Jenny Nettles.

O! bonny Jenny's witching een,
 Hae stown my fancy on the green,
 As late wi' her I danc'd yestrèen,
 How aften hae I blest them.
 Her cherry lips, sae saft an' sweet,
 Whene'er my ee they chanc'd to meet,
 Did rivet fast my chains complete ;
 What wad I gien to kist them ?

Her bonny brow like ivory white,
 Roun' whilk play'd auburn locks sae bright,
 An' then her feet sae sma' an' light,
 As saft the ground she's touching ;
 I prest her hand, she did nae frown,
 O! had I then possest a crown,
 I at her feet had laid it down,
 For sweetness sae bewitching.

Sweet is the rose at dawn o' day,
 The blossom sweet that decks the spray;
 As mang the leaves they sweetly play,
 When gentle win's gie motion;
 But far surpassing is her cheek,
 An' lily neck, sae white an' sleek,
 An' then her looks, like lambies meek,
 Hae fir'd my youthfu' notion.

O! wad sweet Jenny only deign,
 To pity me, her youthfu' swain;
 Whate'er befa', I'd ne'er complain,

Wi' sic a charming dearie!
 Like sturdy aik by eglantine,
 Or siller saugh by lofty pine,
 I'd her protect, wad she be mine,
 'Midst storms an' tempests drearie.

Fond Hope still whispers to my mind,
 Sweet Jenny will to me be kind:

O! ilka care I'd throw behind,

Cou'd I but gain her favour.

My heart she has, my hand I'd gie

In pledge o' love an' constancy;

To please her in ilk thing shou'd be

My first an' last endeavour.

THE SUICIDE.

O thou who with incessant gloom,
Court'st the recess of midnight tomb,—FERGUSSON.

BEHOLD the Youth, by passion led,
To do the dreadful, dismal deed ;
A bloody, clotted corpse he lies ;
No friendly hand to close his eyes.
Aghast and pale that blooming face,
And stiff these limbs that mov'd with grace ;
And dim that eye, once sparkling bright,
Now clos'd in everlasting night.

Sad silence dwells on all around,
Dread mystery here, with looks profound,
Conjectures, wild, the mournful source,
Of dire misfortune, that could force,
The lovely, blooming, gentle Youth,
Whose face bespoke a heart all truth,
A deed to do each hope to blight,
And lay him low in endless night.

Dear Youth, ah ! what could prompt thy mind,
 To act of such a rueful kind ?
 Grievous, alas ! and sad thy woe,
 Which in thy breast caus'd many a throe ;
 And urg'd thy frantic hand at last,
 To do a deed, which e'er must blast
 Thy fame, ah once ! of spotless white,
 That's buried now 'mong shades of night.

Hast thou not lov'd some cruel Fair,
 That fill'd thy mind with dark despair ?
 Ah ! what must be her sad remorse,
 When now she hears thou'rt laid a corpse ?
 Too late thy pity, haughty Maid—
 Had'st thou been kind while reason sway'd
 His ardent mind, what sweet delight
 Had fill'd his soul, now sunk in night.

Ah ! who can paint his Mother's woe ?
 The darling of her soul laid low ;
 Blasted the bud, she fondly hop'd,
 Would her declining days have propt :
 The child she cherish'd at her breast,
 And to it oft with rapture prest,
 Gazing on him with fond delight,
 Now sunk in everlasting night.

A Father too, alas ! will mourn,
 His hapless Son ne'er to return ;
 And gloomy tear, in sad despair,
 His honour'd locks of silver'd hair ;
 Then curse the day in transports wild,
 He e'er begat the luckless child,
 The child who ever acted right,
 Till this last direful, woeful night.

What mournful sounds break on mine ear ?
 His Sister's voice methinks I hear !
 Hark ! how she sobs in sorrow great,
 For her lov'd Brother's dismal fate.
 She, who once bloom'd like flower in may,
 Her looks now pale, forebode decay ;
 In sorrow sad she shuns the light,
 And weeps for him now sunk in night.

Ah ! may soft Pity shed the tear
 O'er this poor Youth's deserted bier ;
 'Tis human nature here to err ;
 Ye rigid then his fate refer :
 Let God alone pronounce the doom
 Of him who sinks into the tomb ;
 For He whose ways are ever right,
 Can change to day the darkest night.

A BALLAD.

O BRING to me my mantle green,
 An' kirtle o' the blue,
 An' I'se gae see the witching een,
 That gar'd my Willie rue.

O bring my siller snood to me,
 An' plait my hair sae fine ;
 That I the bonny bride may see,
 That's gar'd me Willie tyne.

Ah ! sure she guid an' fair maun be,
 Wha's win my Willie's mind ;
 For wealth, he aft has vow'd to me,
 Wad ne'er his fancy bind.

For 'twas a heart baith leal an' kind,
 That lasting joy cou'd gie ;
 But sure on earth he cou'dnae find,
 Ane kind an' leal like me.

When she came near to the kirk style,
 A trembling seiz'd ilk knee;
 An' when on's bride she saw him smile,
 Tears fill'd her sparkling e'e.

But, when she saw him leading past,
 Ane blear'd, o' gipseye hue;
 A killing glance on him she cast,
 Which gar'd him sairly rue.

O first he glanc'd upo' his bride,
 An' syne on Mary fair!
 Love's darts fast frae her een did glide,
 Which pierc'd his heart fu' sair.

“ Ah! curse the day I left for gear,
 These een o' bonny blue!
 An' curse the gowd, that made the tear
 These rosy cheeks bedew.

Ah! cruel was the father's heat,
 That gar'd me leave my dear;
 Whom this fond heart, while it shall beat,
 Must love forever bear.

“ Ah ! mother dear, why bid me wed
 The maid I ne’er cou’d love ?
 For war’ly gear, whilk soon is sped,
 An’ aft a curse may prove.

“ But, fare thee weel, my wealthy bride,
 My love I ne’er can gie ;
 May ilka curse the fool betide,
 Wha slights his love like me.

“ I wander shall to regions far,
 An’ Mary, for thy sake,
 I go amid the thickest war,
 Atonement thee to make.”

When Mary heard thae tender words,
 Her scornfu’ heart gae way,
 She cou’dnae bear that faeman’s swords,
 Shou’d her dear Willie slay.

She cry’d, “ ah ! Willie, stop for me,
 My heart is tender still ;
 If thou in battle slain shou’dst be,
 The news wad Mary kill.”

He turn'd, and took her hand sae fair,
 An' bade the priest draw near ;
 Wha made them ane forever mair,
 In hearts and sauls sincere.

ROSLIN,

A Ballad.

O ye woods spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly,
 I could hide with the beasts of the chace,
 I could vanish from every eye.—SHENSTONE.

Fu' loud and shrill the lavrock's note,
 Was warbling frae its cheerfu' throat,
 As its wee pinions fann'd the breeze,
 High tow'ring owre fair Roslin's trees.

The sun, wi' gowden ray, illumes
 Auld Roslin's weather-beaten domes ;
 The owl then to his bed retir'd,
 As Sol's enliv'ning beams inspir'd.

The wimpling burn, owre mony a linn
 An' rugged rock, mak's cheerfu' din;
 While blooming flowers the banks owrespread,
 In a' the hues o' Iris clad.

The cheerfu' sangsters, on ilk spray,
 'Mang varying foliage, rich an' gay,
 To their fond mates now chaunt their sang,
 As wild doves coo the firs amang.

The bleating lambkin's voice is heard,
 Its dam beside, on yon green sward;
 The Shepherd's pipe proclaims the morn,
 'Neath yon auld fragrant, milk-white thorn.

The lowin' herds stray owre the mead,
 An' on the verdant clover feed;
 While the stout Hind now whistles gay,
 Near Roslin Castle's turrets gray.

Beside yon limpid murm'ring rill,
 The Fisher keen exerts his skill,
 An' round him sport the finny tribe,
 Till lur'd to death by artfu' bribe.

The siller saugh an' eglantine,
 The sturdy aik an' lofty pine,
 Wi' feath'rie breckan form a shade,
 Where countless wild flowers round are spread.

Here grows the whin wi' yellow bloom,
 'Mang heather sweet, gi'in' rich perfume :
 The white-bloom'd slae, and craw-flower's bell,
 Here scent the gentle westlin gale.

On Roslin's bank, whate'er can gie
 Joy to the heart, there meets the e'e :
 Dame Nature, kind, has spread sic store,
 Ye pause, ye wonder ! an' adore !

But ah ! what means that haggard form,
 Whase frenzied looks denote a storm,
 Raging in his bewilder'd mind,
 To ev'ry earthly beauty blind ?

“ That form,” reply'd an aged Swain,
 “ Was ance the pride o' this sweet plain ;
 Till dire misfortune him owretook,
 Sad was his lot in fate's dark book.

“ Lang Albert lo’ed sweet Helen fair !
 To please her was his constant care ;
 For her he’d pu’ the sweetest flowers,
 An’ gather wild fruit ’mang yon bowers.

“ Fair Helen saw his tender flame,
 Nor cou’d she but return the same ;
 For gentle was brave Albert’s mein,
 An’ few mair sightly trod the green,

“ What love ! what joy ! fill’d Albert’s breast,
 The day was fixt shou’d made him blest ;
 An’ gie fair Helen’s matchless charms,
 By haly rite, to his fond arms.

“ But ah ! frail man, how soon are sped
 The hopes that mak’ thy bosom glad ?
 Stern fate may in a moment blight,
 The joy that gies thee sic delight.

“ Near yon thick glade, ae simmer’s e’en,
 A comely youth o’ portly mein,
 In his embrace fair Helen held :
 This Albert saw— his bosom swell’d.

Grim jealousy now dimm'd his sight,
 Then rushing frae the thicket straight ;
 When, as th' unguarded youth turn'd round,
 His breast receiv'd the fatal wound.

“ He reel'd back on the lovely dame,
 An' dying sigh'd fair Helen's name ;
 But wha can paint wild Albert's pain,
 When loud she cry'd, “ my brother's slain ?”

“ From that dread hour, distraction wild,
 Mark'd Albert out as mis'ry's child :
 To mitigate Heav'n's awfu' doom !
 Barefoot he walk'd to Jesus' tomb.

“ In yon high cave, he wails an' weeps,
 An' aft at night sad watching keeps ;
 The rock his bed, wild herbs his fare,
 Water his drink, his claithing bare.

“ Ah now ! scarce mortal he appears,
 To him how sad this vale o' tears :
 Rash was the act, but few e'er dree'd,
 Sic penance for a fatal deed.

“ In yon auld Abbey sleeps the dame,
 Spotless while living was her fame ;
 Grief brake her heart, ilk night she shed
 Tears owre her brother's clay-cauld bed.

“ An' aft she sigh'd for Albert's fate,
 For tho' he'd err'd she cou'dna hate
 The man to whom she pledg'd her vows,
 On bonny Roslin's blooming knowes.

“ Aft at dread midnight's fearfu' hour,
 When lightnings flash, an' rains fierce pour ;
 He to yon Abbey mournfu' strays,
 An' on the tomb o' Helen prays.”

Ah ! worthy Sire, sad is your tale !
 An' Albert's suff'rings sair I wail :
 O ! soon may Heav'n, in death's saft sleep,
 Close his sad e'e, here doom'd to weep.

SONG,
The Adieu.

TUNE,—O Nanie, wilt thou gang wi' me?

AH! can I behold, love, that heart-rending sigh;
 And the tear that bedims my dear Mary's fond eye?
 Can I kiss those sweet lips of the coral's bright hue?
 And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, Adieu!

Can I view that fair face, and that form so divine,
 Whom once flatt'ring Hope whisper'd soon would be mine?
 Can I press to my bosom, that heart that's so true?
 And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, Adieu!

Can I think on thy smile, when at twilight we met?
 And thy last killing glance, when next meeting was set?
 The love-gliding hours, ah! how fleetly they flew!
 Ne'er thought I, dear Mary, to bid thee Adieu!

But while this sad bosom can breathe a fond strain;
 Or while in my mind recollections remain;
 With love, my fair maid, shall it breathe still to you,
 Tho' forc'd, lovely Mary, to sigh now—Adieu!

WAR SONG.

TUNE.—O send Lewie Gordon hame.

TUNE.—O send Lewie Gordon hame.

HARK! the dreadful sounds o' war!

See the banners glide afar!

Met to guard our sea-girt isle,

Scotia's Sons at danger smile.

Albion, firm, united stands,

'Gainst proud Gallia's hostile bands:

Courage beams in ilka e'e,

Death's the word, or Liberty!

Can our gen'rous Sons, so brave!

Brook the name of dastard slave?

No! they'll ne'er to tyrants yield,

While the braid sword they can wield.

See yon band o' brothers met,

E'er this e'ening's sun is set,

They shall let the tyrant see,

Death's the word, or Liberty!

Aft our Fathers spilt their bluid,

In the shock o' battle rude;

Shall their Sons, degen'rate, bow,

To yon proud, insulting foe?

No! these manly cheeks proclaim,

E'en the thought o't fills wi' shame,

Fa' we may, but ne'er shall flee;

Death's the word, or Liberty!

Blest the Youth! wha bravely fa's,

In sae guid, an' just a cause;

When his glorious race is run,

Honour owns him for her Son!

Shou'd Age fill bright Honour's grave,

Sleep he shall, then, wi' the brave,

An' frae tyrants chains be free;

Death's the word, or Liberty!

Shou'd we, when the conflict's o'er,

Our dear friends embrace once more;

Think how ilka feeling breast,

Then shall be completely blest:

Now advance, 'thout dread or fear;

Vict'ry shall our evening cheer:

Forward! Friends! we'll let them see,

Death's our word, or Liberty!

SONG,

TUNE,---Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie.

SWEET smiles the simmer, thy Willie's return'd, now,

Dry up those tears, my sweet Nanie sae leal !

Sair has that bosom for Willie lang mourn'd, now,

But, here he's again to ye, cheerie an' weel :

Far hae I wander'd, on thee aft hae ponder'd,

As rag'd aroun' me the wild stormy main ;

But thus to see thee, dear Nanie, believe me,

Mair than rewards a' my danger an' pain.

Sair blew the rain, love, that day at our parting ;

O sairer the storm that rag'd in my breast ;

But when I clasp thee again to my bosom,

Wha can describe, now, how truly I'm blest ?

Win's may blaw eerie, but wi' thee, my dearie !

Wha e'er wad think o' the cauld, or the rain !

O, when I look to thee, how fondly I lo'e thee !

Happy is he wha now ca's thee his ain.

True is the dove to its mate in yon bowerie ;
 True is the compass, dear maid, to the pole ;
 As true is the heart that now throbs in my bosom,
 To thee, dearest Nanie, thou joy o' my soul :
 Nae mair I'll leave thee, sair, sair to grieve thee ;
 Wealth hae I plenty to mak a blyth hame :
 Now my sweet dearie, be canty an' cheerie,
 For Willie's fond bosom's to Nanie the same.

THE COUNTRY BRIDAL.

Love, the most gen'rous passion of the Mind,
 The softest refuge Innocence can find :
 The safe director of unguided Youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by Truth.---WILMOT.

AE simmer's day, as frae the plow
 I loos'd my beasts, fu' canty ;
 Wha, think ye, tript cut-owre the knowe,
 But Leezie Low, sae vauntly :

“ Whar are ye gaun, sweet lass, this gaet,
 Gin ane may at ye spier, now;
 A’ busket out sae clean, an’ neat;
 Bride’s knots, an’ sic like gear, now?
 Sae braw, this day.”

“ Hout ! laddie, ken nae ye the cause ?
 I’m gaun to Willie’s wedding;
 Come, haste an’ get yer Sunday’s braws,
 An’ after me be treading :
 I’m sure ye’ll get baith mirth, an’ fun,
 An’, gin yer no owre weary,
 Ye’ll be there ere the lilt’s begun,
 O’ Rab, the Minstrel cheerie,
 Sae blyth, ilk day.”

“ I wad nae care, wad ye but stay,
 I’se no be lang o’ dressing,
 To tak a stap out-owre the way,
 My thrang’s no very pressing :”
 Quoth she, “ I’ll just gae ca’ on Jean,
 By that time ye’ll be dinkit;
 Syne by the burn-side, owre the green,
 Fu’ cantily we’ll link it,
 Wi’ glee, this day.”

My Sunday's claise I gat fu' fait, do!

An' met my queans, sae bonny!

For wha wad gar the lasses wait,

That had o' havins bny?

Now skim'ring frae a' airts, in raws,

Cam lads, an' lasses dainty;

The reeking lums, to ilk ane shaws,

Will was providing plenty,

For them, that day.

When lang he had been now,

Then in we gaed to see the bride,

Nane fairer saw I ony;

Love's beams fast frae her een did glide,

As sweet she smil'd, an' bonny!

She welcom'd ilka kimmer there,

Sae modest, an' sae genty;

An' kin'ly prest the bridal fare,

On ilka ane sae tenty,

An' sweet, that day.

When the bridegroom cam,

In cam the bridegroom now, fu' crouse,

Wi' looks sae blyth an' cheerie,

The guid Mess John to introduce,

To his deep-blushing dearie!

Mess John, now, wi' a haly air,
 The bonny bride embraces ;
 Syne leans him in the elbow chair,
 On's nose his specks then places,
 Sae grave, that day.

“ Now, my guid frien's, as we're a' met,
 We'll hae a word o' prayer, now ; ”
 Then to their feet they read'ly gat,
 When lang he pray'd, an' sair, now :
 He blessings mony feck implores,
 Upo' the happy twa, now ;
 Till Geordy Smith's tremendous snöres,
 Alarm'd baith ane an' a', now,
 Sae loud, that day.

Wi' exhortation, guid, I wot,
 Frae Scripture quoted fair, now,
 At length he ties the bridal-knot,
 That binds the happy pair, now.
 Wi' social glass, they neist proceed,
 To wish that blessings mony,
 Be shower'd upo' the bridegroom's head,
 An' his sweet bride sae bonny,
 An' meek, that day.

Now broken was the bridal bread,
 Owre the bride's cockernony ;
 What scram'ling, tum'ling heels owre-head,
 'Mang lads an' lasses mony ;
 Wee Jennock tint her shoon, an' Pate
 Gat's nose bled in the scuffle ;
 An' Jeanie's kirtle, aye sae neat,
 Gat there a sad carfuffle,
 An' rug, that day.

The dinner neist was serv'd, I trow !
 It was baith guid, an' ample,
 As e'er gaed in a Scotsman's mou' ;
 I'se just gie ye a sample :
 A sonsey haggis, reeking, rose
 Fu' proudly in the centre ;
 While twa large cogs o' guid kail brose,
 Support on ilk side lent, there,
 Sae kind, that day.

Twa gaucie roun's o' saut beef guid,
 Were smoking at ilk end o't ;
 While four sheep-heads, like out-posts stood,
 Roun' ilk ane to defend it ;

Here legs o' lamb, there chuckies smoke,

I wat they were nae scantie ;

An' haddocks, scate, an' sic' like trock,

For thae wha might them wantie,

That funny night.

But least yer mou' shou'd wat'ring be,

I'se no describe nae mair o't ;

For what's a feast like that to ye,

Unless ye get a share o't :

The grace was said by Elder Tam,

For Mess John he had left them ;

Than fast their maws they steevly cram,

Till some again there rift them,

Sae fu', that day.

The cogs o' ale gaed sweetly down,

An' than the cheering whisky,

In bumpers large, was gaun aroun',

Whilk set them a' right frisky :

The fiddlers than began to screw

Their fiddle-pins in order ;

Ilk lad, syne, to his lassie drew,

When bouncing Meg loud roar'd her,

Wi' spunk, that night.

“ Now Minstrel Rab, ye ranting deil,

Aft hae I bobbit to ye ;

Gie’s Huntly’s Favourite, canty Neil,

O ! muckle sure I owe thee :

I wadna gie ane o’ his springs,

They’re a’ sae blyth an’ cheerie,

For twenty vile outlandish things,

To mak us douf an’ eerie,

On sic a night.

Now loud the barn wi’ mirth did ring,

A’ shaw’d their skill in dancing ;

Some gae, fu’ trig, the Highland fling ;

Some were like coosers prancing :

The kaibers shook wi’ the blyth soun’,

For a’ was fun an’ glee, now ;

As aye they took the ither roun’,

O Willie’s barley-bree, now,

Fu’ strang, that night.

Like daft the fiddlers elbows now,

Were gaun wi’ quickest motion ;

For as the drink gaed roun’, I trow !

They didna scrimp their potion :

H 2

The elder'n fo'k sae sweetly smil'd,
 To see their bairns, an' oe's, now,
 Spring through the dance, wi' joy maist wild,
 Amid the cheerfu' noise, now,
 Sae glad, that night.

The bride, an' bridegroom, baith that night,
 Fu' cantily did lilt it ;
 An' the bride's mother skipt fu' light,
 An' up her coaties kilted :
 An' e'er she left the floor, wad hae
 A reel wi' Willie's daddie ;
 An' cries, " Come, gie's a blyth strathspey.
 My ranting fiddler laddie,
 Wi' glee, this night."

Some quietly courted in a neuk,
 Wi' their sweet smiling lasses ;
 Some hobber-nob, fu' cosh, did souk,
 In corners, out their glasses ;
 Some slily slippet had away,
 By mothers were a missing,
 Wha, 'hint the stacks, amang the strae,
 Wi' their ain joes were kissing,
 Sae sweet, that night.

Now some wha'd gat o' drink enough,
 'Neath tables were a snoring;
 Some, frien'ly cracking, took their snuff,
 Some trying to sing, were roaring:
 Some blether'd nonsense ere they'd sit,
 An' kept their tongues frae hawering;
 An' some began to find their wit,
 Was now completely wavering,
 Or dull, that night.

The dancers now began to fag,
 When Aunt Tib, wi' a roar, now,
 Cries, "Willie he's a wanton wag,
 Ise dance, tho' I'm threescore, now!"
 Syne tilt she cuist her very shoon,
 An' lilted it fu' lightly;
 An' after that anither tune,
 She was sae blythe an' sprightly,
 That merry night.

Now them wha were o' dancing tir'd,
 But still were fond o' joking;
 As the bride wi' her maids retir'd,
 Propos'd to throw the stocking:

An' thrown it was wi' glee, I trow!

It hit my bonny Leezie;

An' tho' that I was three parts fou',

My heart it gat a heezie,

Wi' joy, that night,

Auld doited Pate, wi' candle neist,

Came wi' air o' devotion;

An' wi' lang face, like ony priest,

Pray'd owre the bridal potion:

A wag, as Pate held fast the dish,

Wi' a strae his neck than touch'd, man;

About the bride, the bowl fell clash,

While Pate look'd as bewitch'd, man,

Wi' shame, that night,

Now bedded were the happy pair!

'Mang muckle fun an' ranting;

O' harmless mirth a' had their share,

To please was naething wanting:

Than left we Willie an' his bride,

Their een wi' love were glist'ning;

An' nine months hence, gin right betide,

Ye'll ablins get a christ'ning,

Fu' blythe, some day.

Yes, worthy Frien', Ise stop my rhyme,

I think I see ye yawning;

An' faith! I think its nearly time,

For day's just at the dawning:

But bards, ye ken, maun hae their bent,

In hamely verse tho' clad in;

An' ablins time ye waur hae spent,

Than reading Willie's wedding,

Sae droll, yon night.

THE VETERAN.

HARK! the lark how it carols aloft in the sky,

While the thrush sweetly sings in yon grove;

From tree to tree skipping, the gay squirrels fly,

As the ring-doves soft murmur their love.

Now sweet blooms the cowslip an' primroses pale,

While the daises enamel the green;

The lily and rose, sweetly scent the soft gale,

As sporting the lambkins are seen.

On the lovely blue-bell hangs the dew-drop so clear,

Like the tear in my Nancy's fond eye ;

When the tale fraught with woe, softly steals on her ear,

And her tender breast heaves with a sigh.

Now the Esk murmurs sweet with the soft summer shower,

By its banks ever lovely and fair :

But who is that form, near yon ivy-clad bower,

Whose brows are so clouded with care ?

Ah ! see his grey hairs, how they wave in the wind,

As o'er his cheek falls the big tear :

Sure none could refuse to that face to be kind,

Where such sad marks of sorrow appear.

Brown his visage, perhaps, by some far foreign clime !

On which many a deep scar is seen ;

And tho' bare his weeds, by the sad hand of time,

Yet, still they appear neat and clean.

On his crutch see he leans, as he bends here his way ;

His manly cheeks see how they glow :

Ah ! pity a heart where such honour bears sway,

Should e'er need to beg what we owe.

“ Sweet youth, of your bounty a little I crave,
 For a poor dying helpmate’s relief;
 Fast, fast she descends to the now welcome grave,
 Her poor heart is breaking with grief.

“ The last of five sons on Barrossa’s red plains,
 His death gave the dire fatal blow;
 Yet, while the dear spark of her sweet life remains,
 No want I would wish her to know.

“ My pittance was small and exhausted is quite,
 Believe me, I tell you no lie;
 I could starve, I could die, for sweet Jean my delight;
 Now I beg”—here he heav’d a deep sigh.

“ My poor old dim eyes nine fierce battles have seen,
 Where thick flew the dread vengeful ball;
 But ah! the last struggle of death with my Jean,
 Has master’d me more than them all.

“ My country’s been gracious to me I must own,
 Her bounty I freely confess:
 Yes, much has kind Britain for poor soldiers done!
 But ah!—the sad bed of distress.”

Here he paus'd—to wipe off the fast-falling tear,
 But e'er shall I mind the kind gleam
 Of his eye, when I gave the small pittance, to cheer
 The Vet'ran by Esk's lovely stream.

ON BROSE.

I'd scorn the Cuif wha'd cock his nose
 At Scottish cheer, guid ait-meal Brose.

HAIL! my auld frien', dear Scotia's muse!
 To wham I aft hae paid my vows,
 By wimpling burn, 'mang blooming knowes,
 Whar nature glows,
 Assist the Bard, wha now thee woos,
 To sing o' brose.

Thou wale o' food! whene'er I see
 A gaucie cog, guid losh! what glee

Then sparkles in ilk bairnie's ee;
 Ilk cuttie soon,
 Is plung'd amang the reeking bree,
 When grace is doon.

Now see ilk ane has gat his'fairin',
 For o' guid food wha wad be sparin' ;
 I like to see ilk bonny bairn,
 Checks like the rose,
 Wi' limbs as hard's the very airn,
 Tak out its brose.

Our gallant sires o' auld, forth stood,
 An' for our welfare spilt their bluid,
 Aft in the shock o' battle rude,
 Hae fac'd their foes,
 An' aye their plain and simple food,
 Was ait-meal brose.

Syne when the dreadfu' strife was owre,
 An' past the doolfu' bluidy stour ;
 By burn-side, 'neath the shady bower,
 They'd sit jocose,
 An' blythly pass the social hour,
 On guid meal brose.

Brave Wallace, wi' his frien's sae leal !
 The bleak heath wide, their only beil,
 Wi' water could hae drak'd their meal,

Fu' sweet the dose,
 Syne met their foes, an' thrash'd them weel,
 Sic pith had brose.

Aft gallant Bruce on sic like cheer,
 Wad feast himsel' an' frien's sae dear ;
 Syne wi' his battle-axe an' spear,

Maw down in rows,
 The louns wha thought frae him to tear
 The Land o' Brose.

Nane will mair fearless meet his foes,
 Than him brought up on guid meal brose :
 Monsieur, whene'er he comes to blows

Wi' our Scotch chiels,
 Awa' his gun an' begnet throws,
 An' tak's to's heels.

For weel he kens the spanking lads,
 Wha wear the philibegs and plaids,
 Right aft hae gi'en him doolfu' dauds,

In battle's brunt,

An' faith ! again he's no sae mad's

To dree their dunt.

The Tagus' banks, an' Spanish plains,

Proclaim, that in our hardy swains,

The dauring spirit still remains,

O' their auld sires ;

Against Oppression's hatefu' chains,

Ilk bosom fires.

Our hardy chiels, wha live on brose,

Join'd wi' the Sons o' the sweet Rose,

An' Erin's witty Sons jocose,

Ha'e shaw'd mankind,

The warld they fearna for their foes,

When firmly join'd.

Our sturdy chiels, wha haud the plow,

Shou'd Monsieur land, some night, I trow !

Neist morn they'd thrash him black an' blue ;

Ilk pond'rous hand,

Wad gar poor spindle-shanks sair rue,

He saw this land.

Yes ! shou'd he land where grows the heather,
 Where plovers whur, wi' spreckl'd feather ;
 Aroun' ilk standart soon wad gather,
 Our lads sae crouse,
 An' lay ilk noisy braggart's blather,
 As quiet's a mouse.

But, faith ! I trow, he's nae sae daft,
 As venture owre in boat, or raft ;
 He'll find our birkies nae sae saft,
 As the Italian,
 I doubt, wi' a' his warlike craft,
 He'd get a maulin' !

Now just ae wish, an' syne I'm doon
 Wi' my auld-fashion'd, hamely croon ;
 May that Great Power, wha rules aboon,
 An' a' bestows,
 Gie Scotia's bairns a cuttie spoon,
 An' rowth o' brose.

SONG,

The Chevalier's Farewell to Scotland.

TUNE,—The Flowers o' the Forest.

FAREWHEEL ye dear vales, an' ye scroggie high mountains ;
 Ye wild rugged glens, an' ye sweet lochs sae clear :
 Fareweel ye green woods, an' ye saft-wimpling fountains,
 Those scenes to my mem'ry shall ever be dear.

By you aft I've wander'd, on past days I've ponder'd ;
 Those fair lands, I fondly hop'd, ance wad been mine ;
 But aft Fortune's beaming deceives our fair dreaming,
 An' leaves dark Despair, where fond Hope ance did shine.

Ah ! fair bloom'd my fond hopes, in life's early blossom ;
 Now blasted the buds are, my fancy did rear ;
 But wha can describe the sad pangs o' my bosom,
 For the ruin that's brought on the friends I lo'ed dear ?

Ah ! Scotia, aye kindly, this heart will remind thee :
 Yer brave hardy Sons I shall ever admire ;
 Wha bauldly did venture to preud Albion's center,
 For him wha now lanely frae thee maun retire.

Thou brave Caledonians! nae wealth e'er cou'd tempt thee,
 Thy Prince to betray in the hour o' distress ;
 May Heav'n, aye kindly, frae ilk ill exempt thee,
 Tho' poor, thou art honest, ilk heart maun confess !.

Wi' looks o' emotion, dear land o' the Ocean ;
 To this bosom distress, thou wilt ever be dear ;
 As frae thee receding, the land I had pride in,
 Ah! wha can describe the sad feelings I bear.

SONG,

Shelah O'Conner.

TUNE,—Murphy Delaney.

Ocn Cupid ! sly Cupid, now can't you be easy,
 Why will you make me for Shelah run crazy ?
 My heart in my bosom, goes pitty-pat queerly,
 Whene'er I meet her, och ! I love her dearly :

Modest is she as the sweet mountain daisy :
 What would I give, my dear Shelah, to please thee ?
 The wealth of Golconda, I swear by my honour,
 Is not worth the smile of sweet Shelah O'Conner.

Her bright sparkling eyes, like the dew in the morning,
 On yon pretty rose-bud, its sweetness adorning ;
 Their bright beams, alas ! have so pierc'd my poor bosom,
 My wits, by my shoul, I'm afraid I shall lose them.
 Her lips, red as coral, than cherries far sweeter :
 And then her fine shape, och ! what can be completer !
 I'm afraid, by Saint Patrick, I never shall won her,
 She's each way so charming, sweet Shelah O'Conner.

And, och ! if you saw but her cheeks when she blushes !
 Each rose hangs its head, and straight hides 'mong the bushes ;
 And then to the lily, her neck is so fair, now ;
 By the mountains of Wicklow, she's ev'ry way rare, now !
 Och ! what must I do, if still she proves cruel ?
 The sight of her adds to Love's fire more fuel ;
 And when she's away, I do nought but think on her,
 I'll die if I don't get sweet Shelah O'Conner.

But courage in Love, as in War, must be started ;
 He that's in either must not be down-hearted :

When I next meet her, I'm sadly inclin'd now,
 To let her just know a small bit of my mind, now :
 Should she consent, och ! the sweet little creature,
 Nothing would give me such pleasure in nature ;
 Happy I'd make her, for life, by my honour !
 The dear little charming, sweet Shelah O'Conner !

SONG.

TUNE,—Galla Water.

FAIR are the flowers on Yarrow braes,
 Which blooming Flora deigns to scatter ;
 But sic a flower, the sun's bright rays
 Ne'er shone on, but by Galla Water.

Far ha'e I stray'd, an' mony seen,
 Their praise I've sung, an' didna flatter ;
 But sure the like ne'er met my een,
 As her I spied by Galla Water.

I spier'd a Hérð, tending his ewes,
 Where wast she dwelt? or wha begat her?
 "She lives amang yon broomie knowes,
 An's ca'd the flower o' Galla Water."

O foul befa' the sillie clown,
 Wha may her get, an' disna daut her;
 I wadna care the wretch to drown,
 E'en in sweet-rinnyng Galla Water,

Sweet is her face, her shape divine,
 Proud may he be, indeed, wha's aught her;
 I'd count mysel, were she but mine,
 The richest far on Galla Water.

But fare thee weel, thou peerless maid!
 May envy ne'er thy fame bespatter;
 Lang may'st thou, 'neath the verdant shade,
 Still shine, the flower o' Galla Water.

LINES,

*Written on the Recovery of a WITTY FRIEND from a
severe illness.*

ALAS ! poor Davie, whare are now
Yer jokes, an' tales sae cheerie ?
Our nights, since ye hae gaen, I trow,
Will be baith douff an' eerie ;
Now, owre the ingle, dull we sit,
The fient a saul to fire us ;
Sair, sair we miss yer sparkling wit,
Which us'd sae to inspire us,
Wi' glee, ilk night.

Now, shou'd he on the Stygian coast,
Be doom'd a while to wander !
Their sauls he'll keep as blyth's he us'd,
The Knights o' auld Saint Andre :
For gloomie, sure, the saul maun be,
Wha wadna join the chorus,
Wi' cheerfu' laugh, whane'er that he,
Begins his funny stories,
Sae droll, ilk night.

E'en Pluto, wi' his face sae grim,
 Whan Davie's ance begun, man;
 Waur maun he be than they ca' him,
 Gin he join nae the fun, man :
 E'en Ixion's wheel, an' Sis'phus' stane,
 Will baith stand still a while, now;
 An' at our Davie's witty strain,
 Ilk spectre grim will smile, now,
 An' grin, ilk night.

But is nae that his witty head,
 Comes nodding ben the entry ?
 Yes, faith ! it is himsel' indeed !
 I hope he'll live a cent'ry :
 I'm glad to see his cheering face,
 My sang, its made me frisky ;
 Come, Willie, quick the stoup replace,
 Wi' yer inspiring whisky,
 This merry night.

ELEGY,

*On the late Right Hon. Viscount MELVILLE, Baron
of Dunira, who died 28th May 1811.*

Thy name, which cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee,

O HEAVY loss ! auld Scotia now
May dowie sit, wi' gloomie brow ;
The kindest bairn that e'er breath drew,
Her darling Son !
Has bid this lower world adieu !
Great Melville's gone.

See yon black sky, now, how it lowers :
Hark ! how the drenching rain fierce pours ;
As slowly pass the tedious hours,
On wings o' lead,
These suit wi' what my soul endures,
For Melville dead.

Sad Scotia's Sons, owre hill an' dale,
Come join wi' me, an' him bewail,
Wha help'd great Pitt the bark to sail

In tempest rude ;

Whan illis on illis did sair prevail,

He fearless stood.

O ! wha can hear't, an' no be wae ?

The best friend Scotia e'er cou'd hae,

Now lies, a lifeless piece o' clay :

Relentless Death !

Had ye ta'en aught but him away,

Sma'd been our skaith:

Bright genius sparkl'd in his eye,

An' shaw'd a mind exalted high,

That mankind's motives weel cou'd spy,

Through ilk disguise ;

Ah ! waes my heart, now cauld doth lie,

The guid an' wise.

'The manly form, an' comely face,

'That mov'd wi' dignity an' grace ;

Nae mair we shall behold, alas!

Grim Death, sae chill,

Has been the cause o' yon toom space,
That nane can fill.

Frae's lips what eloquence did flow,
Whan cunning louns the coal did blow ;
Britannia ! muckle sure ye owe,
His mem'ry dear !
Wha. stood yer friend 'gainst ilka foe,
'Thout dread or fear.

Few men were blest wi' friends sae rare ;
Great Chatham's Son, an' worthy Blair :
Yes, I cou'd mention hundreds mair,
Baith south, an' north,
That proud his friendship were to share,
Sae great his worth.

The widow, an' the orphan raise,
Their voice in worthy Melville's praise ;
For aft he sooth'd their griefs an' waes,
Wi' noble heart,
For mankind's guid he spent his days,
Joy to impart.

Ye gallant Tars, Britannia's pride !
 Wha spread her glory far an' wide,
 Now ha'f-mast high yer pendants slide,

Run is the glass,
 O' him wha did yer int'rests guide,
 The great Dundas.

Lang will your wives an' bairns mind
 The great Lord Melville, guid an' kind,
 Wha mony plans an' ways did find,

To mak ye right,
 Ah ! pity ye should e'er hae tyn'd
 A star sae bright.

Ye hardy Sons o' Caledon,
 Wi' dismal dirge, now soun' the drone;
 In dolefu' notes, trowth ye may moan,

For now, alas !
 Yer lealest frien' on earth is gone,
 The great Dundas.

Edina's Sons and Daughters fair,
 The gloomie sable now prepare,
 Yer welfare ever was his care,

How dire the blow,
 L

That maks ye mourn in tears sae, sair,
Him now laid low.

In him ilk genius fand a friend,
Assistance kind he aye did lend;
Ye bards the lifts wi' sorrow rend,
In dolefu' strain,
Till Heav'n in mercy to us send,
His like again.

SONG,

The Sailor's Farewell.

TUNE—She lives in our Alley.

FAREWELL, dear Sally, now I go
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
To meet a proud insulting foe,
In the rude shock of battle :

Far o'er the wild tempest'ous main,
 Fearless to brave each danger ;
 Great Britain's flag there to maintain,
 'Gainst each intruding stranger.

When squalls, and storms, around are spread,
 Yet then, no hazard fearing,
 Thy sailor mounts aloft, 'thout dread,
 His gallant messmates cheering ;
 Or in the heat of dire contest,
 When thick the shot assailing,
 Perhaps thy William may assist
 A worthy friend, when failing.

Then should it be thy William's lot,
 In the dread conflict fighting,
 To fall by some unlucky shot,
 Fair Sally's prospects blighting ;
 Some gallant messmate then may tell
 My Sally, peerless beauty !
 That her fond William nobly fell,
 Doing a Sailor's duty.

Perhaps my guardian angel may
 Shield me in battle dreadful !

For oft, when perils round me lay,
Some Cherub e'er was heedful,
To bear me through the conflict's strife,
Or fierce convulsed ocean ;
And that preserv'd will be my life,
I've still a mighty notion.

Then should it once more be my fate,
Britannia's shores to weather,
The Parson, in sweet wedlock's state,
Shall splice us snug together :
Through life's calm voyage then we'll steer,
And tho' not rich, yet merry ;
For Sally, and each infant dear,
I'll ply my trim-built wherry.

SONG.

TUNE,—Robin Adair.

SWEET bloom'd the craw-flowers
 Upo' the green lee ;
 Blyth, there, I've spent the hours,
 Robin, wi' thee ;
 Now a' thae days are gaen,
 Dowie I sit my lane,
 Nae ane to hear my main,
 'Neath the saugh-tree.

Bright shone the gowden day,
 When I met thee ;
 Sweet bloom'd the bonny spray,
 O' the haw-tree ;
 Now a' is wither'd quite,
 Fled ilka fond delight ;
 Nae mair thou cheer'st my sight,
 Wi' thy blyth e'e.

Aft on the sunnie hill,

Past we the day ;

As the clear wimpling rill,

Sweetly did play ;

Now my tears swell the stream,

As on past joys I dream,

A' thae scenes gloomie seem,

Robin's away.

But see the wee snaw-drop,

Sprouts on the plain ;

As kin'ly whispers Hope,

Robin again,

Soon, here, ye'll cheerfu' see,

Trip owre the gow'nie lee,

To dry the tearfu' e'e,

O' his fond Jean.

SONG.

TUNE,—Logan Braes.

NEAR Cart's sweet braes as forth I stray'd,
 Ae simmer's morn, a lovely maid,
 'Neath yon auld aik, in doolfu' strain,
 Sang o' her love far owre the main :
 Her thrilling notes wha cou'd resist ;
 I was sae rude a while to list ;
 But ne'er shall I forget the waes,
 O' her I heard on Cart's sweet braes.

Dear Sandy was the pride o' swains,
 That dwalt on Cart's gay fertile plains ;
 Love beam'd aft in his dark-blue e'e,
 By Stánley Shaw, when he met me :
 At gloaming, when our task was owre,
 Aft wad he stray by Newton tower ;
 An' by the pale moon's siller rays,
 Tell owre our love by Cart's sweet braes.

But ah ! thae days are gane an' past,
 Misfortune came wi' nirling blast,

An' forc'd my Sandy far to roam,
 Frae his fond Jean, an' native home :
 Nae mair Industry's sound we hear ;
 Fair Commerce, sighing, draps the tear,
 An' Plenty, banish'd, nae mair strays,
 By Stanley shaw, or Cart's sweet braes.

How can I think on that sad day,
 When my dear laddie march'd away ?
 Wi' woefu' heart, an' tearfu' e'e ;
 O ! doolfu' day was it to me :
 Ah ! sair I dread my Sandy's slain,
 For weel I ken he'd yield to nane ;
 But dauntless wad he meet his faes,
 Him ance the pride o' Cart's sweet braes.

O, weary War ! what waes ye bring !
 How mony tender hearts ye wring !
 How mony een ye cause to flow !
 For our brave Sons afar laid low.
 How mony orphans wail an' weep ?
 How mony widows tyne their sleep ?
 How mony spend unhappy days ?
 Like lanely me, by Cart's sweet braes.

THE COUNTRY CHRISTENING.

When Hymen gave the truest joys,
 The dearest bliss which never cloy's ;
 To one dear constant spouse alone,
 The roses of delight were blown.—CLAPPERTON.

THE cheering spring again return'd,
 An' wi' it ilka sweet, then ;
 Ilk youthfu' heart wi' rapture burn'd,
 His comely jo to meet, then :
 Sweet sang the birds on ilka tree,
 As forth the flowers were springing ;
 While the fair milk-maid owre the lee,
 Gay tripping, blyth was singing,
 Wi' glee, that day.

I daund'ring was the furs amang,
 An' to the lav'rocks list'ning ;
 When in my head it came, to gang
 That day to Willie's christ'ning :

Sae owre the bent I hied me soon,
 My heart wi' love was bleezing,
 As to my sel' I blyth did croon,
 Ilk thing aroun' look'd pleasing,
 An' sweet, yon day.

An' as I crost the gowanie green,
 Wi' heart sae light an' cheerie,
 Wha think ye I owretook ? but e'en
 My bonny smiling dearie :
 Whan mony a tender tale o' love,
 Nae doubt I whisper'd to her ;
 O wad she but my suit approve,
 For dearly I do loe her !
 Baith night an' day.

By the shaw side I prie'd her mou',
 For oh ! wha cou'd resist it ?
 She flate upo' me, but, I trow !
 She spake nae as she wist it :
 Syne on we tript to Willie's ha',
 Whar lads an' lasses mony,
 A dinkit out sae clean an' braw,
 Were skimming there, fu' bonny
 An' trig, that day.

Sweet Jean, the wee ane on her knee,

Was like fair Venus shining !

While Willie, wi' a tender ee,

Was owre the twa reclining :

His Mither in the elbow-chair,

E'd her sweet little Oe, now ;

As she put up a fervent prayer

To Heav'n, for ilka joy, now,

On earth, that day.

Mess John neist ent'ring, ilk ane rose,

To shaw him due obeisance ;

For ilka heart wi' pleasure glows,

When in his gudely presence.

He meekly smil'd on a' around,

Nae cynic sour was he, man ;

For tho' deep skill'd in lear profound,

He'd crack his joke wi' glee, man,

Fu' blyth ilk day.

In Willie's manly arms, behold !

The innocent they place, now ;

His Rev'rence, brief, the parents told

Their duty, wi' sic grace, now.

The admonition done, Will bows
 A modest approbation ;
 Hopes Heaven, to execute thae vows,
 Wad help his inclination,
 Ilk future day.

The prayer, imploring grace divine,
 Was said wi' animation ;
 An' in the bonny babe's face syne,
 Was drap't the cauld libation :
 An' in the name o' Heav'n's Great King,
 Its Gutcher's name it gat, now ;
 Its skirling made the house to ring,
 It was nae pleas'd, I wat, now,
 At a' that day.

Now Jeanie's health, in bree o' maut,
 Was gien, an' syne the wee ane,
 An' Willie's sure was nae forgat,
 Our swankies didna jee nane :
 Than routh o' tea an' butter'd scones,
 Cam smoaking in fu' dainty ;
 The Kimmers than in diff'rent tones
 'Gan dealing scandal plenty,
 Fu' crouse that day.

The Auld Fo'ks wi' their locks sae gray,

Were o' their craps a cracking ;

The Young anes now at wads did play,

An' were their dearies smacking :

The Guid-wives spak about their thrift ;

I wat they were fu' knackie ;

As the Auld Granies took a tift

O' guid brown-twist tobacco,

Sae strang, that night.

The supper came, when plate an' spoon,

Gaed there now helter skelter ;

As soon as Tam's lang grace was doon,

I wat ! it was a whulter :

We'd routh o' a' thing that was guid,

The fient a ane was scrimpit ;

The nappie ale to warm the bluid,

Gaun roun', trowth was nae jimpit,

Nor sma', that night.

The barley-bree gaed quickly round,

Whan Geordy, canty cronie,

Gard Willie's ha' wi' glee rebound,

Sae loud he sang, an' bonny :

Sweet was his sang, an' leal was he,
 Guid humour ne'er was wanting,
 Whare'er ye saw his sparkling ee,
 Care seldom there cou'd daunt on,
 That merry night.

The dreaming-bread was dealt about
 Amang the lasses cheerie;
 An' fient ane there, but dream't nae doubt,
 That night about her dearie:
 For Cupid's darts frae glancing een,
 As thick as hail were fleeing;
 An' mony a bonny mou', I ween,
 Gaun hame, fegs! gat a pree'ing,
 That happy night.

As canty grew ilk honest heart,
 To break up a' were laithfu';
 But ah! the best o' friends maun part,
 For fear o' ought that's skaithfu':
 Sae on kind Jean's account we thought,
 It right to lay restriction;
 Sweet, sweet's the pleasure that's no bought
 Owre dear upo' reflection,
 Some ither day.

GALLANT NED,

A Ballad.

HIGH swell'd the surge, loud howl'd the wind,
As Thomas went aloft
To hand the sail, while cross his mind
Came Sue so kind and soft :
And as the cord he thoughtful held,
Scarce wist he where he stood ;
When the rude hurricane high swell'd,
And swept him in the flood.

He struggl'd sore with billows vast,
And many a wistful eye
He to his pitying messmates cast,
Who for Tom's fate now sigh :
The boat to launch was labour vain,
Stav'd would it soon have been.
Or swallow'd in the stormy main,
Which rag'd with fury keen.

Ned saw, and could no longer bear
 To view Tom's piteous face ;
 As down his manly cheek the tear,
 Was seen to fall apace :
 Now dashing 'mid the waves, he cries,
 " Dear Tom, my messmate brave !
 I cannot see those piteous eyes,
 And not attempt to save.

" And if I can't preserve the life,
 Of Tom my messmate kind,
 Why then, amidst the billows' strife,
 A grave with him I'll find."
 As Tom exhausted in the main,
 Near sinks to rise no more,
 Ned's manly arm does him sustain,
 As wild the billows roar.

A friendly wave now passing by,
 Bore Ned and his dear friend,
 In pity kind, the ship's side nigh,
 Where messmates help soon lend :
 The captain and admiring crew,
 With joy brave Ned caress'd ;
 What were his manly feelings now,
 Can never be express'd.

TOM AND SUSAN,

A Ballad.

FAIR Susan liv'd on Forth's sweet side,
 Fairer than she were few ;
 Brave Tom long woo'd her for his bride,
 With heart so kind and true :
 The day arriv'd, no longer she
 Could to him cruel prove,
 For as she'd try'd his constancy,
 She now return'd his love.

The setting sun went gaily down,
 For joy fill'd every breast,
 And mirth and glee were spread around,
 In blessing each was blest :
 But ere approach'd the morning light,
 When silence round was spread,
 Brave Tom was dragg'd, ah ! mournful night,
 From gentle Susan's bed.

He kiss'd his bride, and sigh'd, 'adieu !

No word could Susan speak ;

But ah ! her heart, so soft and true !

For Tom was like to break :

O sad behest, that drags to sea

Our country's boast and pride ;

But cruel, stern Necessity,

Thy law must be obey'd.

In storms and battles, void of fear,

Tom bravely bore his part ;

But, for fair Susan, oft the tear

In his dark eye would dart :

And while the happy crew, the bowl

Sent round the heart to cheer,

Tom to the pale moon op'd his soul,

And sigh'd for Susan dear.

At length arriv'd on northern shore,

By gallant Duncan led,

Brave Tom's true heart, its purple gore,

For Britain's glory shed :

The tidings dire, to Susan soon

Were brought by Forth's sweet side ;

On the green 'sward now sunk she down,

And for her Thomas died.

ELEGY,

On the late S—— A—— J——, B—t.

Who died 7th September, 1811.

O! MELANCHOLY Muse, maun I,

Ere yet my cheeks be hardly dry,

Sit down again, an' mournfu' cry,

In doolfu' strain,

For him wha could in yird does lie,

Kind Sandy gane.

O what is tittle, walth, or fame?

A word, a breath, an empty name;

To feed Ambition's greedy flame,

Death 'thout remeid,

In a few years pits in his claim,

An' lays us dead.

My auld friend Sandy, maun I raise

My doolfu' strains to tell our waes?

Worthy were ye o' nobler lays,

But as a cronie,

I'll e'en attempt to sound yer praise,

'Thout flatt'ring ony.

To serve a friend whae'er was fonder ?

Guid-hearted chiel', now wae I ponder,

An' at his kindness aften wonder,

To mony ane,

An unco blank he's left down yonder,

Since he is gane.

Guid humour aye beam'd in his ee,

O' pleasant temper, social, free ;

If ought he had, soon wad he gie

It without grudging,

Frae a kind fallow ne'er was he

Fond soon o' budging.

Tho' Fortune aften sair him plagu'd,

Wi' disappointments mony leagu'd ;

Yet ilka care awa was fleg'd,

Whan wi' a frien',

The cheering nappie down was swigg'd,

To drown the spleen.

Few e'er possess a clearer head,
 Or their advice mair freely gied ;
 The kittle points o' law he'd screed,
 Aff hand to thee,
 The poor man's frien' he was in need,
 Without a fee.

Nae pride had Sandy, honest chiel',
 An' honest was his heart as steel !
 Sae ilka honest heart maun feel,
 An' join my grief,
 An honest man, ye a' ken weel,
 O' men's the chief.

But as our mourning winna mend it,
 Although it may be weel intended ;
 The bicker roun', then quick let's send it,
 My frien's sae leal ;
 An' to his mem'ry, fegs ! we'll bend it,
 Guid honest chiel !

SONG.

TUNE,—Where will bonny Anny lie?

CANNIE lassie, wilt thou gae
 To yon bonny sunnie brae?
 Whar grows the white-blossom'd slae,
 'Mang the bonny brierie, O!
 There the blue-bells gaily spring,
 An' the lintwhites sweetly sing;
 While the lark, wi' flutt'ring wing,
 Fans the breeze sae cheerie, O!

There the sweet-smell'd eglantine,
 An' the tender fond woodbine,
 Roun' the sturdy aik there twine,
 Wha there e'er cou'd weary, O?
 Near the side o' yon sweet glade,
 Siller saughs hae form'd a shade;
 Blooming heather for our bed,
 There I'll woo my dearie, O!

See the wimpling burnie near,
 Owre the pebbles rins fu' clear ;
 Or 'mang linns its noise we hear,
 Sweet's its din, an' cheerie, O !

There to see thy sparkling e'e,
 Beam wi' social mirth, an' glee :
 The langest day seems short wi' thee,
 Bonny smiling dearie, O !

Now the sun, wi' gowden ray,
 Mak's a' nature smile sae gay ;
 Or behint yon cloud sae gray,
 Hides himsel sae eerie, O !

Sae without thee a' looks wae,
 Pensive 'mang these scenes I stray ;
 When, sweet Anna, thou'rt away,
 A' looks douff an' drearie, O !

SONG,

To an Irish Air.

DROOP, not, Nancy, tho' winds fearful,

Swell Misfortune's dreary tide;

Give me but your smile so cheerful,

Fearless, 'midst the gale I'll ride :

Our small shallop, free from danger,

Through the storm I'll boldly steer ;

To my bosom fear's a stranger,

When I see thy smile so dear !

Hope shall be our anchor, steady ;

Under Honour's breeze we'll scud :

This fond heart shall e'er be ready,

Thee to shield in tempest rude.

Truth shall be our compass ever,

Love and Peace supply the sail ;

Fly thee, Nancy, shall I never,

In Misfortune's boist'rous gale.

Soon the swell of sad Misfortune,
 Shall subside to calm an' rest ;
 Then, with Nancy, gayly sporting,
 Each, in blessing, shall be blest.
 Snug in port, the danger over,
 With my fair who brav'd the storm ;
 Dearly shall I ever love her,
 While this throbbing bosom's warm.

SONG,

The Enamoured Painter.

TUNE—A Cöbler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall.

COME, listen good people, and briefly I'll tell,
 What to a poor Painter here lately befell ;
 One who daub'd upon canvass, and scribbl'd in rhyme,
 And at painting, and writing, faith ! thought himself prime,
 Derry down, &c.

But his pictures, and verses, where'er they were shown,
 Had the strange art of freezing, so cold was their tone ;
 And tho' in their praise he would bother you deaf,
 Folks, some how or other, were hard of belief.

Derry down, &c.

This Painter, whose hand had the art so of freezing,
 Sly Cupid now set his poor heart all a bleezing ;
 'Twas a lovely young Damsel who to him was sitting,
 With whom this poor Painter was woefully smitten.

Derry down, &c.

The Painter to smother his flame long had tried,
 But finding it hopeless, thus dismally cried,
 " Apollo, oh ! pity your poor graphic son ;
 Or by this fair Damsel I'll soon be undone.

Derry down, &c.

" Should I charm her in rhyme, or adorn her in paint,
 Perhaps her hard heart may then to me relent :"
 Apollo made answer, " You mad little Goth,
 As you're equally good at each, why not with both ?"

Derry down, &c.

The Painter then to her 'gan making his moan,
 " These rosy cheeks, fair Maid, how lovely their tone !

And then that bright eye, of the heav'nly blue,
No paint on my pallet can give it the hue.

Derry down, &c.

“ Fair maid, it is far beyond our graphic art,
To paint that sly Cupid now aiming his dart,
From your brightsparkling eye, at your poor humble Painter,
And to touch off those lips, pray, what mortal durst venture?”

Derry down, &c.

The lady look'd at him in strange consternation,
Alarm'd at his gestures and wild conversation :
To be left by herself she felt vastly uneasy,
With one whom she truly believ'd, now, was crazy.

Derry down, &c.

The Painter beholding her blush with confusion,
Being full of conceit, drew a happy conclusion :
On his knee he fell down, but, alas ! in the act,
Down came easel and picture, and all on his back.

Derry down, &c.

The lady scream'd out, when the servants soon enter,
And with wonder beheld the poor woe-beset Painter !

'Neath the easel and picture, stretch'd out on the ground,
The pallet, and pencils, lay scatter'd around.

Derry down, &c.

“Seize that mad little wretch, and have him safe convey'd
To his friends, for, alas ! I am sadly afraid,
Some wild whim or other has turned his brain,
Confinement may bring back his senses again.”

Derry down, &c.

So straightway they seiz'd the poor Painter with speed,
While volleys of curses he pour'd on each head :
What with shaving and blist'ring, low diet and water,
I hope of his passion he'll soon get the better.

Derry down, &c.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

On the Death of Her Grace the DUCHESS of GORDON.

Now wildly along flow'd the fierce running Spey,
 As dim through the mist shone the weeping Aurora ;
 The Shepherd with glee no more chaunted his lay,
 For sorrow prevail'd 'mong the wilds of Kinrara.

O gloomy the Sons of Strathspey round were seen,
 Its once cheerful Maids raise the song now of sorrow ;
 The tender—the gen'rous—the beautiful Jean—
 Now sleeps 'neath the turf in the wilds of Kinrara.

See yon Bard, whose gray locks softly float in the gale,
 On the moss-cover'd rock, hark ! he pours forth his sorrow ;
 His now trembling hands o'er the strings sad bewail,
 Her who sleeps 'mong the dark gloomy tombs of Kinrara.

“ Like the sun on the heath-cover'd mountains was she,
 When gayly he bids the blythe shepherd good-morow ;
 Like the rose she was graceful, ah ! who had more glee,
 Than her who now sleeps in the wilds of Kinrara.

“ Ah ! whoe’er implor’d her kind bounty in vain,
 From the wound of vile care oft she pluck’d the keen arrow :
 To bring forth to view the deserving poor swain,
 Was the pride of her heart who lies cold in Kinrara.

“ Sure few ever left more dear friends here to mourn ;
 Few e’er left behind them more children of sorrow,
 Than that lovely form, which will never return
 From the dark narrow house in the wilds of Kinrara.

“ But why should a Bard now, like me weak and old,
 To praise her, attempt, who had scarcely a marrow ?
 Her like, these sad eyes, ne’er, alas ! shall behold ;
 All that’s lovely and good now lies cold in Kinrara.”

Here he paus’d—and his sweet-melting notes died away,
 As from his dim eye flow’d the big tear of sorrow :
 Yes, long shall the children of cheerless Strathspey,
 Mourn the loss of sweet Jean, who now sleeps in Kinrara.

WATTY'S WARNING.

LANG in doubt did Watty swither,
 But at length he fix'd the day,
 Whan fair Kate shou'd leave her Mither,
 Dinked out in bride's array.

'Mang bare trees the win' was rairin,
 Watty mark'd the drifting snaw,
 Took o' brose a decent sairin,
 Syne to bed he sled awa.

Aften for the mornin' wish'd he ;
 On the win' wi' eerie sough,
 Something whisper'd, " Watty wist ye,
 Troth ye'll see it soon enough."

Wild up in his bed he started,
 For the soun' struck to his saul ;
 Quick in's mind the thought now darted,
 How he'd slighted moorlan Mall.

To the ither side he shifted,
 Try'd to sleep, but a' in vain;
 Sair he grain'd, an' grumph'd, an' rifted,
 Aye the soun' he heard again.

In a dover, ha'flings sleeping,
 Sad he saw, wi' hallow ee,
 Mally, pale an' wan, come weeping;
 To him waefu' thus spake she:

“ Walter, gin ye ever marry
 Ony saul on earth but me;
 A' thou dost will sure miscarry,
 Naething shall gang right wi' thee.

“ Ere a towmond you'll be cuckold,
 Wat, believe me, truth I tell;
 Ilka day ye'll rue ye buckl'd
 Wi' yon girning imp o' hell.

“ Ilka bairn she has ye'll think aye,
 That yer nae o' it the dad;
 While her clippie tongue, sae clinkie,
 Scorns ye till yer fairly mad.

“ Ilka day yer head saluted,
 Shall be wi’ the heavy tangs,
 An’ yer haffets scratch’d an’ clouted,
 Than reveng’d will be my wrangs.

“ Poortith too, shall haunt ye daily,
 Girning, ragged brats for bread,
 Wi’ their whimp’ring shall assail ye,
 While ye tear yer tautie head.

“ Ilka day shall care an’ sorrow,
 Gar ye shake baith lith an’ limb,
 While ilk night yer saul to harrow,
 Ye I’ll haunt wi’ ghaist sae grim.

“ Than at last, believe me, Walter,
 Wi’ despair owrecome, shall ye
 Hang yersel up in a halter,
 On yon rugged auld saugh-tree.”

Now straught aff the phantom vanish’d,
 Sair for breath did Watty gape ;
 Thoughts o’ marriage now are banish’d,
 Still he thinks he fin’s the raip.

SONG.

TUNE,—The bonny House o' Airly.

THE Lady looked frae her ha,
 Her thoughts were sad an' drearie,
 To think her Lord was far awa,
 O vow ! but she was eerie.

What means now a' this warlike din ?
 Spears I see glancing clearly ;
 I wish my Lord, wi' kith an' kin,
 Were near the towers o' Airly.

O ! gin my Lord, and his brave men,
 Kend now a fae was near me,
 Soon wad he speed owre hill an' glen,
 Wi' his brave men to cheer me.

O ! yon's Argyle's proud crest I see,
 Wave on yon hill sae clearly ;
 Weel kens he brave Lord Ogilvie,
 Is far awa frae Airly.

“ O ! why now owre that blooming cheek,
Fa’s the big tear sae pearlie ?

O ! let me dry that ee sae meek,
For I do lo’e thee dearly :

Now gie me but thy milk-white hand,
An’ three sweet kisses fairly,
An’ I will gie my men command,
To spare the house o’ Airly.”

“ O ! proud Argyle, great is thy power,
Ye ken my Lord’s wi’ Charlie,
An’ now ye come to waste my bower ;
But ye may rue it sairly ?

Gae fight wi’ men, an’ never let
The warld at ye ferlie !
Ae kiss frae me ye ne’er shall get,
Tho’ it wad save sweet Airly.

O ! bring my plaid o’ tartan sheen,
An’ I shall wander eerie ;
Black is the sight to my sad een,
An’ lang’s the gaet an’ weary :

But ten brave sons now I hae born,
To my dear Lord o’ Airly ;
An’ they may gar the proud Lord Lorn,
Rue this black day fu’ sairly.

SUMMER STORM.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce — THOMSON.

FAIR now beam'd the bonny morning,
 Ilka tower was tip'd wi' gowd,
 Phœbus rose the fields adorning,
 Warm the purple hills roun' glow'd.

Warbling blyth, the sangsters cheerie
 On ilk tender spray were seen ;
 Frae the sweet-smell'd blooming breirie,
 Hung the dew-drop, sparkling sheen.

Willie now came forth right gaily,
 Love shone in his glancing ee ;
 Now to meet his bonny Ellie !
 Neath yon blooming hawthorn-tree.

Loud he whistl'd, blyth an' cheerie;
 For his heart was wond'rous light;
 Soon he saw his smiling dearie,
 Shining like the morning bright.

“ Now, sweet Lass, to town I'm gangin',
 To prepare for that blyth hour;
 Ah ! dear Elsa, how I'm langin',
 Till ye grace my humble bower.”

Sweet an' mony were love's stories,
 Time flew by wi' rapid stride;
 Now bright Sol display'd his glories,
 Tauld Will it was time to ride.

Ae sweet kiss, an' syne they parted,
 Fond their youthfu' hearts an' true;
 In her ee the big tear started,
 Laith was she to part some how.

To the town now Willie bent him,
 There gat a' things to his mind:
 Frien's, wha a' his days had kent him,
 Met him wi' their wishes kind.

Fast roun' Willie cronies gather,
 Drouth comes on whan neighbours meet;
 Warm an' sultry was the weather,
 They maun now their wizens weet.

Roun', now, gaed the bicker reaming,
 To the health o' Elsa fair!
 Willie's ee, wi' pleasure beaming,
 Tauld them a' his joy was there.

Wi' kind frien's, an' liquor cheerie,
 Fast awa the time does glide;
 Aft we thinkna, how right drearie,
 Sits our dame by lane fireside.

Now fast rush'd it Willie's min' in,
 That right drearie his fair bride
 Now might sit, the sun's declining,
 Whisp'rin' it was time to ride.

To his trusty steed he hies him,
 Soon it scours the gaet along:
 Fearless o' the storm now rising,
 Willie croons a canty sang.

Vivid was the lightning gleaming,
 'Mang Clackmannan's lofty trees ;
 Thick black clouds wi' fire were teaming,
 Hush'd was now the was'lin' breeze.

Fast the hail-stanes were descending,
 Mixt wi' heavy draps o' rain ;
 Thunder loud, the sky was rending,
 A' look'd drearie owre the plain.

Loud an' large the burn was pouring,
 Swollen was wild Devon's tide ;
 Black the shades o' night cam lowering,
 Darting lightnings fearfu' glide.

The eerie fiend o' rapid Devon,
 Near the foord was seen to gleam ;
 High the fierce swell'd water heaving,
 Shrill an' fearfu' was its scream.

Louder yet the thunder's roaring,
 Red now glares the lightning's flash :
 Harder still the rains are pouring,
 Furious down the linns now dash.

Fearless 'midst the stream Will dashes,
 Running fierce frae bank to brae ;
 While the lightning's dreadfu' flashes,
 Guide him on his dreary way.

By deep waters now surrounded,
 Frae the foord he's downward borne ;
 Wild its roar, the hills resounding,
 A' look'd fearfu' an' forlorn.

Frae his steed, alas ! he's swept, now,
 Down the raging stream he's tost,
 Lang Will strave, 'mang eddies deep, now,
 But at length his strength is lost.

Aft to Heav'n he turns his eyes, now,
 Where the awfu' lightnings glare :
 For sweet Elsa, sair he sighs, now,
 An' then sinks to rise nae mair.

Aft, dread Fate, the morning cheerfu',
 Rises gay, in splendour bright ;
 But e'er night, wild storms, sae fearfu',
 A' our hopes an' wishes blight.

Cheerless, Elsa sat, an' listen'd,
 To the dreadfu' thunder's roar ;
 As aroun' the lightnings glisten'd,
 Thoughts o' Will her bosom tore.

To the road aft look'd she eerie,
 For his way lay near her cot ;
 But, alas ! a' roun' look'd drearie,
 Gloomie was ilk fav'rite spot.

Ilka dreadfu' thought combin'd, now,
 Fearfu' screams she thinks she hears ;
 Aft the foord cam in her mind, now,
 As fast fa' the pearlie tears.

Her ag'd mother sighs sae deep, now,
 As the thunder's louder heard :
 Sad forebodings banish sleep, now,
 For Will's safety sair she fear'd.

Dreadfu' was the night, an' weary,
 Still nae Willie cheer'd her sight ;
 To the foord, than hied she drearie,
 Soon as dawn'd the morning light.

Hush'd was now ilk troubl'd billow ;
In a creek yon burnie near,
'Neath yon drooping, weeping willow,
There she found her Willie dear.

When she saw his clay-cold bosom,
Where ance dwalt virtue an' grace,
Blasted was the rose's blossom,
Which adorn'd her lovely face.

On the bank down sunk poor Ellie,
Reason fled this hopeless bride ;
Now she roams in search o' Willie,
Daily by sweet Devon side.

In her looks appear distraction ;
Wild she talks, now, to the wind, ;
From that day has sad dejection
Reign'd within her troubl'd mind.

VERSES,

*Written on the Seventh Birth-Day of my Youngest
CHILD.*

MY bonny wee bit canty thing,

Thou'st seen now seven years :

Thy tender life is in the spring,

And ilka scene now cheers.

Sweet Child, enjoy them while you may,

Sic days will ne'er return ;

For hark ! yon Bard, now cauld in clay,

Said Man was made to mourn.

May thy wee heart, how great the bliss !

Wi' Pity's streams aye flow,

An' what thou hast to spare, sweet Lass,

On Poortith's Sons bestow.

Blyth be thy hours in Life's gay round,
My bonny wee bit flower :
May Virtue in thy cot be found,
Then Peace will grace thy bower.

The days o' youth do fly apace,
An' soon come days o' care ;
O ! never may thy bonny face
Be lur'd by villains snare.

Curse on the ruffian, wha wad dare
That bonny bud to blight,
Or cause the tear o' sorrow sair,
To dim that ee sac bright.

May Heav'n's best blessings on thee flow,
An' guard thy bonny face ;
As fast in days an' years ye grow,
May ye abound in grace.

SONG,

Auld Friends.

Tune,—Tullochgorum.

MY honest-hearted worthy Chiel,
 How glad am I to see ye weel ;
 We're nowbeside a couthie beil,
 An' fegs we'll hae a jorum :
 It's lang since we our wizens wet,
 But ne'er shall I the time forget,
 When Meg an' Jean wi's twa did set,
 To the reel o' Tullochgorum.

Come Hostess bring's a Hawick gill,
 An' to his health a glass I'll fill ;
 Ise drink it aff wi' right guid will,
 As I hae done before wi'm :
 O ! how it joys my heart to see,
 A leal auld frien', wi' sparkling ee,
 Tak out his glass an' canty gie
 'S the reel o' Tulluchgorum.

Aft hae we sported on yon brae,
 As sweetly smil'd the gowden day,
 Wi' cheerfu' queans, sae blyth an' gay,
 We fear'd nae than life's storm ;
 But mony a sour an' nirling blast,
 Owre our auld heads, I true ! hae past,
 Since you an' I sae cheerfu' last,
 Sang canty Tullochgorum.

But let us no repine at fate,
 Altho' our fortune be nae great,
 We've aye enough, at ony rate,
 To fill the stoup gallorum :
 An' douf is he wha wad compleen,
 An' sit wi' sour an' sulky mein,
 Out-owre a glass wi' an' auld frien',
 Wha sings sweet Tullochgorum.

Then Hostess brings anither stoup,
 Wi' joy my heart now 'gins to loup ;
 An' faith Ise hae a hearty soup,
 Wi' my auld frien' gallorum :
 An' when that I auld frien's forget,
 May Frien'ship on me barr the yett,
 An' my dear Musie tak the pet,
 An' ne'er sing Tullochgorum.

POOR EMMA,

The Maniac.

“ As drops the fair lily by blasting mildew,
So poor Emma pines fast away ;
For Billy she lov'd with a bosom so true,
Sleeps far 'neath the white-foaming spray.

“ Hark ! the gale how it howls o'er my sweet Billy's grave,
While the hard rugged rock is his pillow ;
His covering, alas ! now the wild-dashing wave,
Yes, o'er him fierce roars the loud billow.

“ Sure a requiem, the Sea Nymphs would sing to my dear,
For none could him see without loving :
Hark ! yon dismal sound, 'tis their shrill notes I hear,
To me, ah ! how plaintive and moving.

“ See his brows with a garland of sea-weed they bind,
Ah ! mark my love's dark curling hair :
Be still ye proud waves, and be hush ye rude wind,
Heav'n bless ye, sweet Nymphs, for your care.

“ O ! they’ve laid my true love in yon grotto so deep,
 By coral and sea shells clad over ;
 Where o’er his pale corpse the sweet Nymphs their watch
 keep,
 Till I come to the bed of my lover.”

SONG,

The Sailor’s Welcome.

TUNE,—M·Pherson’s Rant.

SWEET Anna, wi’ a modest grace,
 Came tripping owre the lee,
 Joy sparkl’d in her bonny face,
 Her looks were fu’ o’ glee :
 An’ aye she sang wi’ cheerfu’ strain,
 As love beam’d in her ee,
 “ My Willie has come hame again,
 Frae foreign lands to me.

What storms an' dangers has he past,

My sailor, charming man ;

Ah ! mony a sour an' nirling blast,

Owre's fearless head hae blawn :

But tho' the wind an' dashing spray,

Hae dim'd his shining ee,

Yet, like the faithfu' compass aye,

His heart's the same to me.

In sultry climes my Willie's been,

Whar burning sun-beams dart,

An' mony wanton beauties seen,

Wha try'd to lure his heart :

But a' their wiles an' arts were vain,

For riches car'd nae he ;

For ah ! my brave an' faithfu' swain,

Had left his heart wi' me.

Tho' chilling mist an' scorching heat,

Hae made his visage dun,

This tender heart wi' love shall beat,

Till life's last glass has run :

Tho' brown'd that cheek, where roses sweet,

Bloom'd pleasant to the ee ;

Yet when wi' smiles my Will I meet,
He's aye the same to me.

I trust my Willie never mair,
Will leave his Anna dear,
Or vex her tender heart sae sair,
Or force the brinie tear :
In happiness an' sweet content,
The hours will gaily flee ;
Till laid we are beneath the bent,
My faithfu' Will an' me.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

On the KING'S BIRTH DAY, 1812.

I sing the day sae aften sung,
 Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
 In whase loud praise the Muse has dung
 A' kinds o' print.—FERGUSSON.

SEE sorrow sad, now spread aroun',
 The ance gay smiling Fourth o' June!
 Whan mirth an' joy, in Reekie's Town,
 Shone in ilk face,
 Now seems completely out o' tune,
 Alas ! alas !

I'm wae to see a day neglected,
 That us'd to be sae much respected ;
 I'm sure Auld Reekie's weel protected,
 By sturdy chiels,
 Wha, shou'd strife rise, 'thout fear wad check it,
 An' fight like deils.

She'll may pe owre to Pridweel pack her,
 Sax owks to dwell.

Now, baudrons, ye may safely sleep,
 Our Callans, here, faith! daurnae cheep,
 For our Police sic order keep,
 That shou'd a kittlen,
 Be thrown that day wi' glarie sweep,
 They'd get a settlin.

An' gin, wi' either flower or tree,
 Ye busk yer winnocks, straught ye'll be
 To Council Chamber ca'd, to gie
 A sad account,
 How ye durst break the wise decree,
 Put up in print !

Guid losh ! what wad fam'd Robie* say,
 Wha sung sae sweet, wi' cheerfu' lay,
 The praise o' this aye canty day,
 Had he been living ;
 Guid-hearted chiel, he'd been right wae,
 An' gi'en ye'd scriven.

* Vide ROBERT FERGUSON'S Poem on the King's Birth-day.

But ah ! he sleeps 'neath yon green sward,
 Dear Burns*, ye tender-hearted bard !
 Wha paid to him sic fond regard ;
 Yon mournfu' stane,
 Shaws how ye genius cou'd reward,
 In dulcet strain.

O ! Geordie, but it grieves me sair,
 To think that now a face o' care,
 On yer birth-day, sae sweet an' fair,
 My ee shou'd meet ;
 Nae soun' o' mirth, nae joyfu' air,
 In a' the street.

I thought ye wadna soon forgot
 King George, right dear to mony a Scot ;
 But sic, frail man, is thy sad lot ;
 The best o' kings
 Maun moulder soon in yon sma' spot,
 Like ither things.

* ROBERT BURNS erected to the memory of ROBERT FERGUSON,
 a plain, neat Tombstone, in the Canongate Churchyard, 6th of
 February, 1787.

“ O! far I’ll rin, an’ fast I’ll rin,
 For thee, dear Lady, fair !
 To see thy brave Lord Roswellhau’,
 An’ clear thy brow o’ care :
 Yes, tho’ the win’s blaw fierce an’ snell,
 An’ rains fa’ hard an’ sair,
 Yet, for my bonny Lady’s sake,
 Ilk danger will I dare.

Scarce had he run but four short miles,
 Whan, near yon bonny glen,
 He spied, a-crossing Braid’s sweet stream,
 The Earl o’ Murray’s men :
 Syne back he fled, wi’ speed fu’ feet,
 To tell his Lady dear ;
 The cruel Murray’s bluidy men,
 Her bonny bowers were near.

She chid him sair for turning back,
 Nae fear nor dread had she ;
 She cou’dna think a helpless fair
 Wad e’er molested be :
 But soon, alas ! she saw owre weel,
 Her page’s fears were true,
 For naked was she turn’d abroad,
 While keen the cauld win’s blew.

O ! fearfu' howl'd the win' that night,
 An' dreadfu' was the storm ;
 That pour'd on this sweet Lady fair,
 O' matchless face an' form :
 An' sair she wails, an' sair she weeps,
 While keen the north win's blaw ;
 An' aft she cries for her dear Lord,
 The gallant Boswellhau'.

Now dark an' drearie, 'mang the woods
 An' fearfu' rocks, she stray'd ;
 But lang before neist doolfu' morn,
 Her heav'nly reason fled :
 She laid her 'neath a willow-tree,
 An' wi' her last breath sigh'd,
 The name o' her dear Boswellhau' !
 Syne clos'd her een an' died.

When Boswellhau' heard this sad tale,
 What anguish wrung his soul ?
 He tore his hair, an' beat his breast,
 While fierce his een did roll :
 An' while fast owre his manly cheek,
 The tear fell frae his ee,

He swore a solemn aith, reveng'd
On Murray he should be.

An' lang he sought, an' sair he sought,
A sweet revenge to get ;
At length he heard the Regent proud,
Assembl'd had the State,
To meet at bonny Lithgow's town,
Upon a certain day ;
'I thought he, I on the tyrant then,
Revenge I trust shall hae.

Now he has gaen to Lithgow town,
On a fleet steed, an' strang ;
An' for the proud Lord Murray, there,
He waited sair an' lang :
Wi' haughty mein, now by him came
The cause o' a' his woe ;
Fast flew the ball, which quickly laid
The cruel tyrant low.

Syne to his trusty steed he hied,
An' fast he rode away ;
While soon the show, an' grand parade,
Was chang'd to dool an' wae :

But may ilk tyrant, wha wad daur,

A tender fair to treat

Wi' sic relentless cruelty,

Meet wi' a Murray's fate,

PREMATURE EPITAPH.

STOP, Passenger, near by this stane,

Lies D**** T****, the wale o' men!

Death has nae hit, wi' his vile dart,

A clearer head, or warmer heart :

Few better play'd, in Life's short span,

The part o' a guid honest man :

To Scotia's Muse his mem'ry's dear!

Here Poets pause, an' drap a tear ;

But ah! tread lightly on his dust,

For he was gen'rous, kind, an' just.

Tho' low his frien'ly heart here lies,

His vital spark has reach'd the skies ;

An' now he strikes the lyre above,

To everlasting songs o' love.

Whisht ! whisht ! there's D****'s fit, I swear,
 I ken his tread, guid safe's, how queer !
 Yes, that's his voice, as sure's I'm livin',
 He's still on Earth, whom I to Heav'n
 Had sent, fegs ! rather prematurely—
 He wasna dead, but only poorly.

Ye vile, news-making, blundering loun,
 To breed sic grief in our guid town,
 An' set my bosom sae a panging,
 Weel for it ye deserve a banging.

Lang may ye live, my honest D****,
 An' mak us mony a canty stavie ;
 To cheer yer frien's, yer son, an' spouse,
 Is the kind wish o' yer frien' Bruce.

SONG.

Tune,—What ails this Heart o' mine.

COME dry thae shining een,
 Why dim them wi' a tear?
 Thou ken'st, tho' I am bound afar,
 Thou ever shalt be dear:
 In Fancy's cheering dreams,
 Thy lovely form I'll see;
 An' tho' aroun' me rage the storm,
 Yet still thou'lt smile on me.

In the wild conflict's heat,
 When hostile faes assail,
 Thy fervent orisons to Heav'n,
 For me will sure prevail:
 Then on the wings o' love,
 I quick shall fly to thee,
 An' dry the pearlie tear that dims
 My bonny Mary's ee!

The spears now glide aroun' !

The drum now ca's to arms !

The boat now waits to bear me hence,

Frae Mary's blooming charms !

It's no the toils o' war,

Nor yet the raging sea,

I fear, but ah ! sweet maid, alas !

How sair to part wi' thee.

But fare thee weel, dear Love,

My blessings rest wi' thee ;

Within this throbbing bosom's core,

There reign supreme shall ye :

Soon to these arms I'll haste,

An' dry that tearfu' ee ;

Nae joy nor peace can fill this breast,

Till I return to thee.

SONG.

TUNE,—Lord Moira's Welcome,

Slow.

ADIEU ! my kindest, lealest Dearie,
 Wae I leave ilk spot sae cheerie,
 Now to roam owre wilds sae drearie,
 Far frae love an' thee, Mary.
 Larks nae mair I'll hear a singing,
 Where the bonny craw-flower's springing,
 Sorrow now my heart is wringing,
 To leave hame an' thee, Mary ;
 But while sad my steps I'm bending,
 Cares an' fears my bosom rending,
 May kind Heav'n be ever sending,
 Blessings rich on thee, Mary.

Dowie through the woods I'll wander,
 Or where winding streams meander ;
 On past joys I'll silent ponder,
 Tweest dear thee an' me, Mary :

Then fareweel ilk knowe sae bonny,

Happy days I hae spent mony ;

As we stray'd nae cares I'd ony ;

A' was joy wi' thee, Mary ;

But despair now rends my bosom,

When I think I now maun lose them ;

Nips my hopes just in the blossom,

When I part frae thee, Mary.

Joy nae mair, alas ! sits gleaming,

In that ee sae lately beaming ;

'Then, nae hours o' sorrow dreaming,

Fond I gaz'd on thee, Mary :

Dimm'd wi' tears is now its shining,

A' my hopes will soon be dwining,

When I lanely sit reclining,

Thinking upon thee, Mary.

Beat wi' love my heart will ever,

Tho' the Fates our fortune sever ;

Thy fair face forget I'll never,

Till the day I die, Mary.

But shou'd Fortune's smiles, sae cheerie,

Fleg the clouds sae black an' cerie,

Pouring riches on your dearie !

Quick I'd fly to thee, Mary :

Then fair Scotia's shores embracing,
 Care an' sorrow far hence chacing,
 Ilka former joy retracing,

Happy shall we be, Mary :
 Never mair again I'll leave thee,
 Charming Maid, sae sair to grieve thee ;
 Hand an' heart, wi' joy, I'll give thee,
 Constant aye to be, Mary.

MARY OF DEE,

A Ballad.

SWEET Mary was the fairest dame,
 That ever grac'd the banks o' Dee ;
 An' far an' near was spread her fame,
 An' mony came this maid to see.

The rose an' lily blended shone
 In her fair face, while her sweet een

Wad made the cauldest bosom own,
 Her marrow scarcely e'er he'd seen.

Peace lang had reign'd in our sweet Isle,
 An' blest wi' plenty ilk blyth swain ;
 But weary war, wi' noise an' toil,
 Resum'd her fearfu' voice again.

Ane wha degrades the Sodger's name,
 Wi' flatt'ring tongue, an' gracefu' mein,
 Rais'd in fair Mary's breast a flame,
 Which spoke soon in her glancing een.

Aft wi' her, down by yon green wood,
 Whare roses grow, at e'en he'd meet ;
 The bonny birds, in cheerfu' mood,
 Aroun' wad chant their notes sae sweet.

By wiles an' vows he wan her heart,
 In ae black hour she granted a' ;
 The ruffian fled, an' left to mourn,
 That breast till then as pure's the snaw.

Alas ! poor Mary droops an' pines,
 The rose soon frae her cheek was gane ;

Amang yon thorny eglantines,

Dowie an' sad, she sung this strain:

“ To me nae mair the birdie sings,

Nae mair the bonny trees sweet bloom ;

This ance gay heart, now grief sair wrings,

An' a' thing roun' me wears a gloom.

“ Ah ! little kend my ance fond breast,

That love had sic a cruel sting :

Near, thought I, when by a' carest,

What anguish ae fause step cou'd bring.

“ Be warn'd, ye maids, wha see my woes,

By flatt'ring tales o' men up-born ;

Ah ! ne'er ne'er let them pluck the rose,

Or sure wi' thee they'll leave the thorn.”

Now fondly owre her babe she'd weep,

An' for its hapless fate oft sigh ;

For ah ! she found by sorrow deep,

Soon in the clay-cold grave she'd lie.

Yes, now she sleeps by yon green yew,

Kind Pity sooth'd her last sad days ;

But wha her moss-clad grave can view,
 An' not detest the villain base.

ODE

To Independence.

HAIL Independence ! gift of Heaven !

Ah ! deign to grace my cot ;
 The few to whom thy favour's given,
 How happy seems their lot.

Ah ! would'st thou deck the lowly bower
 Of a poor humble swain,
 How sweet would glide the fleeting hour ;
 But no—the wish is vain.

Still thou elud'st my weary way,
 Nor giv'st one cheering smile ;
 Nor shedd'st on me one glad'ning ray,
 To ease my care and toil.

Behold the prowling Indian roam,
 For food, through forest wild ;
 At eve, how sweet his clay-built home ;
 Thou'st mark'd him for thy child.

And see yon fearless Mountaineer,
 E'er to the stranger kind,
 Pursues the roe an' fallow-deer,
 With thoughts as free's the wind.

Ah ! why elude the humble Bard,
 Who fain would sing thy praise ?
 Nor show one glance of fond regard,
 His sinking hopes to raise.

Come, Heav'nly Maid, no longer coy,
 Not large domains I want ;
 A cheerful cot, where Love and Joy
 May find a pleasant haunt.

And come, sweet Muse, the Bard's kind friend,
 Who oft hast sooth'd his pain ;
 Thy witching smile, O ! sometimes lend,
 To grace his homely strain.

SONG,

The Souters o' Selkirk.

TUNE,—Fy let us a' to the Bridal.

THE Souters o' Selkirk sae loyal !

O bravely they fought for their King ;

At Flodden, in het bluidie trial,

They roun' him gat a' in a ring,

An' swore, that wi' sic a brave fallow !

They either wad conquer or die ;

Then hey for the Souters sae brawly,

Lang canty an' weel may they be.

Their chief was a guid honest fallow,

An' weel cou'd he tak aff his horn ;

At a raid, or an ae-handed tulzie,

He fear'dna the man that was born.

Says he, sec yon faint-hearted Earl,

How basely he slinks frae his King ;

By the mass, now, I'd gie the sly carl

'S vile neck in a halter to swing.

O brave fought the Flowers o' the Forest!

Their hearts were aye loyal an' kind ;

They stood in the field, that day, foremost,

Nor were the brave Souters behind :

Brave Huntly, an' ilk Highland Laddie,

Most bravely, there, stood by their Prince!

O, had ilk Chief been as steady,

The South'rons had gotten a dance.

O lang may fair Selkirk town flourish,

An' ilka brave heart that is leal ; •

But may ilka traitor loun perish,

An' gang to his patron, the Deil :

An' here's to ilk brave Souter fallow,

Their Wives, an' their Bairnies, an a' ;

Wha roun' their Prince bravely will rally,

A sword or a trigger to draw.

SONG.

TUNE,—Paddy O'Rafferty.

Och! Teddy, this heart in my bosom is breaking,
 For thee, alas! Ted— it is constantly aching;
 The maids, they all jeer me, an' say I'm forsaken,
 As sadly I sigh for my Teddy O'Rafferty.

Och! now, my dear Teddy, how could you be leaving,
 Your poor little Judy, to sit all day grieving?

Sure I do nothing, from the morn till even,

 But sigh for my darling, sweet Teddy O'Rafferty.
 Pray, how can ye, Cupid, to Jud be so teasing?

Och! och! you sly imp, how you bother my reason!
 There's nothing to me, now, in nature looks pleasing,
 Since left all alone by my Teddy O'Rafferty.

Och! far has he gone o'er the wild-raging ocean,
 To meet the rude foe in the fiercest commotion;
 While here I am left, deepest sorrow my portion!

Och! how my heart blazes for Teddy O'Rafferty!

Och ! what made you, sweet Teddy, turn such a ranger ?
 And why did you leave me to go courting danger ?
 Sleep to my poor eyes, now, alas ! is a stranger,

Since 'lone thou hast left me, sweet Teddy O'Rafferty.
 Och ! how could you leave, for the roar of the cannon,
 Our neat little cot on the banks of the Shannon ?
 Where the mild breeze of eve, now, so softly is fanning,
 Poor Jud, as she sighs for her Teddy O'Rafferty.

Och ! man now to man, why, alas ! be so cruel ?
 Since mercy on earth, sure, is life's brightest jewel ;
 To the fire of black war, then, cease adding more fuel,

And send to my arms my dear Teddy O'Rafferty.
 Sweet Peace, with her blessings, were she but returning,
 Dear Erin's fair Daughters should then cease their
 mourning ;

Och ! for that sweet hour how my bosom is burning !

When Judy shall clasp her dear Teddy O'Rafferty !
 To joy shall be chang'd, then, the roar of the cannon,
 As we trip it so gay on the banks of the Shannon ;
 Then—then little Cupid the flame shall be fanning,
 That glows in the heart of my Teddy O'Rafferty.

*Additions to, and Alterations on,***AN OLD SONG.**

O MY love's bonny, bonny, bonny !

O my love's bonny an' fair to see !

An' aye when I look on her weel-far'd face,

In her sweet bosom fain wad I be.

Her een are clear as morning dew,

Shining on the breerie thorn ;

Her neck is o' the lily's hue,

Her cheeks like roses in the morn.

If my love were a violet blue,

Planted 'neath yon flowrie shaw ;

An' I were but a drap o' dew,

In its sweet bosom I wad fa'.

If my love were a rose so sweet,

In my breast it shou'd be seen ;

Grow it wad wi' my bosom's heat,

While tears shou'd water't frae my een.

If my love were a lambkin gay,
 Sporting on yon gow'nie green;
 I'd cheer it wi' my pipe a' day,
 An' in my bosom lay't at e'en.
 O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny, &c.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Misfortunes seldom come alone.

NEAR whar Breadalbane's mountains high,
 Wi' their grey taps haud up the sky;
 Whar rowing slow, owre mony a linn,
 The noble Tay mak's murm'rin' din;
 Whar coolin' ba'my zephyrs blow,
 Whar bounds the fleet an' gracefu' roe,
 An' fearless roams the Mountaineer,
 Fn' heart'ly fed on hameil cheer;

Whar our brave hardy sires o' auld,
 Fought wi' the Roman legions bauld;
 An' daur'd them, 'mang their hills to enter,
 Wi' bluid an' death, gin they shou'd venture;
 Sae that they boot to travel hame,
 The lang dreigh road owre whilk they came,
 The same bauld Heelan' bodies still,
 Roam owre, or sleep, on ilka hill,
 Nor bragna yet o' far-come ware,
 But feast them still on hamert fare.

In lowly cot, here, snug him lane,
 There dwelt a humble, honest swain,
 A sturdy, eident, canty wight,
 Wha blythly toil'd frae morn to night:
 Nae care had he to cause him langour,
 But yet he had his Heelan' anger;
 An' get him ance but in a passion,
 He'd fearna a' the bulls o' Bashon.
 Ae morn, at leerie's early craw,
 He took his spade, an' hied awa
 To tir some peats to beet his fire,
 Ha'en for his breakfast strang desire.
 The peats brought hame, soon het the pat,
 While Donal' a' impatience sat,

Stir'n roun the meal, say'n to himsel,
 O brochen now I'se hae my fill.
 But oh ! mirk fate ! how soon thy blast
 Can a' our keenest hopes owrecast !
 In sic a case had Donal' gat,
 While grinnin' owre his brochan pat,
 In hopes that in a jiffy, he
 Cou'd stechen to his belly gie ;
 But as the brochen roun' he ca't,
 He minded then he had nae saut——
 " Hout, hout—what's tat—teil care," quo' he,
 " The coot saut putter's custy pree,
 Will relish weel her morning's tose,
 An' mak'st so pest's te Christmas prose."
 Sae up the butter can he gat,
 To pour a wee soup in the pat ;
 But in the pat, wi' unco splutter,
 Plumpt right the sonsie lump o' butter :
 Clash gaed the can—his dirk he drew,
 To save the butter frae the stew——
 But oh ! the pat being auld an' craz'd,
 An' Donal's heelan fury rais'd,
 He gae it sic a dab, I wat,
 Out gaed the bottom o' the pat.
 Poor Donal' now owrecome wi' care,
 Frae'm flung his dirk in wild despair ;

When oh ! mair dirdum an' misluck,
 In his guid naig's fat rump it stuck ;
 Whilk nae being us'd to sic a plunk,
 Gae suddenly a fearfu' funk,
 That ca'd the stirk owre clockin' hen,
 An' smoor'd her wi' her chickens ten.

Now tint in smoak, an' steem, an' din,
 Poor Donal' cou'd nae stan' or rin ;
 He fancy'd hell's hale crew had gather'd,
 An' had his Heelan hurdies lather'd.
 The boiling gear gae him a wound,
 His houghs were a' quite blister'd round ;
 His brissly head he scarted sair,
 An' rugg'd an' toor his tauty hair.
 " Haud, haud your han', ye tevils you,
 What tit her nown self Tonal' to ?
 Her no pe middle wit no Teil,
 What for you'll pe car her to squeel ?
 Ohon ! ohon ! her hurdies sore,
 For coot sake shentlemen's no more."

Poor Donal' suffer'd sair that night,
 Nane ever gat mair awfu' fright :

The wyte o' a' this sad afray,
 Was just his laziness to gae
 To the niest neib rin' town, whar he
 Had gotten saut an' sav'd his bree ;
 But now, experience bought, tho' late,
 When'er he minds his blister'd fate ;
 Bree—butter—naig's rump—stirk—an' hens !
 He'll scud for saut through rocky glens,
 To ony distance, lest the pain
 O' brochan scad he dree again.

ROBIN'S FIRESIDE,

A Fragment.

ANG'RY Boreas loudly skirling,
 Drave his blatt'ring hailstones dour ;
 Garin' birkies wha'd been curling,
 For the alehouse ingle scour.

In the loan the kye were routin',
 In the bughts the sheep were pent,
 Herds had ca'd the heavy nout in
 Frae thè snaw-clad drearie bent.

Robin frae the town arrives, now,
 Meets his Jean wi' sparkling ee ;
 Ilka bairnie smirkin' strives, now,
 Wha shall gain his manly knee.

Bonny blink'd the canty ingle,
 Warm an' sweet the clean hearthstane ;
 Tho' the win' gard winnocks jingle,
 Nane cou'd here o' could complain.

Laid's the claith sae fair an' white, now,
 Frae the crook the pat's ta'en down ;
 Ilka face beams sweet delight, now,
 As their seats they tak aroun'.

Proudly in the middle smoking,
 Beef an' kail adorns the board ;
 While the lass now brings ben rocking,
 Haggis that might dine a lord !

O' a' thy fare, sweet Caledonia !

Haggis ye're the wale o' cheer ;

May thy sons an' daughters bonny !

Ne'er want sic substantial gear.

Robin's face wi' joy was beaming,

A' his bairns sae blythe to see ;

While the gratefu' tear stood gleaming,

In fair Jean's sweet sparkling ee.

Now the wee anes' harmless prattle,

Glad's the tender parent's ear ;

As the hailstones fiercer rattle,

Hark the voice o' wae draws near.

“ Pity now th' unfort'nate stranger,

Ye whase looks speak peace an' joy,

He whase 'scap'd the tempest's danger ;

Save the shipwreck'd Sailor boy.

“ Gane's alas ! my mother ! cheerless

For her Tom she aften sigh'd ;

Wha, with gallant Duncan, fearless,

For his country bravely died.

“ Left an orphan sad an’ drearie,
 Ance my parents hope an’ joy !
 Shipwreck’d here I’ve wander’d weary,
 Pity then the Sailor boy.”

“ Welcome thou’rt, sweet boy, believe me,
 To our humble cot an’ fare ;
 Hard’s the heart that wadna give thee,
 O’ his house this night a share.

“ Great’s thy claim, wha cou’d refuse thee ?
 Helpless child o’ Britain’s pride !
 Foul befa’ him wha’d ill use thee,
 For our weal thy father died.

“ Gratefu’ sure shou’d be ilk Briton
 To the Tar o’ fearless mind !
 Wha, the dreadfu’ conflict’s heat in,
 Gallantly his life resign’d.”

May auld Scotia’s canty callans,
 Wha for ane anither feel,
 Aye hae warm an’ couthie dwallin’s,
 An’ ne’er want for milk or meal.

May her sons sae brave an' trusty,
 Wha in gi'ein' are sae blest,
 Never want a haggis gusty,
 Still to succour the distrest.

EPISTLE

*To a FRIEND, on the Decay of Taste for the FINE
 ARTS in SCOTLAND, 1812.*

Now twenty year's blawn owre an mair,
 Since I began a painting;
 An' I may say, 'thout vaunting sair,
 That naething e'er's been wanting
 Upo' my part, to please ilk ane,
 Tho' fickle aft their natures:
 To paint, sure muckle care I've taen,
 Hamely or bonny features,
 On ilka day.

Some fashious bodies sair me plagu'd,
 Wi' their confounded hav'ring;
 I've thought Auld Nick wi' them had leagu'd,
 To ding my head a dav'ring;
 But ither fo'k hae been mair kind,
 An' paid me sic attention,
 As gard my young an' gratefu' mind,
 Bless their sweet condescension,
 Sae great, yon day.

O! cou'd some fo'ks but only see,
 The pain they gie 'thout thinking,
 I'm sure mair sparing they wad be,
 O' their ill tongue's vile clinking:
 But some maun speak, tho' it shou'd mar
 The peace o' their best frien', man;
 Frae sic fo'k Heav'n aye keep me far,
 An' their curs'd tongue sae keen, man,
 To gab, ilk day.

How quick my happy days flew past!
 How slow my hours o' sorrow;
 Sad Disappointment's nirling blast,
 Bids now ilk day guid-morrow.

Sweet was my daily toil to me,
 For in't my saul delighted !
 Now, dull I sit, wi' tearfu' ee,
 To see my prospects blighted ;
 O ! mournfu' day.

Sweet was't to paint the placid brow,
 O yon Grandame sae mild, man ;
 As fond she clapp'd the curlie pow,
 O her dear Son's sweet child, man :
 While her meek ee, see upward bent,
 Imploring peace an' plenty !
 Upo' the prattling innocent,
 Wha pats her cheek sae genty,
 An' kin', yon day.

Or yon auld head, which ance was brent,
 Wi' lyart locks sae thin, now ;
 See how his face beams sweet content !
 For a' is peace within, now ;
 A weel-spent youth mak's garr'lous age,
 Aft pass awa fu' fouthily ;
 Wi' crack, or joke, or storie sage,
 'Neath some snug biel' fu' couthily,
 An' blythe, ilk day.

An' then, to draw the blooming Youth,

O' manly face an' form, man ;

That Jove-like front, an' lips o' truth,

May yet a Senate charm, man :

Or in the bluidy stour sae wild,

May fearless thrash our faes yet ;

How aft hae sic for Britain toil'd,

To bring her happy days yet,

An' nights, I true !

How sweet the task ! to paint the Maid

Whar countless sweets combine, man ;

Ilk beauty's to our een display'd,

In that fair face divine, man !

An' than the gracefu' shape to draw,

Lovely in ilk direction !

This gies the Painter stamina,

To aim at true perfection !

Inspir'd, that day.

Her bashfu' look, sae saft an' meek ;

Her cheeks like new-blawn roses :

Her siller neck, sae fair an' sleek,

Sic gracefu'ness discloses :

Like cherries steep'd in morning dew,

Her coral lips appear, man :

Wi' bosom o' the lily hue,

An' een sae sparkling clear, man !

An' sweet, that day.

But a' thae joys afar are fled,

Doolfu' I sit, an' lane, now ;

Knock'd up clean's now the painting trade,

Which maks the Artist mane, now :

This weary war, an' taxes sair,

Ill hairsts, an' siclike evils,

Gars clever chiels gang wi' coats bare,

An' look like ha'f-starv'd devils,

Thir waefu' days.

Nae mair the smoking joint is seen,

Upo' the social table ;

Pale Famine, wi' her hollow een,

Deck'd in robes thin an' sable,

Stalks up an' down the room, ance grac'd

Wi' the sweet blooming fair ane ;

Our golden days are now effac'd,

An' chang'd to days o' airn !

Alack-a-day !

O ! Poortith ! ye unlo'esome hag,

Deel, nor I saw ye carted ;

How mony a sair an' deadly jag

Ye gie the honest-hearted :

How mony cruel pangs ye gi'e

The tender feeling bosom !

How hard is it, ilk day to see

Nipp'd, Hope's saul-cheering blossom !

Thir 'waefu' days.

I'm laith to throw my pencils yet,

An' pallet in the fire, man ;

But aft, when sad an' wae I sit,

My heart boiling wi' ire, man,

I curse the day I ever tried

To gain a lasting name, man,

Amang Art's darling Sons ! denied

The poorest wretches claim, man,

Thir doolfu' days.

O ! may we ever hope to see,

Thae happy days again, yet ;

Yes ! faith ! I trust right cantily,

Sweet notes o' joy I'll raise yet :

Shou'd that soon be, a sang I'll sing,
 Ye scarce e'er heard the like, man;
 My wood-notes wild, shall cheerfu' ring!
 An' drown ilk growling tyke, man,
 Wi' joy, that day.

SONG.

TUNE,—Bruce's Address at the Battle of Bannockburn.

Quick.

LASSIE steek the hallan door,
 Let auld Boreas skirl an' roar,
 It's lang since we met before,
 Happy we's be a':
 Fill the stoup up to the brim,
 Toast ilk frien', afeel' or hame,
 Warm his back, an' fu' his wame,
 Whare'er his lot may fa'.

Come, now, fill another glass,—

Here's to ilka smiling lass,

Either south or north the Bass,

Canty may they be :

May they soon, gin Heav'n sae plan,

Get a hearty, honest man,

Wha'll by king an' kintra stan',

Whane'er we danger see.

Now, I'm in a right guid tune,

Hout awa ! our stoupie's dune !

Troth ! we canna part sae soon !

Birl our plack shall we !

In a stoup, auld Care we'll drown,

Crabbit, sour, an' sulky loun ;

Aft he's tried to keep me down,

But 'boon him yet I'll be.

Joy now sparkles in ilk ee ;

Come, let's spend this night wi' glee ;

A' sae happy roun' to see,

Wha wad nae be fain ?

Fient a face, now, here looks wrang,

Gie us, then, a canty sang ;

Tho' the night be cauld an' lang,

We ha'e o' it nane.

Now I've just anither toast,—
 Lang may Britain's pride an' boast!
 Guard fair Freedom's bonny coast,
 Frae chains an' slavery!
 May her Sons, by sea an' land,
 Shou'd the fae approach our strand,
 Forward come, wi' heart an' hand,
 To drive them i' the sea!

SONG.

[TUNE,—In the Garb of Old Gaul.

SEE! the banner of Tyranny now is unfurl'd,
 And prostrate beneath, lies the panic-struck world;
 But mark, 'midst the ocean, yon snug little Isle,
 At the Tyrant's dread threats, with contempt see her smile:
 Hark! how she calls her Sons to arms! see, each the fal-
 chion draws,
 For Country, King, and all that's dear! for Liberty and
 Laws!

Recording Fame shall mark the name,
 With Honour's true applause !
 Of those who fight for Britain's right,
 How glorious the cause !

The genius of Freedom has here fixt her shrine,
 And soon her fair light on far nations shall shine ;
 From the hot sands of Afric, to Russia's north pole,
 Her inspiring breath shall enliven each soul :
 Hark ! now she calls her Sons to arms ; see, each the fal-
 chion draws,
 For Country, King, and all that's dear ! for Liberty and
 Laws !

Recording Fame shall mark the name,
 With Honour's true applause !
 Of those who fight for Freedom's right,
 How glorious the cause !

In the plains of Aboukir our aged Chief bled,
 And brave Moore, near Corunna, now fills Honour's bed ;
 Their lives, for fair Freedom, they fearless laid down,
 But while mem'ry shall last, ne'er shall fade their renown.
 Hark ! Freedom calls her Sons to arms, &c.

Then, under the standard of Freedom advance,
 To humble the pride of the Tyrant of France ;

'Gainst vile tyrants of old, oft our sires fearless stood,
And they seal'd our fam'd chart with their dearest heart's
blood.

Now Freedom calls her Sons to arms, &c.

SONG.

The Farewell.

TUNE,—Roslin Castle.

IN her sparkling blue eyes shone the bright crystal tear,
To mind those fond eyes shall forever be dear ;
O'er her once rosy cheeks fast the big pearls fell,
As I tenderly sigh'd, dearest Anna, farewell !
Cold her hand was as marble, which fondly I prest,
While the pain of her bosom her sad looks exprest ;
Every sigh she breath'd forth, pierc'd my heart with a knell,
As I mournfully sigh'd, dearest Anna, farewell !

That soft tender heart, form'd for virtue and love,
 Ah ! must, I so long from it far distant rove ;
 But where'er I stray, thou shalt still bear the bell,
 Tho' doom'd, dearest Anna, to bid thee farewell !
 In my fond bosom's core thou shalt e'er be supreme,
 And distance and time shall augment the pure flame ;
 On these features so sweet my fond fancy shall dwell,
 Tho' the hard fate of war makes me sigh, love, farewell.

TO YOUNG POETS.

Come let me Sing the waes an' cares,
 The humble Bard maun meet, wha dares
 To climb the rugged rocky stairs,
 O' high Parnassus !
 Nae wonder yon dull Cit declares
 Us senseless asses.

Vow ! but our Patrons now are scarce,
 Whilk maks sae poor the trade o' verse ;

Let ye sing English, Scotch, or Earse,

I'm laith to say,

The taste for posy's chang'd to farce,

Oh ! doolfu' day.

But gin a dancer, or rope-swinging,

Or foreign loun wi' nimble finger,

Or an outlandish opera-singer,

Gie's tweedldee,

A rousing sum they're sure to bring her,

Sic taste hae we.

When ye hae screeded aff yer rhyme,

An' made ilk verse to sweetly chime,

The words an' lines a' keeping time,

Baith rank an' file,

Wi' mony a thought, faith ! right sublime,

In grandest style.

Gin to Du'decimo ye gang,

Thinking nae doubt he'll rouse yer sang ;

Guid troth ! ye'll find right soon ye're wrang,

The fient a line,

But gets frae him a cursed bang,

Tho' e'er sae fine.

Yer feeling heart maun too endure,
 The surly Critic's snarl sae sour ;
 Ablins, like curs on ye they'll pour,
 An' mak ye curse
 The evil, an' unlucky hour,
 Ye e'er wrote verse.

But ne'er ye mind their crabbit daunts,
 The Bard wha seeks the Muses haunts,
 Maun for their sakes bear mony wants,
 The cheering lasses,
 Will ye reward for a' thae taunts,
 Aunce up Parnasses !

I winna say ilk ane's a tike,
 Or they're a' bees o' the same bike ;
 Fond to gar Bardies fidge an' fike,
 Na—some o' worth,
 To cheer the rising bard weel like,
 An' bring him forth.

Them shall I mind wi' gratefu' heart,
 Wha kindly took the Bardie's part,
 An' turn'd aside the ranc'rous dart,
 Aim'd at his bosom,

May they in life ne'er feel Care's smart,
But Fortune's blossom.

How sad's the fate o' the poor Bard,
Wha by subscription claims reward,
For a' his pains an' labour hard ?

Wi' sordid scowl,
The sons o' wealth him aft regard,
Piercing his soul.

O ! but it grieves my heart fu' sair,
To see how few for Poesy care ;
He'll tell ye wi' a gouk-like stare,
He downa read it ;

I pity much the gothic bear,
Poor silly idiot,

But wha can paint the Poet's joys ?
The town an' a' its gaudie toys ;
It's smoke, its bussle, din, an' noise,
Are a' forsook ;

Great Nature's God his thought employs,
By some clear brook.

Whiles roaming through the dark green wood,
 Or 'mang the whins where maukins whud,
 Or in the vale whar sweet flowers bud,

He aft is seen ;

Or midst the storm, whan hailstones scud,
 Out owre the green.

Or by some bonny wimpling lin',
 He list'ning marks its pleasing din,
 As sport beneath, wi' nimble fin,

The trout an' eel;

Or musing whar deep waters rin,
 An' eddies wheel.

Or frae a rocky mountain steep,
 As round, loud-howling win's fierce sweep,
 He marks below the foaming deep,

Wha's dashing wave,

Maks mony a bonny maiden weep,
 Her lover brave.

Or through some wild lane glen he strays,
 Tracing, wi' awe, Heav'n's wondrous ways !
 The mair he sees, the mair his praise,
 To Him unseen,

Wha wisely guides, frae mortal gaze,
This vast machine !

For him Dame Nature ope's to view,
Her stores o' wond'rous form an' hue !
Wi' gratitude her haunts pursue,
Ye to whom's giv'n
This precious gift, the favour'd few
Are blest by Heav'n.

Z 2

WILLIAM TELL,

A Ballad,

IN TWO PARTS.

It is thou, Liberty ! thrice sweet and gracious Goddess ! whom all in public or in private worship ; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change.—STERNE.

PART FIRST.

THE rising sun, with radiant ray,
 Illum'd Helvitia's glaciers gay,
 And ting'd them with a golden hue,
 As sparkl'd bright the morning dew.

The purple clouds, which late o'erspread
 Each mountain's venerable head,
 Now wafted from their bed, forth show
 These countless heights, o'ertipt with snow.

Now, down the fissures, many a stream
 Came dazzling, with resplendent beam;
 Sending their sparkling mists on high,
 In spreading vapours through the sky.

The balmy breeze now breathes supine,
 O'er mountain daisy, or eglantine;
 And brushes from the flow'rets gay,
 Their odour sweet, at dawn of day.

Thus Nature smil'd, when William Tell
 Came forth to chase, o'er rock and dell,
 The chamois goat, elate and free,
 As ever mountain breeze was he.

Tell, leaning on his hunting spear,
 With joy beheld the morning clear;
 What dazzling splendour met his view,
 'Mong hills and glens of various hue.

Now as he Nature's works admir'd,
 With love to Heav'n his soul was fir'd;
 What grateful feelings fill'd his breast,
 As he the donor thus address'd:

“ O God! thou giver of all good!
 Who'st oft my friend in danger stood;
 Accept a grateful mortal's praise,
 For peaceful nights and happy days.

“ What beauteous scenes around me rise!
 What wond'rous works now meet mine eyes!
 What gratitude now fills my breast,
 For every good by me possest!

“ Oft hast thou, by thy heav'nly care,
 Preserv'd me from the wicked's snare;
 Tho' perils many round me lay,
 Yet still thou wert my strength and stay.

“ O! may I send my prayer above,
 To thee, Great Source of Peace and Love!
 To ask a blessing on that Fair,
 Thou'st given to my protecting care.”

“ Yes, sure, dear William, and she'll join,
 For blessings great on thee and thine;”
 Said fair Matilda, as she prest
 Her William to her throbbing breast.

Now the big tear of love was seen
 In her sweet eye, so bright and sheen ;
 While their dear child embrac'd his knee,
 So pleas'd his parents' love to see.

“ My fair Matilda, now I go,
 With hunting spear and faithful bow,
 To chase the chamois for thy sake,
 O'er rock, through dell, and fearful brake.

“ But when return'd, I gain my cot,
 How happy then the huntsman's lot,
 When welcom'd by thy lovely smile,
 Reward of every pain and toil.

“ Ye ling'ring moments, fly apace,
 Till I behold my Maud's fair face :
 Farewell, sweet love ! dear child, adieu !
 My only wealth on earth are you.”

Now see him up the glaciers go,
 Bounding o'er rocks, like fleetest roe ;
 While charming Maud, with her dear boy,
 In knitting does her hours employ.

Around her play'd the lovely child,
 And to her often talk'd and smil'd :
 While time flies on with leaden wings,
 Of her dear William, hark ! she sings.

SONG.

“ What danger round the huntsman's lying,
 As quick from rock to rock he's flying ;
 Following bold the chamois fleet,
 In the full chace, to sportsmen sweet.

“ See, o'er the dreadful deep below, now,
 Or up the glaciers clad with snow, now ;
 Still on he bounds, 'thout dread or fear ;
 His arrow aims, or hurls his spear.

“ But blythe at eve, when homewards bounding,
 I hear his bugle sweetly sounding ;
 As gay he turns the winding hill,
 What raptures then my bosom fill !

“ With speed, straight to his arms, I fly, now,
 While sweet love sparkles in his eye, now ;

Quick, then, I spread my homely cheer,
For my brave, charming, huntsman dear."

Thus, as she spent the early day,
Obscur'd was now each golden ray :
Loud howl'd the blast, while drenching rain
Was dashing o'er the hill and plain.

The darting lightning's fearful gleam ;
The black clouds with dread thunder teem ;
While Maud sigh'd deep for William dear,
And for his life had many a fear.

A weary traveller, wet and cold,
Now at her rural cot made bold
To knock, and for admittance pray'd,
Till the wild storm, so fierce, was laid.

For he, alas ! had lost his way,
And fearful dangers round him lay :
Ah ! who can hear the stranger's grief,
And not afford him kind relief ?

Ne'er from Matilda's friendly door
Had gone the hungry, or the poor ;
And one by storm an' need oppress,
Soon 'neath her friendly roof found rest.

Her homely board was soon replete
With wine, and milk, and viands sweet ;
The hearth another billet grac'd,
To warm and dry her unknown guest.

Now past and gone the howling storm,
Matilda's lovely face and form,
Within the stranger's breast 'gan raise,
A storm which spoke in wanton gaze.

Her auburn hair, by fillet bound,
Play'd light her lily forehead round ;
Her cheeks were of the rose's hue,
As sparkl'd sweet her eyes so blue.

Her coral lips, and teeth so white,
What eye could see without delight ;
With shape divine, and graceful air,
She shone the fairest of the fair.

Now as she smil'd, and still him prest,
 She rais'd a flame in his rude breast ;
 The like before he'd never felt,
 As on her beauteous face he dwelt.

He seiz'd Maud by the lily hand,
 And show'd his star so blazing grand :
 " If you'll consent to go with me,
 Lord Grisler shall your lover be.

" Take this in earnest of my love,
 Which as my life shall lasting prove :"
 Then in her hand a purse he slip'd,
 While, with vexation, fair Maud wept.

She dash'd it on the ground in scorn—
 " No,—tyrant know, I ne'er was born
 To yield to such a thing as thee,
 While faithful Tell lives but for me.

" I would not give his manly heart,
 For all the joys wealth can impart :
 Hence from this roof, lest he appear,
 And make thee pay this insult dear."

When Grisler saw his suit repell'd,
 With rage and lust his bosom swell'd :
 He grasp'd fair Maud with rudeness bold,
 But soon was she as icicle cold.

Now as she lay, of motion void,
 " By Heav'n, I'll bear her hence," he cried ;
 Then straight he seiz'd fair Maud with speed,
 To bear her to his trusty steed.

But near as he the door had past,
 Brave William ent'ring, look'd aghast :
 " What mean'st thou, villain, by this strife ?
 Or whither would'st thou bear my wife ?

" By Heav'n, she's gone, thou ruffian fell !
 No, no, she lives, she hears her Tell :
 Look up, sweet Maud, and tell me why,
 This money on the ground doth lie ?"

Return'd was now her rosy hue,
 And love beam'd in her eye so blue :
 She rush'd to her brave William's arms,
 And smil'd at all the tyrant's harms.

When William heard her artless tale,
 Wild rage and love his heart assail ;
 Dread fury from his eye flash'd keen,
 To think how Maud had treated been.

“ Hence from this house, these hands shall ne’er
 Profane the rites to good men dear ;
 But when I meet thee in the field,
 And ’gainst thy breast the falchion wield ;

Then foot to foot, and arm to arm,
 Thy conscience black will speak the harm
 Thou mean’st to honest William Tell,
 Till then thy guide through brake and dell.”

Through dingle wild, o’er rock and glade,
 In sullen silence see them tread ;
 Till now arriv’d at gloomy glen,
 O’erhung by rocks, near fearful fen.

Round grew the lofty pine and oak,
 On which owls scream, and ravens croak ;
 Here oft the wolf at midnight howls,
 As from his den for prey he prowls.

The tyrant now 'gan Tell to brave,
 With the base name of coward slave;
 Then out his burnish'd brand he drew,
 And swore Tell now should dearly rue,

That hour he dar'd his legal lord,
 With foot to foot, and sword to sword :
 The point had pierc'd Tell's doublet through,
 When back he sprung, and out he drew

His trusty blade, with rust clad o'er,
 Which soon was dyed with Grisler's gore :
 Hard on the tyrant Tell now prest,
 And soon had sent his country's pest,

A howling to the shades below,
 When shrill he heard a bugle blow ;
 And looking round, in wild surprise,
 Five hundred spearmen met his eyes.

Forth from behind each rock, or tree,
 A spear, or full drawn bow saw he ;
 All aim'd at him, and only wait,
 Proud Grisler's word, to seal his fate.

“ Quick, seize this slave,” the tyrant cries,
 “ His life now at my mercy lies ;
 I’ll teach him soon, and all around,
 E’en at my cap to bow profound.”

Soon dragg’d to goal was gallant Tell,
 And bound in chains in noisome cell ;
 There to await the tyrant’s doom,
 Amid the prison’s awful gloom.

As mourns the ring-dove for her mate,
 Allur’d to his untimely fate,
 Caught by the crafty’s cunning wiles,
 He flutt’ring dies in sportsman’s toils.

So mourn’d fair Maud for her brave Tell,
 As down the briny tear fast fell ;
 For much she fear’d the tyrant’s art,
 Might lure her William’s guileless heart,

Into some dreadful fatal snare,
 Ere of his craft he was aware ;
 For oft she’d heard, the tyrant’s wrath,
 To the brave Swiss was certain death.

The time flew past, no Tell was seen,
 Gay tripping o'er the flow'ry green ;
 Fearful alarms fill Maud's sad breast,
 As to her heart her child she prest:

" The tyrant, now, sweet boy, I fear,
 Low, low has laid thy father dear ;
 And pierc'd that heart so kind and true,
 But vengeance shall the deed pursue.

" This tender arm shall teach thy hand,
 To draw and weild the bloody brand,
 To bend the bow, and aim the dart,
 Till reach'd it has proud Grisler's heart.

" Then shall thy country praise the deed,
 That made the tyrant's bosom bleed ;
 And thy fond mother proudly own
 Thee for brave Tell's heroic son !"

Perhaps he lives, and now lies low
 In dungeon damp—there let us go ;
 On my bent knees his life I'll crave,
 And every insult for him brave.

O give me but my darling Tell !
 Then wild Ambition's haunts, farewell ;
 To some lone cot, we'll far remove,
 There happy in each other's love.

On humble fare in russet gray,
 In harmony we'll spend the day ;
 To virtue rear our lovely child,
 Among the lofty mountains wild.

Now with her child the road she took,
 And wistful round oft did she look
 For her brave Tell, but hope delay'd,
 Sicken'd her soul as on she stray'd.

With prattling sweet the lovely child
 To her the tedious way beguil'd ;
 For often fell the pearly tear,
 As she thought on her William dear.

At length the lofty spires were seen
 Of Ure dazzling gay and sheen ;
 As shone the setting sun's red rays,
 Tinging her towers with golden blaze,

What hopes ! what fears ! fill'd Maud's rack'd mind,
 Words to express sure none can find ;
 But we must leave poor Maud to mourn,
 And to brave Tell again return.

PART SECOND.

BRIGHT rose the sun, his gilding ray
 Shone on the towers where William lay ;
 But not one solitary beam,
 E'er in Tell's gloomy cell could gleam.

The trumpet's sound his ears assail,
 The bells rung loud a merry peal,
 The hinge with grating sound is heard,
 The warder enters with the guard.

Who, now with mighty voice proclaim,
 In mighty Grisler's hateful name,
 His will it is, Tell brought forth be
 To the great square of fam'd Ure ;

There, high within the market-place,
 Lord Grisler, of illustrious race,
 Had plac'd his cap, whose will it was,
 That every citizen should pass,

And make obeisance, as if he
 Were there himself in majesty ;
 Who would not with this law comply,
 For their contempt should instant die.

When William came within the square,
 Some hundreds gather'd round him were ;
 But when they saw him at it smile,
 And spurn at them who were so vile,

As to a tyrant's bonnet bow,
 They in the air their caps 'gan throw ;
 Shouting long live the gallant Tell !
 Who will not bow to tyrants fell.

Dragg'd was brave Tell to prison straight,
 And soon assembl'd were the state ;
 Where, by the tyrant's power, he was
 Condemn'd to death for breach of laws,

To hang upon a gallows high,
 E'er that day's sun had left the sky,
 As warning to each peasant slave,
 Who'd dare the will of Grisler brave.

Now sorrow seiz'd each feeling heart,
 When swift into the court did dart
 A lovely female and sweet child,
 With dark despair her looks were wild.

“ O save him ! save him ! loud she cries,
 Or never more will Maud's sad eyes
 Be dry, till her parch'd brain take fire,
 And every Swiss with rage inspire.

“ Yes, fathers, children, all shall rise,
 At poor Maud's wild distracted voice,
 Against the tyrant, who can doom
 My youthful hero to the tomb.”

Now Grisler from the rest she spy'd,
 In chair of state, elate with pride ;
 Then to his throne with speed she flew,
 And at his feet herself she threw.

“ O ! Switzerland’s great mighty lord !
 O ! save my Tell from headsman’s cord ;
 Join with me too, my lovely child,
 To make Lord Grisler’s heart more mild.”

“ O ! save my Father,” cry’d the boy,
 “ And every morn I shall employ
 In praying blessings on that head,
 Who graciously my father freed.”

With pity mute the court now stood,
 When Grisler spoke in gloomy mood :
 “ Yes, I thy Father’s life will give,
 On one condition shall he live.

“ Here by our will it is decreed,
 That if an apple on thy head,
 He pierce at hundred paces, sure
 His life is then beyond my power.

“ But if he fail, assuredly
 That moment he shall instant die :
 Guards seize the child, and let Tell know,
 Such mercy we to him now show.”

When fair Maud heard the sad decree,
 A wild convulsive laugh gave she;
 Then off she sprung like wounded doe,
 Few e'er bore such a load of woe.

To the high mountain quick she fled,
 And fast the tale of woe was spread;
 But on before my Muse me bears,
 To view the happy mountaineers.

Hark! now the sounds of mirth resound,
 Through every wood and hill around;
 Through dingle shaw and ferny brake,
 They to the merry-meeting take.

The archers clad in doublet green,
 The spearmen deck'd in mantles sheen,
 The maids in white and russet gray,
 All join the favourite roundelay.

BOWMAN'S SONG.

How merrily we climb the mountain high,
 Or through the greenwood in full cry;

With hound and horn we chace the roe ;
Whiz goes the spear, and twang the bow.

Now, hark ! a brother's voice we hear,
What cheer, good fellows, pray what cheer !
Then quick we make the kind reply,
The best of cheer, pray stop and try.

The scrip, and flask, with glee we spread,
Beneath some cooling beech's shade ;
When blythe we laugh, and drink, and sing,
While with our mirth the green woods ring.

Thus merrily goes the Bowman's life,
Free from ambition, care, or strife :
If any should this truth deny,
He's welcome, here to stop and try.

When to our cot at eve we come,
Sweet, then, O ! sweet's the Bowman's home ;
With smiles our maids their lovers meet,
And carol gay our welcome sweet.

While soon the board's with plenty spread,
And if a stranger seek our shade,

Our cheer is good, with glee we cry,
You're welcome, stranger, stop and try.

As through the dance they gayly glide,
Poor Maud then sought the greenwood side ;
Her tresses o'er her shoulders spread,
The rose, now, from her cheek was fled ;

And dim that eye so lovely blue ;
And pale the lips of coral hue ;
Her heart, alas ! was breaking fast ;
And wild, she cried, with looks aghast :

“ Oh ! save my child ; oh ! save my Tell ;
And send the tyrant down to hell ;
For sure he's worse than tiger wild,
Who dooms the sire to slay his child.”

No more her frantic voice could say,
Exhausted nature now gave way ;
Down sunk she on the flow'ry bent,
Fatigue and grief her heart had rent.

The maids the cordial quick apply—
 At length she op'd her languid eye,
 And told a tale so fraught with woe,
 As made each eye with tears to flow.

Each Bowman vow'd brave Tell to save,
 Or with him sleep in Honour's grave ;
 Then arm'd himself with bow and spear,
 With battle axe, or broadsword clear.

True courage in each eye now beams :
 Undaunted each a hero seems :
 Mitchel lead on, all furious cry,
 The word is Tell, and Liberty !

When William heard the dire behest,
 What sad emotions tore his breast ;
 " My child ! and will nought else assuage
 The tyrant's more than brutal rage.

" Full well he knows, with arrow swift,
 I soon an apple would have cleft
 On any place, 'thout dread or fear,
 But on the head of him so dear.

O God ! if it is so decreed,
 That by my hand my child must bleed,
 Then grant this arm may guide the dart,
 To reach the tyrant's savage heart."

Now high Lord Grisler sat in state,
 While round his guards in order wait ;
 As forth the lovely victim's led,
 For Tell each feeling bosom bled.

The charming innocent he kiss'd,
 And to his manly bosom press'd ;
 What dreadful fears rush'd on his mind,
 As the child's lovely eyes they bind.

While to the tree the child is bound,
 What dreadful awe fills all around :
 " Fear not, brave Tell," the child then cried,
 " Kind Heaven will the arrow guide."

The apple's plac'd, Tell grasps the yew,
 And with firm aim the arrow drew ;
 The Heaven-directed shaft now flies ;
 The apple's cleft—what shouts arise!

The father then flew to his child,
 And him embrac'd in transport wild ;
 While every tongue the action prais'd,
 And on the pair with rapture gaz'd.

Fear always haunts the guilty breast,
 The troubled mind can find no rest ;
 So when the tyrant's keen eye spy'd
 Another shaft by William's side,

Dread thoughts his bosom now possest,
 As he the fearless Tell address :
 " What may that other arrow mean,
 That in thy belt alone is seen ? "

" Know, tyrant, then, that shaft you see,
 By William Tell was meant for thee ;
 For had I touch'd my son, most true
 This shaft had pierc'd thy black heart through."

The tyrant, now, half choak'd with wrath,
 Doom'd gallant Tell to instant death :
 Seiz'd was he straight, with cords fast bound,
 When murmurs loud spread quick around.

The Citizens and Bowmen brave,
 Now forward press, brave Tell to save :
 Their cause was good, they knew no fear,
 They fought for all that man holds dear.

Mitchel asunder cut the cord
 That Tell confin'd, then quick a sword
 He plac'd into his manly hand—
 “ Free, now, brave Tell, thy native land !”

As for the tyrant, Tell keen sought ;
 The guards retire where'er he fought ;
 At length proud Grisler met his view,
 As arrow swift at him he flew.

“ Now, tyrant, meet we hand to hand,
 And foot to foot, and brand to brand :
 If ye escape, now, villain base,
 May Heav'n also give thee grace.”

Fierce fought the tyrant, but soon found,
 Tell's blade had giv'n a dreadful wound !
 Then from the field he fled aghast !
 While, fearless, Tell hard on him prest.

But Grisler's guards came to his aid,
 And soon would Tell a prisoner made ;
 Some paces Tell must now retreat,
 And for his friends the Bowmen wait.

Then straight he seiz'd a stubborn yew,
 The arrow to the head he drew ;
 Unerring flew the deadly dart,
 And dyed its wings in Grizler's heart.

Cursing brave Tell, in dreadful wrath,
 His angry eyes were clos'd in death ;
 As lovely Maud, midst't war's alarms,
 Rush'd to her gallant hero's arms.

Victorious friends around now crowd,
 And rend the air with shouting loud,
 Long live fair Maud ! and gallant Tell !
 Who low has laid the tyrant fell.

May blessings e'er his race attend,
 Who would not to a tyrant bend ;
 But fam'd Helvetia has set free,
 From tyrant's chains and misery.

ODE TO LIBERTY,

Sung in full Chorus.

HAIL! glorious Liberty, O deign
 Long o'er Helvetia's land to reign,
 And on her Sons propitious shine,
 With thy ethereal love divine.

How great the deeds by thee inspir'd,
 The gen'rous mind, when with thee fir'd,
 Undaunted every ill can meet,
 For what to man's like freedom sweet?

The fleet and sturdy Mountaineer,
 Inspir'd by thee can know no fear;
 O'er rugged mountains see him rove,
 No fetters but the chains of love.

As these he bears with cheerful mind,
 Hope whispers soon she will be kind;

Most willingly he bears her chains,
For pleasure far o'er pays his pains.

Long may Helvetia's valleys teem,
With smiling Plenty's glad'ning beam ;
And Peace, with her enchanting smile,
Long flourish on her fertile soil.

But when a Tyrant dare presume,
To cast upon her vales a gloom,
Among her Sons, may there still be
Found a brave Tell to set her free.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 21, line 10, for *new* read *now*.

Page 22, line 6, for *sparkling* read *radient*.

Page 53, line 9, for *bank* read *banks*.

Page 73, line 5, for *Barossa* read *Barosa*.

Page 75, line 5, for *airn* read *sairn*.

Page 117, line 15, for *rose* read *roe*.

Page 199, line 5, for *goal* read *gaol*.

Edinburgh :

A POEM,
IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY A NATIVE.

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign powers.

BURNS.

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1814?

1871-1872

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WILLIAM W. L. L. L.

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PREFACE.

Now I maun gie my book a preface,
That like itsel' the warld it may face :
This gars me look wi' rather grave face ;—
 The truth to tell,
I ne'er in a' my life cou'd hae face
 To praise mysel'.

But gin in print I maun appear,
I hope this sma' production here
Will meet wi' that reception dear
 Frae Reekie's bairns
As will the bardie onward cheer
 To greater darings.

This wee bit book to me has gi'en
Nae sma' amusement mony a e'en,
An' driven awa' dull care an' spleen,
 As by the ingle
I rhyming to mysel' hae been
 The words to jingle.

Now gin ilk ane wha it peruse,
It shou'd but ae short hour amuse,

I'd be as proud wi' the blyth news
As lord or duke,
An' to Apollo pay my vows
Wi' gratefu' look.

O critics sour, be nae owre hard
On the first bairn o' a poor bard;
Nor think frae singin' he'll be scar'd,
 Although ye jeer him
By your attacks, for ance he's daur'd,
 Ye'll no soon fear him.

But gin ye maun apply the lash,
An' at his rhymes maun hae a dash,
For some I ken maun shaw their gash
To please their noddle,
Their crabbit dunts will him ne'er fash
Ae single bodle.

But ye wha kindly point the way
How a young Bard may mend his lay,
His gratefu' heart, while'ts streams do play,
Will mind the favour,
An' for to hoard ilk word ye say
Shall aye endeavour.

Now some may ablins wish to ken,
Wha I may be, an' how I fen :

Then, Likenesses I tak' o' men
An' bonny lasses ;
Whan tir'd o' pencil tak' my pen—
An' thus time passes.

This poem sma' wi' twa three mae,
 (Whilk shou'd this please ye'll ablins hae),
 Sweetly has gar'd hours glide away
 Whan ill's abound—
 My humble muse has mony a day
 Made care blaw lowne.

Now, Reekie's bonny Lasses! help me,
Whan surly critics 'gin to skelp me,
An' wi' their chilling snaw ba's pelt me;
This favour kind,
Whatever after fortune's dealt me,
I aye shall mind.

An', canty sons o' Edwin's town !
 Now grant your townsman this ae boon,
 Your kind indulgence O shed on
 The humble Bard,
 An' while he wi' the world gangs roun'
 He'll you regard.



EDINBURGH,

A POEM.

EDINA'S guardian genius, lend
A humble bard, no muckle ken'd,
Thy aid to sing, in verses wild,
EDINA, Scotia's auldest child,
A town that yields to nane I ken,
For bonny queans an' strappin men ;
The place where first I drew my breath,
Whilk I to leave hae aft been laith,
An' aye shall hae, while warm my bluid,
My wishes best an' gratitude.
An' tho' by fortune's biting blast,
I shou'd be far 'mang strangers cast,
I'll aye think on the happy hours
I've spent beside Edina's towers,
Which while my throbbing heart shall beat,
I'll aye wish prosp'rous, rich, an' great.

My muse, frae cowrin, now tak's wing,
 Thy praise, Auld Reekie, fain to sing,
 An' hovers roun' me as I stray,
 To guide my fond descriptive lay.

The Castle proud owre-tapping stands,
 An' the wide country roun' commands;
 Ilk auld grey tower sae venerable,
 Reminds us o' the days o' trouble,
 While lang impregnable they stood,
 E'er cannon's awfu' thunder loud
 Was heard, or that vile monk was known
 Wha brought sic mischief mankind on.
 Heigh munted on stupendous rock,
 Ilk warlike art it then cou'd mock,
 An' nought but fraud or famine's spite
 Cou'd get possession o' this height.
 There kings were born and princes bred
 Secure, while factious bluid was shed,
 But now, alas! nae kings dwell there,
 Auld Scotia mourn'd their loss fu' sair;
 Nae mair the midnight banquet's heard,
 Nor haughty chief wi' bull-head sair d,
 Dire emblem o' approaching woe,
 As doughty DOUGLAS' fate did show*.

* In the minority of James II. and during the regency of Alexander Livingstone, William Douglas, the sixth earl of that

Now silence reigns, an' nought is heard
 Save the slow pace o' watchfu' guard.
 Twa regiments still are kept therein,
 An' cannons big to mak' a din
 On hallow days, wi' loud rebound
 Frae Arthur's Seat an' hills around.

Then we descend to the parade,
 Improvement by Lord ADAM made*.
 Parade like this, ye'll find but few,
 Commanding sic a bonny view
 O' hills an' dales on ilka side,
 An' the braid Forth whar vessels ride

family, exceeded all the Scots of those days in wealth and power, and by his factious and turbulent disposition held the Legislature at open defiance, insomuch, that the authority of the magistrates could afford little help to the poorer and weaker against the violence and force of his powerful followers. The regent, dissembling his anger, and in order to get Douglas into his hands, invited him to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kindly received, and admitted to the King's table; but, in the middle of the feast, some armed men beset him, and put a bull's head before him, which in those days was a messenger and sign of death. Douglas attempted to defend himself, but he and his brother David, who accompanied him, were carried out to the court of the Castle, where their heads were struck off.

* Lord ADAM GORDON, some time Commander in Chief of Scotland.

Proudly at anchor, while the gale to die
O' ithers sweetly swells the sail.

Down the Lawn-market neist we daunder,
Whar 'bout their doors shopkeepers wander,
Shawin' their wares, wi' muckle clack,
An' tryin' in the wives to tak'.
Far fam'd 's this street for politicians,
Wha fain wad be the State's physicians.
These haberdashers, bright an' sage,
At men an' measures sair do rage,
An' sometimes whan the news are slack,
A gazette o' their ain they mak'.

Saint Giles' lofty spire in view,
For architecture match'd by few;
In shape like an imperial crown,
It towers majestic o'er the town.
On festive days, whan bailies meet,
Her music-bells soun' simply sweet,
Or her great bell, wi' thundring noise,
Gars ilka burger's heart rejoice.
Beneath this steeple four kirks join,
O' gothic art a sample fine,
An' in condition seldom seen,
Whar presbyterians were sae keen.

A pile o' noble buildings soon
 Will grace this part o' Reekie's town ;
 The braw town-ha's to front the street,
 Whar provost will wi' council meet,
 An' a' their cronies drest fu' gay
 To drink the healths on King's birth-day.
 There lords an' tinklers, knights, an' waukers,
 Will o' red wine tak' hearty caukers ;
 An' some, to shaw to GEORGE they're true,
 Get beastly drunk as Davie's sow.

Besides the Prison, dismal place,
 Whar' dwell the sons o' woe, alas !
 Here mony an honest fallow lives,
 'Neath the same roof wi' rogues an' thieves ;
 Here some do sing to drown a' thinking,
 Some weeping ate, an' some are drinking ;
 While some to Heaven for mercy cry,
 Which man to man on earth deny.
 Oh ! let us leave this place of woe,
 An' to the halls o' justice go.

Sae we gaid to the Courts o' Law,
 Whar' Justice sits wi' looks o' awe,
 Poising the balance, right frae wrang
 To destribute our sons amang.

I stood astonish'd at the grace
 An' wisdom o' ilk Judge's face,
 As in my mind the tales did come
 'Bout senators o' ancient Rome;
 To see the pains thir sages tak',
 In pointing out the laws exact,
 Without preferring poor or rich—
 Sure nane but Britons' laws are such!
 But yet, some lawyers, crouse an' cunning,
 Let clients see the law's nae funning;
 And if o' cash ye be nae rife,
 Ye better, troth, gi'e up the strife;
 For faith ye may believe me truly,
 Ye'll no mak' muckle o' the tulzie;
 Tho' some I ken o' this profession
 Wad' honour do to ony station,
 Wha ne'er refus'd the poor man's cause,
 That clash'd wi' justice an' the laws.
 May mony sic be found to plead,
 An' help the poor oppress'd in need!

My muse an' I now left the courts,
 To see the place whar trade resorts.
 In Parl'ment-square, near to the corse,
 We saw King Charlie an' his horse,
 A specimen of sculpture fine,
 Whilk in this square cuts nae sma' shine;

An' had Edina twa three mae,
 'Twad grace her squares sae rich an gay;
 Such as a MELVILLE or a PIT,
 Twa patri't chiefs, in friendship knit;
 Wha whan dread storms convuls'd ilk state,
 Fearless in our state bark they beat;
 WILL held the helm whan gales blew hard,
 While HARRY trim'd ilk sail an' yard.
 Their merits frae their country claim
 This tribute to their hard earn'd fame.

The Royal Exchange, a building fine,
 Spoilt by some council's love o' coin;
 The piazzas, ance meant to be open,
 Are now completely cram'd wi' shopin';
 An' sons o' commerce eke and trade,
 Maun meet at corse, whar' bargains made;
 But if it rain on market-day,
 'Eneath the pillars they maun gae,
 Or stand thereout like drouket mouse,
 Or daunder to some public-house,
 When, had the Exchange still open been,
 They'd a' been there, snug, dry, an' clean.

Down the High-street, see the Tron Kirk,
 Whilk formerly look'd fearfu' mirk;

But worthy BLAIR, in lucky hour,
 Buskt her fu' braw, whilk gar's fock glowr;
 Some scarcely think it the same place
 Since their auld friend gat her new face.
 FERGUSON said little o' hersel',
 But made immortal her curs'd bell*.
 The council sure our thanks shou'd hae
 For gien the deel his bell away.

*Just there the north an' south Brig meet
 An' handsome is ill's specious Street;*

'That northern parts an' southern join,
 An' mak' Edina trigly shine.

Owre BLAIR†, a name to Scotia dear,
 Here let us drap the gratefu' tear,
 Whase liberal an' enlighten'd mind,
 Edina's grandeur had design'd;
 But snatch'd, alas! too soon away,
 His splendor great, tho' short his stay,

* Robert Ferguson, the renowned Scots Poet, who, amongst his other works, made an address to the Tron kirk Bell, and alleged, (from its cursed jingle) it had been put up by the devil to scar folk from the kirk.

† Sir JAMES HUNTER BLAIR, formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

He shaw'd to his successors wise,
Edina how to aggrandise.

The College stands at the south side,
For architecture, Reekie's pride ;
But sure they've been to prospects blind
Wha a' its grandeur sae confin'd.
There 's no ae point, by a' that's true,
Ye can hae o't a proper view ;
But for professors, wise and clear,
Few wi' Edina can compare ;
In physic, an' philosophy,
Law, logic, an' divinity,
She's lang excel'd, and climes remote
Send aff their sons to this fam'd spot,
Whar the wise sage points out the way
By mony a bright enlightening ray,
How studious youth attains a name,
An' gains, like him, immortal fame.

Th' Infirmary hard by doth stand,
By DRUMMOND* most humanely plan'd,
Whar the deseas'd find kind relief,
Their sores are heal'd an' sooth'd their grief.
O what a blessing is this place,
To mony a ane in desperate case !

* GEORGE DRUMMOND, Esq. formerly Lord Provost of
Edinburgh.

From country far, by pain oppress'd,
Now find herein baith ease and rest.

The High School near we neist behold,
Whar youth are taught the tales of old,
An' how the Latin tongue to speak,
By masters learned, gash an' meek.
They ope to youth's enraptur'd view
A world o' wisdom, strange and new,
To some in riper years 'twill prove,
A source o' pleasure nought can move.

We now tript on to Heriot's Wark,
A noble building a' shou'd mark,
Whar tradesmen's sons are cloath'd an' fed,
An' learn in virtue's paths to tread.
O institution, truly great,
In whilk 't has been a jeweller's fate
The deeds o' kings to emulate. }
Here daily aught score youth hae cause
To bless his name within thir wa's,
Wha, in future days, wi' gratefu' spirit,
In stations high, gain'd by their merit, }
Will praise an' love the name o' HERIOT. }

Near this a similar place is seen,
For sons o' those wha've merchants been,

Frae WATSON it derives its name,
 An' adds unto Edina's fame;
 For maidens o' the same degree,
 Twa sic like hospitals hae we,
 Whar mony a lovely dashing lass,
 Her youthfu' days wi' joy did pass.

GILLESPIE, too, thy name shall e'er
 Be by Auld Reekie held most dear,
 Wha for the aged an' distress'd,
 Provided hae a place o' rest:
 It hap'ly has been thought by thee,
 Auld age an' poortith dinna 'gree;
 Sae ilka comfort age requires,
 Has been appointed by thy cares.

Now down the Links, sae bonny green,
 We saunter'd whar the gowfers keen
 Assembl'd were for sport inclin'd,
 Wi' exercise an art combin'd;
 Fu' hum'rously they crack an' joke,
 Syne gie the ba' the o'ther stroke.

Here, too, a Patriot Band I saw,
 Whase praise loud fame shall ever blaw;
 Fearless in time o' danger stood
 Forth 'gainst fell discord's clamours loud.

When sons o' strife, on mischief bent,
 Wad fain our constitution rent,
 Sat plotting dark 'gainst our guid King,
 Hop'd in confusion a' to fling,
 Edina's loyal sons did arm
 The first; an' swore that nane shou'd harm
 Our King or constitution guid
 But wi' the gush o' their hearts bluid:
 Or shou'd pale Gallia's despot e'er,
 On sea-girt Britain's land appear,
 This band o' brothers wad nae be
 Hindmost to drive him in the sea;
 They ne'er wad flinch frae honor's ca',
 But wi' their country stand or fa'.
 Few legions wi' this band can cope,
 Whan headed by their darling HOPE,*
 Whase talents bright, an' heart sae leel,
 Fit him for sic a station weel;
 An' lang may worthy HOPE command
 This gallant patriotic Band!

Into the Meadows then we pass,
 Whar mony a bonny smiling lass
 Does dash alang in claes fu' gaudie,
 At gloaman, here to meet her laddie;

* The Right Honourable CHARLES HOPE, Lord Justice Clerk,
 and Colonel of the First Regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers.

There 'neath the trees they sweetly walk,
 An' tenderly in whispers talk,
 While cupids, perch'd on ilka bough,
 Aim their keen darts at a' below.

Now wi' my muse I took a flight
 To Arthur's Seat, whase towering height
 Affords a most saul-chearing sight. }
 Here a' that mak's a picture sweet,
 In this ae spot the e'e does meet.
 See countless lovely seats around,
 Begirt wi' verdant pleasure ground;
 Trees in full blossom, bonny fields,
 That please the e'e an' plenty yields;
 Wee hillocks, an' tremend'ous mountains,
 Clear loughs, sma' burns, and wimpling foun-
 tains;
 The sea, whar Forth and Ocean meet,
 On whilk plies mony a boatie sweet,
 Large fleets o' ships, an' islands sma',
 Inch Keith, the Bas, North Berwick Law;
 Towns, villages, along the coast,
 An' distant hills, in clouds maist lost.
 When on Edina's bonny town,
 Wi' bird's e'e view ane glanceth down,
 It has sae grand an' strange effect,
 I wad hae nane this view neglect.

I stood enchanted, glowr'd below,
 An' hardly frae the spot cou'd go ;
 My enraptur'd fancy lost was quite ;
 My muse observ'd me no that right,
 An' urg'd me then to gang away,
 When smiling I to her did say,
 "Sair it maun be, or black as night,
 The heart this dis nae gie delight."

Then down the hill we lightly tript,
 An' to Saint Anton's ruin skipt ;
 Just took a peep o't in our way,
 An' thought upo' the gloomy day,
 Whan wedlock sweet was thought a sin,
 An' superstition reign'd therein ;
 Whan it was fill'd wi' lazy friars
 Or nuns wha frae the warld retires,
 To count their beads at midnight bell
 To save their sauls frae fire o' hell.

By the Duke's Walk, through Saint Ann's
 parks
 We gaid as cheerfu' baith as larks ;
 But when we came to Hol'rood house,
 It's silent grandeur made me douse,
 To think whar Scotia's kings did dwell,
 Now silence marks the evening bell,

Whar lords and ladies tripping light,
 To music sweet, in splendour dight,
 Did ance adorn the cheerfu' night.

O what is grandeur? wae I cry'd,
 A word,—a breath,—my mind reply'd—

See kings and princes, warriors brave,
 Here humble lie as meanest slave!

Whar now, the peerless, lovely maids?

Now mouldering earth, or fleeting shades!

They wha, alas! ance grac'd these domes,

Now sleep into their silent tombs.

The kirk is now in ruins laid,

Whar worship to the LORD was paid;

In place whar kings and princes sat,

Now dwell the nightly owl an' bat.

The palace still's a building grand,
 An' doth respect an' awe command.

Here DARNLEY, an' the Nobles rude,

Stain'd their vile hands in RIZZIO's bluid.

There still is shown the bed so rare,

Whar slept the fairest o' the fair,

Sweet MARY, whose heart-melting tale,

Wha can peruse and not bewail?

A gallery o' pictures grand

The ancient kings of auld Scotland,

From FERGUS First, to GEORGE our King,
 In gallant order here do hing;
 But whether likenesses they be,
 I leave to wiser heads than me,
 For to determine whan they see.

The ground whar ance did live their betters,
 Is sanctuary now to debtors;
 Whan o'er the strand, then they may gible
 At ilka messenger or beagle.

Neist up the Calton-hill, wi' speed,
 My muse and I fu' stoutly gaid;
 Roun' whilk there is a walk fu' neat,
 An' view like that frae Arthur's seat:
 Here Bridewell stands, wi' mony a cell,
 For rogue, an' thief, an' ne'er-dowell.

Upon the summit, on a rock,
 A building stands, seems time to mock,
 Nam'd the brave *Nelson's Monument*,—
 Memorial o' that great event,
 When his soul left this lower world,
 As thunder on our foes he hurl'd;
 When victory near had crown'd his fame,
 Then death stept in his life to claim;
 But left a never dying name.

Edina's sons this pile did rear,
As tribute to his mem'ry dear.

Now down Leith Walk my muse an' I
Fu' trigly tript ferlies to spy.
I wat it is a walk fu' sweet,
An' soon will be a winsome street;
Whilk Leitha will to Embro' join,
Wi' mony a stately building fine.
Then in through Leith our course we bend,
An' saunter'd on to the pier-end,
When down we sat, gey wearied baith,
To look about's an' tak' our breath.

O Leith! for commerce great's thy fame,
Thy sons hae caught the noble flame;
Their vessels sail through distant seas
To fetch far produce to thy quays.
Thy hardy tars, unkent to fear,
In seamanship wi' scarce a peer,
Undaunted dash through northern seas.
To Greenland's shores, sweet light to ge's;
Or to the torrid zone they sail,
Whar death an' burning heat prevail.
They boldly think that nought's a toil
T' exchange the produce o' our isle;

But whan wi' cargo wafted back,
 An' up the Forth they sweetly tack,
 Wi' raptures they dear Leitha view,
 Whar lives a wife or sweetheart true,
 Wha anxiously speeds to the pier
 Ance mair to clasp her sailor dear.

Or whan intriguing France thinks fit
 At Britons brave to have a hit,
 Then, Leith, thy sons wi' courage keen,
 Whar danger is, are ever seen;
 They keep the Danes an' Dutch in awe,
 An' aft their hides fu' roughly claw.

O Leith, thy trade I lang could sing;
 What store o' wealth to us you bring!
 Thy harbour countless vessels croud,
 An' o' your docks you may be proud;
 Thy wharfs wi' bales an' boxes fu',
 While some do carry some do pu';
 As carts are loading, carters' fierce,
 Wi' porters stout, do fight an' curse.
 My muse an' I, tir'd o' this deaving,
 Skipt o'er the Dra-brig to Newhaven.

There dwells into this cheerfu' place
 A virtuous, hardy, usefu race.

Wha do procure wi' net an' line
 Guid fish, on whilk a king might dine.
 Their wives the fish to market tak'
 In muckle creels upo' their back.
 This village lang's been fam'd for gin,
 An' caller oysters,—sae I in,
 An' took a gill and single broad,
 Whilk helpt me gaily up the road.

We past a bonny running water,
 Of Leith, I think, it was they ca't her;
 Its banks are clad wi' bush an' tree,
 An' mony a village fair to see.
 Sweet Bonnytown, blythe Cannymills,
 Canty Stockbrig, whase healing rills
 Are kent afar. Dear Bernard's spring,
 Lang cou'd I o' thy virtues sing;
 Thy temple, whar Hygeia dwells,
 An' deals libations frae thy wells,
 To poor frail mortals plagu'd wi' pain,
 Wha by these potions health obtain.
 A' strangers on auld Scotia's tour,
 Shou'd view Saint Bernard's bonny bower;
 A bower like this, they'll seldom see
 For wild romantic scenery.
 My muse an' I, wi' sturdy pace,
 Pass'd mony a sweet delightfu' place;

But did nae halt wi' ony creature,
Till we came to Edina's The'tre.

Then in we stept to hae a peep:
Whar tragedy did wail an' weep.
Wow but she was a boardly dame,
An' SIDDONS I think was her name.
Wae worth me but her notes were moving,
An' to her husband were so loving,
Whan she fand out he was nae dead—
My heart for her was like to bleed!
For she, poor saul! through's wicked brither,
Was married now unto anither:—
But mair to tell, wad be presumption,
An' I've, I hope, mair rummelgumption.
Some did fu' weel, some might done better,
Sae wi' my muse I left the The'tre.

Through James'-square, wi' a' our bir,
An' down the street ca'd Register,
We dash'd on, this delightfu' night,
The moon on Register shone bright,
An' lovely was indeed the sight. }
On brig-end, I admiring stood
Its grand commanding attitude—
Its symmetry in ilka place,
Wi' pleasure I that night did trace.

Here a' records an' deeds they keep,
 Wi' mony a book o' learning deep;
 And mony a rare, and curious thing,
 Wi' statue fine of our good King.

My muse an' I, admiring pair,
 Now wander'd to Saint Andrew's-square,
 Spacious it is wi' houses fine,
 Whar the Excise does princely shine,
 Fronts George's-street, a street for style
 Nae to be match'd in Britain's isle.
 Here forward stands Saint Andrews spire,
 While Æsculapia's hall's retire.
 These buildings grand the street had grac'd
 Had they been in it better plac'd;
 But muckle faut I canna see—
 At least it maks variety.

The Assembly Rooms we neist did enter,
 An' glad I am I in did venture;
 For sic a sight, by a' that's living,
 Ane scarce cou'd fancy out o' heaven!
 Sic crowds o' beauty saw I ne'er,
 Wi' rosy cheeks, e'en sparkling clear
 Saul-witching smiles, show'n teeth sae white,
 'Tween coral lips, that a' the night

The birkies in sic rapture panted
 As gin they'd fairly been enchanted.
 Here red coats, struting, look'd fu' big,
 Wi' doctors cled in black sae trig,
 An' lawyers, wi' their wit aye ready,
 Fu' coshly crack'd wi' lord an' lady ;
 While country dance an' highland reels,
 Wi' spunk gard young anes shaw their heels.
 As matrons grave, in keen contest
 At cards wi' greybeards, did their best.
 I stood delighted wi' the thrang,
 An' might hae stay'd losh kens how lang,
 Had muse no whisper'd me the hour,
 An' said, lets finish out our tour.

Then aff we set to Charlotte's-square,
 Whar mony a princely building fair
 Attracks the e'e, an' wins the heart,
 In this gay rich enchanting part ;
 But for to name ilk beauty rare,
 That's seen in ilka street an' square
 O' the New Town, my humble sang
 Wi' praise wad swell by far owre lang ;
 Its equal in nae place you'll see,
 For elegance an' symmetry.

Down Princes-street wi' speed we bound,
 Till we arrived at Earthen-mound.
 A wonderous wark this is indeed,
 An' to the Auld Town bring's wi' speed,
 Made up o' rubbish an' fell trash,
 Whilk carts in the Norloch did dash ;
 Till now a road its made fu' bonnie
 As ony seen in Caladonie.

Near to the end o't stands the Bank,
 A building wi' the first may rank ;
 In architecture's noblest style,
 Whar Justice now and Plenty smile
 Upon the sons o' sweet Edina,
 Wha bring to them the glittering guinea.

Musie an' I, sair tir'd were baith,
 But for to part wi'r I was laith ;
 For something there's about my heart
 That maks me wae wi' friends to part :
 But as it cou'd nae better be,
 Her hand I press'd wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 She whisper'd she'd see me or lang,
 Then ye may get anither sang.

THE
MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

P O E M.



THE
MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
A POEM,
IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT,
BY EDINAS.

“ Music hath charms by all it is allow’d,
By this sweet art grim Pluto was subdu’d ;
Its power is well known oe’r the human mind,
It soothes the savage, makes his heart more kind.
Ferocious beasts have by it been so charm’d,
That the delighting Minstrel pass’d unharmed ;
When such th’ effect on devil, man, and beast,
What must we think of those who guide *our feast.*”

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY JOHN DICK, 142, HIGH STREET.

1815.

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1893

TO THE
COMMITTEE FOR MANAGING
THE
MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

THE FOLLOWING

P o e m,

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

DISCONTINUED FOR REASONING

AND

THE MEDICAL PRACTICE

OF THE

IN 1843

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

THE

THE
MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
A POEM.

AULD SCOTIA ! land o' music sweet,
For your poor sons, I maist cou'd greet ;
Sair, sair neglected in yon leet,
O' foreign cattle,
Weel, gin Pegasus keep his feet,
They's get a rattle.

O ! Scotia's Sons, far fam'd's your sang !
It's borne the gree, right high, fu' lang ;
Now your ain kintramen to wrang,
Ye o' your right,
Bring squallin' strangers ye amang,
Plagues on them light.

Whate'er the sage Directors mean,
 By me, guid faith ! cannot be seen ;
 For our ain fo'k the fint a prin,
 They seem to care,
 Their conduct sure maun raise the spleen,
 O' mony there.

What ails ye at EDNA's bairns !
 Amang them sure there's mony rair anes ;
 Wae's me for him wha science learns,
 An' stran's ilk nerve,
 Now could neglect is a' he earns,
 He's left to starve.

How hard is it to see frae Lunnon,
 Birkies come down, by trick, an' cunnin',
 To seize our bread ;—faith ! that's nae funnin',
 To hungry fo'ks,
 O sage Directors ! count your winnin',
 To the poor's box.

These wise Directors now will gie,
Pounds fifty to tum tweedle dee;
 When they at hame, believe ye me,
 Had gotten better,
 For *guineas twelve*; it's thus ye see,
 The cash they scatter.

What ails ye at fam'd FRASER's note?*

Ne'er was't surpast by ony Scot,
 This in your scutcheon sure's a blot,
 An' aye maun stand,
 His match I doubt ye hae nae got,
 Frae fair England.

An' where is THOMPSON's double bass?*

This to EDINA's a disgrace;
 How can ye really hae the face,
 To spread about?
 You ha'e engaged the first, alas!
 When those are out.

* Mr. Thomas Fraser, a famous Hautboy player.

* Mr. John Thompson, an excellent Double Bass player.

In this *Guid Town* there's mony mair
 That I could name, musicians rare,
 Wha in a Concert aften bare

A part right sweet ;
 Now for an idiot's skirl an' rair
 They're left complete.

It grieves me sair to see neglected
 Our ain—an' foreign loons protected ;
 Because a Scotsman you're rejected,
 Whate'er your merit ;
 While Signor Squallina's respected,
 An' drinks his claret.

See poor Scotch Sandy sits sae bleak,
 The tear upon his furrow'd cheek ;
 His spirit broke, too proud to seek
 The least relief ;
 Wi' whisky tries out Care to steek,
 An' pines in grief.

Oh ! think how mony's been forsaken,
 An' left in wae, their proud hearts achin',
 For some wha by their bows an' sneakin'

Ha'e fortunes made ;

Oh ! let this truth your minds awaken

To what's been said.

Yes ! mony o' far superior merit,
 'Cause they were curs'd wi' too much spirit,
 Your could neglect they now inherit,

An' pine in woe ;

Fair patronage, a wally share o't,

To them ye owe.

But modest merit we see pine,

An' impudence in splendour shine ;

The fawnin' sycophant strut fine—

While sterling worth,

Like the fair gem in the dark mine,

Is ne'er brought forth.

Our Bards an' Minstrels this ha'e felt—
 The tear maist blin's me as I tell't
 To read their lives ilk heart maun melt.

Sages profound !

'This ye shou'd minded as ye dealt

Your favours round.

This brings to mind ane ca'd AFFLECK,*

Few did this Minstrel's merit reckon ;

He felt his kintra's cauld neglect,

His prospects blighted ;

In wreath o' sna' he gaed to wreck,

Ae e'en benighted.

Here let me pause owre ROBIN's dust,†

Our townsman,—now aboon, I trust ;

While he was livin', how unjust

Were Reekie's bairns ?

Sma' thing wad help'd his gab to gust,

Out o' their sparin's.

* Mr. George Affleck, a delightful Strathspey player.

† Mr. Robert Fergusson, the famous Scotch Bard.

An think on BURNS's hapless fate,
 Wha might gi'en grace to ony State ;
 Or in the Senate held debate,
 Sae sage an' wise ;
 But here his merits, now too late,
 Alas ! we prize.

Let foreigners aye ha'e a share
 O' patronage, whan we've't to spare,
 But first we shou'd our ain fo'k sair,
 O' talents bright ;
 This is but doing justice fair,
 To ilka wight.

This wad gie pleasure to ilk anc,
 An' banish envy, spleen, an' pain ;
 To help the stranger wha's mair fain,
 An' gie a share,
 Then Music's sons, I say again,
 They're no us'd fair.

For Hospitality we're fam'd,
 An' Scotia's kindness far is nam'd ;
 But never let her sons be blam'd,
 For could neglect,
 O' those wha by their merit claim'd,
 Their first respect.

How cou'd ye hae the face ava,'
 To offer to some, *guineas twa* ?
 Ye cou'd na gie ane less to blaw,
 Your Organ fine,
 Wha cou'd decern the least at'a',
 Maun see design.

Yes, we maun think there was design,
 To hurt men o' as feelings fine,
 As those whase only brag's their coin,
 An' lucky birth ;
 Ah ! ne'er let sic in league combine,
 To tramp on worth.

How cou'd ye gie ane *hundreds three*,

Tho' he may stand in first degree ?

Can ony just proportion be,

'Tween guineas twa ?

Offered to ane, whom wee'l ken ye,

Nane match'd here saw.

Had ye been stinted in your means,

An' your projections wanted frien's ;

Ilk ane whase mind to Music leans,

Wad ye assisted,

An' ilk Musician's heart sae keen's

'Thout cash he'd listed.

But whan o' means ye had right plenty

Ye had nae need to be sae tenty

An' offers mak' sae sma' an' genty

To poor Scotch chieils,

But this I trust's a sma' momento

To him who feels,

What I hae mention'd here are facts,
 That can be shown frae your ain acts ;
 O ! ye been scrimp'd in your placks,
 To Minstrels sweet !
 May your minds, like your conscience rax,
 Neist time we meet.

Anither word e'er part we must,
 Ne'er be ye gen'rous, e'er you're just ;
 To twine a Minstrel o' his dust,
 To help the poor,
 Is gi'en Charity a twist,
 She'll no endure.

Now fare ye weel ye sage Directors,
 May 'ye o' Genius be protectors ;
 I gie ye credit as projectors,
 Gude was your plan,
 But ne'er o' merit be neglectors,
 Nor get its ban.

PATIE & NELLY,

OR, THE

RADICAL REFORMATION:

A TRUE TALE,

BY

A VOLUNTEER.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lower.—BURNS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY JOHN MOIR.

1820.

PATHE & KELLY.

THE

RADICAL REFORMATION.

A TRUE TALE.

A VOLUNTEER.

Life is but a day of toil;
Spending from night to dawn our lives;
Hope and ambition every hour
Lead not clouds and shadows—fears.

EDINBURGH.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

BY JOHN WALKER.

1840.

TO
THE RIGHT
THE HONOURABLE
LADY CHARLOTTE HOPE,

THIS LITTLE PIECE

IS DEDICATED,

AS A SMALL MARK OF ESTEEM,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

A VOLUNTEER.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

LADY CHARLOTTE HOPE

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED

AS A SMALL MARK OF GRATITUDE

BY HER FATHER

MOST OBLIGEDLY

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT

A VOLUNTEER

PATIE AND NELLY,

A TRUE TALE.

REFORMATION's a' the claver,
O' the King, the Kirk, the State;
Tho' I trow it's but a haver
O' fause louns to stir up hate.

Thole, guid folks, a wee while langer,
Things ye'll see come roun' about;
Ye'll ne'er mend them wi' your anger,
Tho' ye raise a din an' rout.

George the Fourth has now ascended
To his worthy father's seat;
A' your ills will soon be mended,
Gin ye've patience but to wait.

Listen to my artless ditty
Ye wha wish auld Scotia weel;
It may draw the tear of pity,
To hear what poor bodies feel,

Should ye help them now when needfu',
Ye will surely feel the glow
O' the heart that aye was heedfu'
To protect the child o' woe.

PATIE SINCLAIR aye was cheerie,
Canty, working at his loom;
Blyth was he, and ne'er felt weary,
For his pantrie ne'er was toom.

Labour gard the time gang scriving,
Crouse he wrought frae morn till e'en;
Few mair happy were there living,
Ne'er was he e'er fash'd wi' spleen.

As the shuttle cheerly jinked,
Frae a winnock him near by,
Smiling Nelly on him blinked,—
Frae sic love-darts wha could fly?

After ae blink, syne anither,
Till his heart was fairly tint;
Mony a wa'k had they together,
Mony a squeeze an' mony a hint.

Till, at last, ae lovely gloamin',
On the banks o' bonny Clyde,
Owre them, while a fondly roamin',
She agreed to be his bride.

Soon were they by Mess John buckl'd,
Ne'er was seen mair mensefu' pair;
At his wark Pate sat an' chuckl'd
On his bonny Nelly fair.

Ae stout chiel an' twa sweet lasses,
Soon adorn'd his clean fireside;
Swift the time in pleasure passes,
Fast the hours in gladness glide.

Patie, happy, gay, an' spunkie,
Danc'd them blythely on his knee,
Ca'd ilk ane his sweet wee monkie,
As the glad tear fill'd his e'e.

Nelly smil'd to see her Patie
Sweet on her wee bairnies look,
Try'd to mak' them trig an' neat aye,
Wi' the produce o' ilk owk.

Tho' the wages shou'd be muckle,
 Seldom hae the poor foresight,
 To perceive a turn o' luck ill
 May owrecast their prospects bright.

Seldom do they think about it,
 Till, alas! comes pinching want;
 When their claise get thin an' clouted,
 An' their looks get pale and gaunt.

Peace came,—hame came mony a cronie
 Frae fell war's sad deadly strife;
 While it was the thought o' mony,
 It wad to a' things gi'e life.

But, alas! an owrestock'd market
 Soon was seen on ilka hand,
 While some fause louns yelp'd an' barked
 At the Rulers o' this land;

Cried, nought but a Reformation
 Cou'd preserve us frae the bite
 O' grim poortith, an' ilk station
 Shou'd for this as ane unite.

Commerce fair was sadly dwining,
Broken was the merchant's heart;
While sad murm'ring and repining
Roun' was spread in ilka airt.

While fause louns the coal ~~were~~blawing,
Patie hied those louns to meet;
As the stoupie roun' was jawing,
Fo'k in wrath their throats maun weat.

Lang's the stoupie roun' was clinkin,
Politics was aye the theme;
Till the sma' hours he sat drinkin,
An' ne'er thought upon his dame.

Radical the Reformation,
Ilka corrupt root to weed,
Yearly our Representation
By these birkies was decreed.

A' the while poor Nell sat fretting,
Wi' her young ones,—scant their fare,
As craz'd Pate was keen debating
How the State he might repair.

'Bout Elections was the question,
Some by ballot wad it hae ;
While poor Nell wi' grief could rest nane,
Clear she saw the evil day.

As the lands aroun' they're dealing,
Some for this place, some for that,
Nell sat weeping sair an' wailing,
Weel she saw they wist nae what.

Pate came hame aye in the morning,
Wark he cou'dna thole neist day,
Wife an' weans an a' thing scorning,
Short to ruin was the way.

Little for sair wark was gi'eing,
Less for idleness a deal ;
Nelly a' these ills foreseeing,
Her poor heart began to fail.

Down she sunk, opprest wi' sorrow,
Languid was her ance bright e'e ;
Pate this saw, and on the morrow
Spier'd what might her ailment be.

“ Pate, ye ken I lo’e ye dearly,

“ Wad ye tak’ but my advice,

“ A’ things wad come roun’ yet cheerly,

“ Tho’ sair wark gi’es little price.

“ Wad ye keep frae thae vile meetings,

“ Bide mair closely at your loom,—

“ Labour ilka pleasure sweetens,

“ Idleness makes pantries toom.

“ See your bairnies roun’ about ye

“ Lift their wee bit hands for bread,

“ Little can they do without ye,

“ Help them, poor things, in their need !

“ Wi’ their suff’rings I’m maist donard,

“ For them this poor heart will break ;

“ Ye an’ them I’ve ever honour’d,

“ Shield them, Patie, for my sake !

“ Can ye see our housie roupit,

“ Nell an’ bairnies wand’ring wae,

“ A’ our plans an’ schemes owrecoupit,—

“ Awefu’ looks to me that day !

“ Gin Reform ye dinna speedfu’, ”

“ This the upshot to me seems,—

“ O! the very thought o’t’s dreadfu’ ”

“ Still it haunts me in my dreams.

“ Drumly waters, wanderings weary ”

—“ Owre wild rocks an’ gloomy glens,

“ Night an’ day my prospect’s dreary,—

“ What ’twill come to, guid heav’n kens !

“ The last night I saw ye grippit, ”

“ Try’d wi’ ruffians, sent away, ”

“ In a vessel fairly shippit, ”

“ Under sail to Bot’ny Bay ! ”

“ Frae that dream I wauken’d frighted,

“ To behold that ance fair face ”

“ Wi’ vile drink red, bloated, blighted,

“ Where late shone ilk manly grace.

“ Wealth will come gin we are willing

“ By fair means to play our part,

“ Poortith, wi’ her looks sae chilling,

“ Soon will flee gin we’re alert.

“ We'll, beside, hae done our duty,—
“ That to ilka gen'rous mind
“ Adds a ray o' heav'nly beauty,
“ That the wicked ne'er can find.

“ Dearest Pate, I see I've touch'd ye,
“ O ye ken I loe nae strife”—
“ Yes, my Nell, ye ne'er bewitched me
“ Ever sae in a' your life.

“ Now I see my folly clearly,
“ Ever hae ye led me right;
“ Frae this hour your counsel dearly
“ Shall be as a beacon light.

“ O my Nelly, how I lo'e thee,
“ Dearer than this poor heart's bluid;
“ A fond husband I'se be to thee,
“ For a wife thou'st been right guid.

“ An', while flows this gratefu' bosom,
“ Or while shuttle I can guide,
“ I'll protect thee an' ilk blossom,
“ As my duty, boast, and pride.

“ O my wee bit bairns sae bonny,— ”

“ How I lo’e ye wi’ this heart; ”

“ For your sake I’ll brave ills mōny, ”

“ Ere the innocent shall smart. ”

“ Radicals, adieu I bid ye ! ”

“ Ne’er, ne’er frae this hour again ”

“ Shall I ever be misled by ”

“ What wad be our kintra’s bane. ”

“ Radicals, an’ your mad dreaming,— ”

“ How I shudder at the thought ! ”

“ Our best bluid to see it streaming,— ”

“ Can what’s guid by this be bought ? ”

“ No, while Britain wields her thunder, ”

“ An’ can guard her sea-girt coast, ”

“ Ever must she be the wonder, ”

“ O’ fair Europe, tho’ long tost. ”

“ ’Midst wild war an’ a’ its harms, ”

“ Still her sons will rally round ”

“ Her fair standard, an’ alarms ”

“ Treat as a poor empty sound. ”

“ Let us, then, without repining,
“ Low submit for a short while,
“ An’ avoid those men designing
“ Wha’d mislead us by their guile.

“ Radicals, adieu for ever !—
“ Welcome, Nelly, to my breast ;
“ When I e’er forsake thee, never
“ May this heart find peace and rest

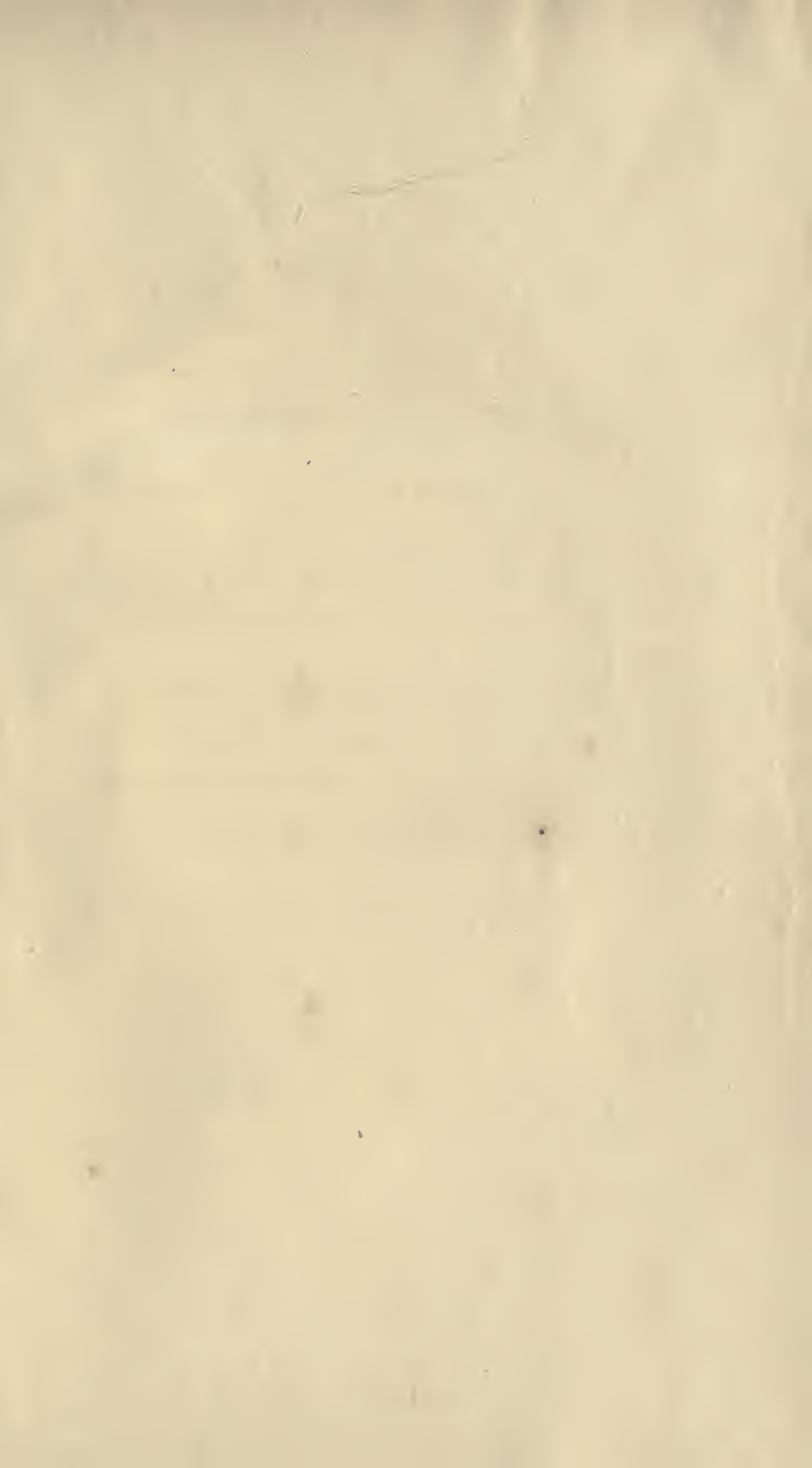
To his bosom fond he drew her,
Gae her mony a daut an’ kiss ;
Never was a fonder wooer,
Never was completer bliss.

THE END.

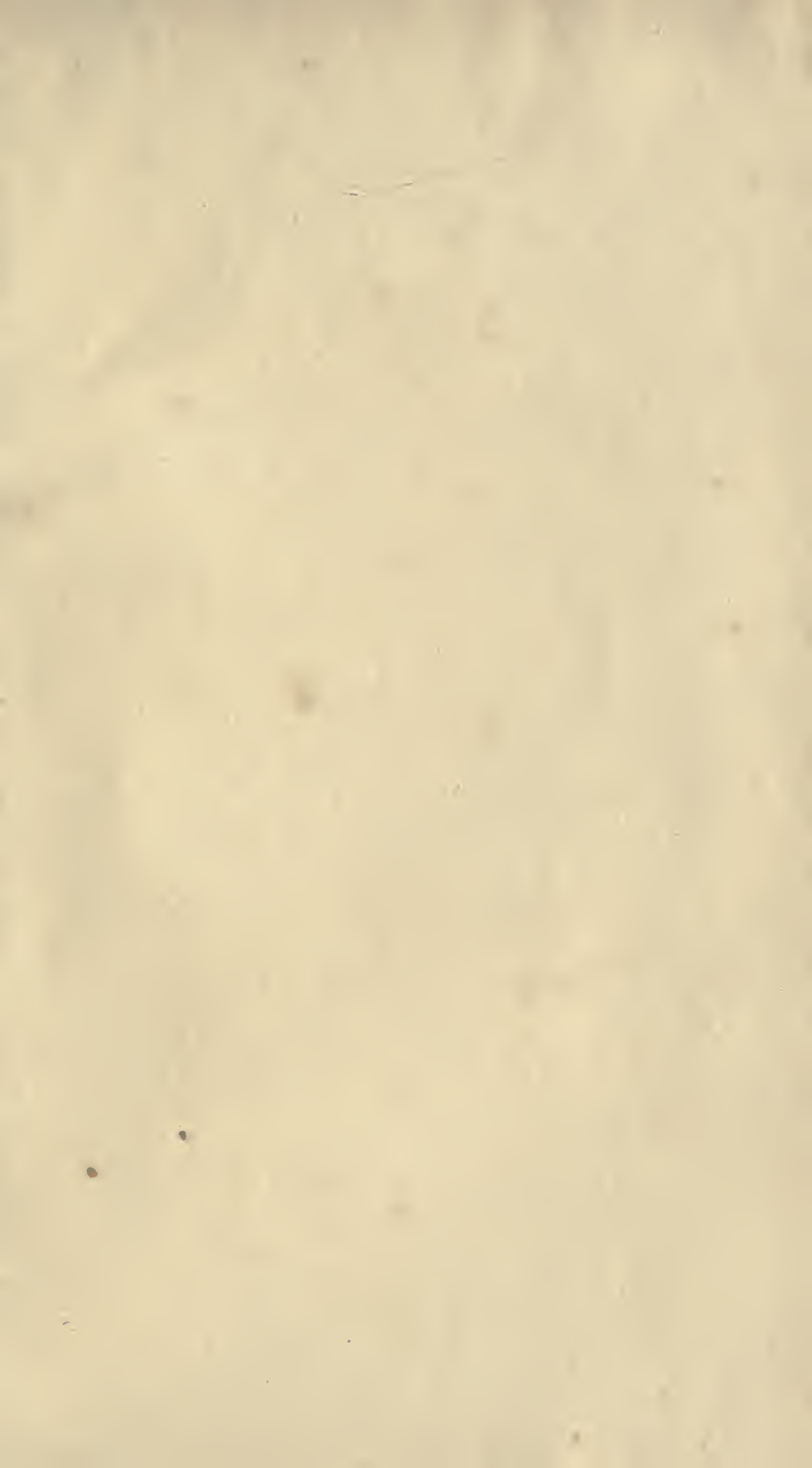
“Will we meet in the future?”
“And you will then be designing?”
“I will submit to a short while,”
“For us then, without repining.”

“ When I can trouble thee, never
 “ Welcome, Welly, to my breast;
 “ Radical, unless for ever! —

Never was a kinder water,
Gave her more a dash and life,
To his bottom land he drew her.







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The background of the image is a traditional marbled paper pattern, often called a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern. It features large, irregular, light-colored (cream or off-white) spots or 'cells' that are separated by a network of fine, branching lines in dark green, deep red, and hints of blue. The overall effect is organic and textured. In the center of the image is a rectangular white label with a slightly aged, off-white tone. The label has a small notch or fold at its top edge. Printed on the label in a dark blue, serif typeface are the number '742043' and the text 'UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY' below it.

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